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THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

OF · CULINARY · SCIENCE · AND ·
DOMESTIC · ECONOMICS

JUNE-JULY, 1910
Vol. XV No. 1

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The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics

VOLUME XV

** 8006-121
15*

JUNE-JULY, 1910—MAY, 1911

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE COMPANY
372 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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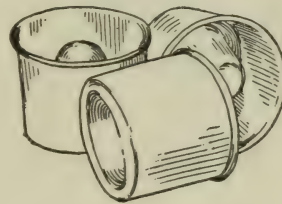
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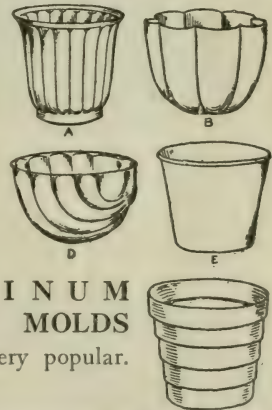
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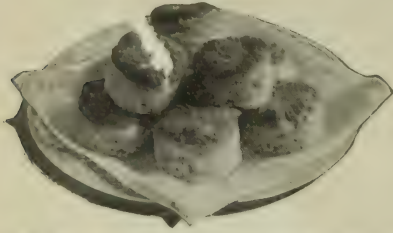
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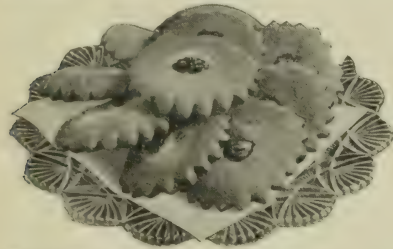
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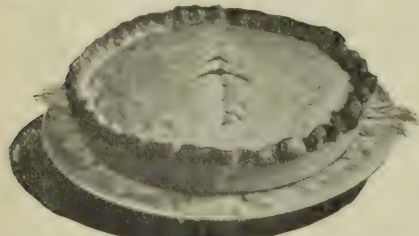
Tea Biscuits—Sift one quart of flour with one teaspoonful of salt, and three rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Into this rub one large teaspoonful of Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard. Add just enough sweet milk to make a dough easily handled. Roll out and bake for about fifteen minutes in very hot oven.



New England Doughnuts—Scant cup granulated sugar, rounding tablespoonful "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard, cupful sweet milk, two eggs, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon nutmeg, four cupfuls flour, four rounding teaspoonfuls baking powder. Roll out one-fourth of an inch thick, cut and fry in Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard.



Old-Fashioned Sugar Cookies—One cupful of Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard, three cupfuls sugar, three eggs, one cupful buttermilk, one level teaspoonfuls da, one-half nutmeg grated, pinch of salt, two cupfuls pastry flour. Add enough flour to make a dough easily handled. Cut out one-eighth of an inch thick; cover with granulated sugar and bake a delicate brown.



Pie Paste—One level cup of pastry flour, one-half cup of Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard, one-half teaspoon salt, one-fourth cup cold water. Mix salt and flour thoroughly, chop in the lard, add water. Use as little flour as possible when rolling out. This makes a light, crisp, flaky and delicious pie crust.

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The Rose, the Poppy and the Lily

By Helen Coale Crew

Flower of dawn and day's bright birth!
Morning dew with soft fire glistens
Gemlike on the breast of earth.
And the lark, with glad unrest,
Sings, and soars from out his nest:
Heaven itself leans down and listens!

Flower of noon and silence green!
Sunlight through warm shadows gleaming
Fills the air with amber sheen.
In still pools are mirrored fair
Butterflies afloat in air,
Woods and fields lie softly dreaming!

Flower of twilight, mystic, white!
Golden gleam at heart of thee
With faint fragrance fills the night.
Starlight dawns in purple deeps,
And the moon, uprising, steeps
All the world in reverie.



GUY NORMAN'S GARDEN, BEVERLY, MASS.

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Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XV

JUNE-JULY, 1910

No. 1

Garden Seats

By Mary H. Northend

THE charm of a garden lies not so much in its floral equipment as in the selection and arrangement of its accessories. Today ornaments are recognized as essential to the proper display of flowers and shrubs, and a garden that lacks these necessary adjuncts is much as a house devoid of artistic embellishments.

In America a proper appreciation of the value of garden furnishings has never been as evident as in foreign countries, and, in fact, it is only in recent years that ornaments have been employed in gardens to any great extent. The ancient Greeks and Romans were cognizant of their worth, as is evident from the manner in which they embellished their floral spaces with bridges, fountains, statues, seats, urns, etc., and the French, too, were even appreciative of their decorative qualities, as is attested by the adornment of the famous gardens of Versailles and the Tuilleries, which, unfortunately, were shorn of their lovely accessories at the time the English type of garden came in vogue.

Many of the more modern flower plots also showed, in their arrangement, a proper regard for these essentials, but of late years scant heed has been given garden furnishings, and, in consequence, much of the old-time charm has been lost.

This is particularly true of the American type of garden, and, until the last few years, when the possibilities for enjoyment to be derived from flower plots, equipped with attractive accessories, begun to be realized, numerous splendid opportunities for development were neglected. Probably the adoption of the formal Italian type of garden had much to do with the bringing about of this happy change, but, at all events, garden furnishings are today extensively employed, and their use tends to increase the attractiveness of the flower plot, no matter how small or extensive it may be.

Of all garden furnishings, seats are, perhaps, the most important. They not only afford a resting place for tired bodies, but they also frequently possess artistic qualities quite distinct from



A STONE SEAT AT PRIDE'S CROSSING

their importance in marking axes, ending walks, and relieving barren spaces, that are most valuable.

The position the seat occupies in the garden is quite as important as the seat itself, and while, of course, there is much less chance of wrong placing in a garden where positions are fixed by formality than in a picturesque scheme of unmarked distinctiveness of type, where they must be so placed as to give the impression of inevitableness, still care must be exercised in the placing, in either case.

Frequently the position of a seat is determined by the view which one may obtain while resting upon it, and while in some cases this plan works out to good advantage, provided the seat happens to fit in as a part of a pleasing composition, still, as a rule, it should have a more obvious justification than mere view to warrant its placement.

Of all materials for garden seats, stone undoubtedly is the best, for not only is it durable, but the best qualities permit of carving, and thus it can be made as decorative as desired. Also, there is a worthiness about stone which

cast cement cannot approach, and to many minds a seat of rough stone, that the ax has never touched, is eminently more desirable than one of cement, evenly finished.

Limestones and marbles are commonly used for seats, but there are several other stones of more pleasing color and texture which could be used with better effect. The pink granites look well, and the black, red, and green slates are of pleasing qualities, the red being particularly effective when streaked with another color. The Quincy granites should never be employed, for their texture is cold looking and uninteresting, and the weather, instead of softening their colors, seems to render them more dismal.

Our first and second illustrations are examples of the better quality of stone, finely carved. Both are placed beside tree trunks, and both pleasantly relieve the monotony of surrounding green. The second, however, is the more pleasing of the two, for its simple slab top, supported by carved standards, is much more in keeping with the seat idea than the elaborately finished back and side pieces of the first named, which savors too much of the chair form, which is rarely attractive in stone.

A seat of this type, however, to be entirely comfortable, should be placed against a wall to afford some support to one's back.



ANOTHER STONE SEAT



IN MRS. PHILLIPS' GARDEN, NORTH BEVERLY

Of course, where, as in the case illustrated, it is only one of several seats in the floral space, it is not necessary to so place it, but if, as it frequently happens, it marks the only resting spot in the garden, then it should be arranged to provide the greatest comfort possible, and surely a seat on which one cannot lounge is not conducive to enjoyment for more than a few moments at a time.

There is another fault about most garden seats of stone, and that is that they are built too high. Thirteen inches is usually high enough for most people, and if additional height is required, the bench can be placed on a stone platform, which is not only pleasanter for one's feet than grass or gravel, but also adds considerable to the architectural effect. In summer the stone seat needs cushions, if it is used to any great extent, and in winter it should be covered with narrow slats arranged close together.

There are two points to remember in the employment of seats of carved stone; first, that they must not be too elaborate to harmonize with the gardens which they are meant to grace, and second, that they must conform with the other ornaments used. A seat of elaborate finish used in conjunction with a fountain, sun-dial or other ac-

cessory of simple design, is ridiculous, and it is better to omit it than to have it cause such incongruity.

If stone be too expensive, use wood, but let it be used as wood, and not as stone. When a pretty rustic effect is desired, cedar and locust, with the bark



IN A GARDEN OF FERNS



WOODEN GARDEN SEATS

left on, can be used to good advantage, and cypress also makes a satisfactory garden seat and, if painted and well cared for each season, will do service for a number of years. Sometimes a good result of a stone type is obtained in wood, as is shown in the illustration.

Wooden seats with roofs are now made to some extent in this country, and most attractive they are when well placed against a background of trees or shrubbery. The roof affords protec-

tion from the summer sun, and in the winter acts as a windbreak, and then, too, it assures freedom from the insects which sometimes drop from the leafy tangle of an arbor.

Garden seats in their type and arrangement present almost limitless possibilities, and there is no garden plot, however small, which does not include some nook that can be improved by the placement of a seat of simple design.

June

By Ruth Raymond

Let others laud the winter's snows,
Let others tell of spring's delight,
But give to me June's fragrant rose
That in the early morning blows
All fresh and pure with dewdrops bright.

Let others praise the autumn's brown
And gold of sheaves that grace the year,
But give to me June's crimson crown
Of cherries sweet that tumble down,
Lo at my feet, a wealth of cheer.

O flowery June! O fruitful June!
The bride's delight, the maiden's choice,
When earth and sea and sky atune
Bring to each heart some longed-for boon,
While weary ones again rejoice.



STRAWBERRY TARTS (See page 33)



STRAWBERRY AND PINEAPPLE FANCY



STRAWBERRIES IN ORANGE SHELL



STRAWBERRIES IN LONG-STEMMED GLASS

Psychology of Clothes

Discussed by the Young Philosophers

By Josephine Page Wright

"IT would take a gallon of sherbet and an electric fan to overcome the effect of that costume," gasped the Scientist.

The Young Philosophers ran to the window to see what had provoked the Scientist to an inaccurate statement of a proposition. On the opposite side of the street strutted a young woman, dressed in red from the tip of her suede slipper to the tulle of her large picture hat.

"Some one has told her red is becoming to her, and now she wears it, regardless of time or circumstance," commented the Cynic. "A gown like that, however, on an August day is positively an act of cruelty to spectators."

"I wonder," mused the Sage, "if any of us fully realize the effect upon others of the garments we wear."

"We had a striking example of it in our home last winter," confirmed the Epicurean. "My sister and I were made to wear colored woolen dresses during winter, from the time we could first walk. Nevertheless we have always liked dainty garments, and when my sister's first baby came, eighteen months ago, we determined to keep it in white until it was old enough to go to school. One cold day my father found the baby toddling about the house in a white dimity dress. He at once took my sister to task for clothing the child improperly. We explained to him that a white woolen slip beneath the outer garment kept the child from feeling cold. 'But it doesn't keep me from feeling cold when I see her!' he stormed. And it didn't. He insists that he suffered acutely from the cold every time he saw the little one in its filmy frock."

"I asked a school-teacher once," said the Sage, "whether the garments her pupils wore in any way affected their scholarship. She replied without hesitation that they did and that, moreover, the garments which she wore affected their scholarship. She explained that she had one particularly becoming and attractive gown, which she wore during tests or examinations. This change of costume not only the more observing in the class seemed to notice, but even the dullest felt it and profited by it. This same teacher cited the case of a young girl who had entered a class half clad, disheveled and dirty. Her books were soiled, secondhand ones which she had begged from others. She was sullen and showed little interest in her studies or her classmates. Suddenly orphaned, this child was adopted by a benevolent organization, which purchased new books for her and clothed her in garments, not only new and comfortable, but attractive and becoming. With the new clothing she donned came a new interest in life, a new self-respect, and she is rapidly becoming one of the most promising pupils in her grade. Mothers should study this subject of the psychology of clothes."

"Mothers and wives," added the Cynic. "Not every wife realizes that the work of the day for her husband is often made easier or marred by the gown in which she greets him at his breakfast table."

"That is true," agreed the Sage. "A man sometimes makes the mistake of telling his wife that she looks well in a boudoir jacket. Thereupon she forms the habit of wearing one to the breakfast table. And that is all right during the honeymoon, perhaps. But

when a man sits down to a belated breakfast, with school children clamoring for attention, and home duties fairly shrieking from nursery and kitchen, he feels vaguely, although he does not analyze the emotion, that there is something inadequate about the appearance of the woman who faces him, my lady of the dressing sacque."

"But a man would not wish his wife to dress like a nursery maid," protested the Epicurean.

"Why not?" demanded the Sage. "Why not, at least, while she is performing the duties of one? What could be more suitable, serviceable or becoming than a plain cotton house-gown and spotless white apron? Our educated helpers and trained nurses have changed this same costume from a badge of servitude to an insignia of rank. Women are prone to believe that man has no intuition, that he is not susceptible to psychical influence. She has believed it many times to her own undoing. A man is annoyed, if he finds his wife working about the kitchen in a discarded dinner dress; he is likewise annoyed, if she comes to his dinner table looking like a servant. Nevertheless he may be and probably is quite ignorant of the cause of his annoyance."

"That is because man for generations has been the business head and the warrior of the family," expounded the Scientist. "He understands the methods and the necessities of proper equipment. He would not go shooting for duck with an elephant gun."

"At the same time woman is the more punctilious about the conven-

tionalities of dress," contended the Epicurean.

"But conventionalities are many times the creatures of her own caprice," said the Cynic, "and are not often brought into being by the laws of proper equipment. Where conventionalities fail to coincide with these laws, man rebels and often, too often woman submits."

"Here is a case in point," laughed the Sage. "I know a young matron who is extremely fastidious about the proprieties of dress. She is never seen at a formal dinner or at the opera save in evening gown. Her street costumes are faultless. But I have seen her working about her kitchen in a silk kimona and torn silk skirt. She felt, moreover, that she was maintaining the dignity of her position."

"I suppose none of you would believe me, if I told you of the wonderful effect upon the health which different garments may have," timidly ventured the Mental Healer.

"Whether we accept your philosophy as a whole or not," politely returned the Cynic, "we are all willing to concede that a woman feels no better than she looks. Personally I have cured more than a headache with a bath and a complete change of garment."

"And, of course," admitted the Scientist, "we are beginning to learn the effect which colors have upon the mind and the emotions of man. We know that red —"

"But that is the X, Y, Z of the subject. Start our wives and mothers at the A, B, C of it and they make their own progress," concluded the Sage.

To Mother's Apron

Here's to mother's apron,
The gingham one, with strings;
Here's to all the household joy
The wearing of it brings.

Here's to all that apron does
With little mother in it!
I cannot say enough in praise,
And so I won't begin it.
From "The Valley Farmer."

How Much Shall We Spend For Food?

By May Ellis Nichols

THE question "How Little Can We Spend for Food?" has been considered over and over again, and especially during the time of financial stress has been of the greatest interest to the housewife. Undoubtedly the cost of food is the item of household expense that varies most in different families, and consequently the item that can be modified most easily, hence the interest in the question of how little is needed to run a satisfactory table. But the question, "How Much Shall We Spend for Food?" is quite different. It is an ethical rather than an economic question, and as such is worthy our careful consideration.

Granting absolute freedom in the use of money, how is one to decide, not how small an amount she can get along with, but how *much* she will be justified in spending upon food for her family. Or is it necessary for her to decide at all? Shall she buy the food that she needs and wishes without regard to cost? That is the method often employed. Only last week a friend informed me — in a way that made me feel that she considered figuring on the cost of food penurious — that she had never attempted to run her table on a certain amount. She had always bought the things that she knew the family liked without regard to cost.

"I never know how much my table bills are going to be till they come in," she concluded.

"Yes," I answered, "but do you buy your clothes in the same way? Did you know how much you were to pay for your beautiful new cloak before it came home?"

The reply was prompt. "How ridiculous! Of course I did. I never buy a garment without knowing its price. If I cannot afford a hundred-

dollar coat, I get one for fifty dollars, or thirty-five, or for twenty-five. But food is different. We must eat."

True, we must eat, but health and even happiness do not depend on our eating squabs and sweetbreads, much less strawberries in January. Spring chicken may be a common article of food in one family and an inexcusable luxury in another, while even chops and beefsteak may be extravagances in a third.

"My family insist on having grapefruit for breakfast every morning," groaned my friend who is trying to live within her income. Grapefruit is delicious and wholesome, so if a family can afford it and want it, it *should* be on their table every morning, but oranges are nearly as good, baked apples just as wholesome, and prunes are the most digestible of fruits, as witnessed by the fact that they are almost the first to be given babies.

I once confided to my grocer's wife, who was assisting her husband on Saturday morning, that I could not afford a certain tempting titbit, for if I did, I should go over my table allowance. She looked interested and, at last, hesitatingly asked if I minded telling her how much my allowance was. We each catered, as it happened, for the same number — five. I named the amount, which while not large was ample to provide a table that seemed to please and satisfy my own family. Her curiosity turned to surprise. "Why," she said, "my own table never costs less than thirty-six dollars a week, and, of course, all the fruit, vegetables and dry groceries are bought at wholesale."

The grocer lived over his store; he worked early and late to provide an income for his family; his eldest daughter kept his books; his wife did the house-

work and "helped out" in the store Saturday mornings; and yet they spent more than seven dollars per person for food each week. Any woman who has made a little study of food values and the cost of food knows that for a family so situated that amount is folly, almost sin. But what of the wife of a man on a five thousand dollar salary who spends the same amount? Is she any wiser? In short, how is one to know how much she has a right to spend for food?

To begin with, every family should have enough good wholesome food to keep up strength in the adult members of the family and to furnish material for the growth of the children.

In addition, the food should be varied enough to make it palatable. That much expenditure is a necessity. If the family income allows, more delicate but not less nourishing food may be substituted, as the finer cuts and varieties of meat, some of the hothouse vegetables, more fruit and relishes of different sorts. If there is no reason why the housewife should limit the amount she spends for food, she will, of course, make her table as dainty as possible, freely using the hothouse products and imported delicacies, which belong with jewels, Oriental rugs and Old Masters. But even then the wise woman will know what is a reasonable amount to spend for the results she expects, and will keep within it. If she does not insist on adequate returns for her money, she will encourage waste in her

domestics and dishonesty in her trade folk.

The real test of how much one can afford to spend for food, then, is how much can be used beyond what is absolutely necessary without encroaching on the funds that should be used for other purposes. "What is necessary," being understood to mean the food that would be sufficient to keep up strength and growth, in distinction from what is desired, as illustrated by my friend's grape-fruit. Exactly what this sum shall be, every housewife, who earnestly wishes to do her duty by her family, must discover for herself. It may be fifty per cent, it may be twenty-five, it may be only ten, but she must know how much it is and keep within it, if she is to make a wise distribution of the funds at her disposal.

The problem is really one in simple proportion. What can the family afford in other things? For example, my grocer's family had a table that should have presupposed a house to themselves, attractive furniture, books and periodicals, the young daughter in school, instead of behind her father's desk, and some assistance in the home for the overworked mother.

The housewife will make no mistake who takes care that a nice proportion is maintained. If she makes sure that charity, art, books, hospitality, travel, home decoration, yes, and clothes, all have due consideration, she will be able to decide how *much* she can afford to spend for food.

Experts

By Kate Gannett Wells

SOcial research, social welfare, expert service and the economic woman are the elect phrases by which today's activity is differentiated

from the unobtrusive, far-reaching, personal work of thirty years ago.

"Social research, forsooth, it's just inquisitiveness, I'm none of your busi-

ness!" exclaimed indignantly a woman, who was being subjected to a "questionnaire" in the interest of social reform. To whom the philanthropist, pining for something to do, replied, "Oh, but it's social welfare I am after."

"What's that?" inquired the woman, "each of us knows best what we want; don't come it over us with fine words; and as for your expert service, it is just spoiling shopping and house-keeping. I went into a store run by trained salesladies and asked for a blue veil and the girl told me, oh, so politely, that I should get brown. 'Blue,' I repeated. 'Brown,' she smirked, as if she understood my wants better than I did. So as the floorwalker came along to inquire into the row, I told him I had asked for a blue veil and all his salesgirl had done was to say I ought to have a brown one. Then the little man had the impudence to remark, 'You're wearing brown, madam.' 'Do you suppose I haven't got a blue suit, too? Have you a blue veil?' I asked him, real dignified. The girl showed me one and I walked off and went home to find the waitress wouldn't make the mayonnaise, because I had given her Italian oil when she had been trained to use French oil, and the dressmaker had cut my blue skirt the way she thought best instead of doing what I told her, and the nurse girl had used what she called her judgment in mixing the baby's food instead of doing as I had directed. I'm tired to death of experts who never do your way."

"Ah, madam," remarked the philanthropist, "you are proving yourself to be the economic woman by the way you see into things."

"Economic fiddlesticks!" was retorted. "Woman was born economical. She can do a lot more than just being an expert."

And I, a bystander, knew the woman was stating facts and the philanthropist seeing visions. I, myself, had been berated, because I had said research was

poor atonement for lack of sympathy; that tabular statements were partial untruths, and questionnaires were morose and intellectual vivisection; that the social welfare business usually carried a salary for those who worked at it; that experts were as futile as rules for good manners, and that the phrase, economic woman, was an insult to man, who is fast losing his chivalry because of it. Then, too, I had seen the pretty, vague enthusiasms of afternoon teas and knew it was so tiresome not to have enough to do, that social service had become a real honest kind of religion for this world, and that expert advice is unnecessary, as everybody, except one's self, knows best what one can do.

The trouble is we never know we have made mistakes until they are made, and that there need not have been so much preventive work, if we had been different. Some of us prefer to work along with Jack-of-all-trades' assistants rather than with "exacting helpers," whether they are the visitors who must remove their rings before they wash the breakfast dishes or the more efficient variety which insists on special brands of soap, flour, flavors, etc., in cookery. Others of us prefer, at least, "facultied assistants," even experts, that we may escape the worry of imperfect details and have time for social welfare. And then a few of us today are still sufficiently meek to rest content with Wesley's advice to his wife, "Be content to be a private and insignificant person, known and loved by God and me."

Somehow the attitude of those who try to live up to the significance of social service irritates, because it is in such haste to present its facts and deductions, instead of waiting till occasion arrives. A striking instance of the love for exact fact in its bearing upon physical stature, with the quiet hoarding of such knowledge until chance brings it forward, is given in

Professor Shaler's autobiography. At a certain dinner, a Mr. Coolidge was challenged regarding his statement of the average height of a Chinaman. "I know it is so," he replied, "because I saw a hundred of them beheaded and I measured them afterwards." The story was corroborated by one who saw Coolidge do it.

A very different illustration of exact research into facts and feelings, but with no announcement of categories, questionnaires and tabular statements, is a little book by Jane Addams, called "The Spirit of Youth." It is not written as by an expert, but simply as by one who loves youth and who finds in its peccadillos the results of natural, unguided, early years. How she pleads for cultivation of the imagination among the children of the poor, that they may enjoy good acting more

than five-cent shows! How tenderly she traces the "moral fatigue" of the youthful poor to results arising from being compelled to assume responsibilities too early in life! The book is filled with sympathetic penetration into the follies and quibbles of boys and girls who, finding there is no fun in the evenings at home, hunt for it outside. If we could have her winning sincerity in persuasion, there would be fewer phrases as summaries of activities.

Why need the spirit be labeled? Ten years hence today's phrases will have yielded to others. Each, in turn, by becoming historical, is a glimpse into past social activities and a guidepost to future action. And all the time the spirit that animated the past, as it does the ever present, is the spirit of youth, of enjoyment and love and sympathy.

'Neath Skies of June

By Agnes Lockhart Hughes

Under the apple trees drifts of white,
In the meadow gleam kingcups, gold,
And down by the stile kneels a Marguerite
pale,
Smiling up at a sunflower bold.

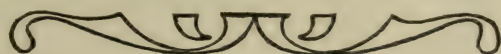
There's the drone of a bee, midst the grasses
lush
That flash forth their sabers green,
And sweet little clovers in ruffled frocks
Peep coy through their fragrant screen.

The brook croons a lullaby, soft and low,
A robin trills forth, loud and long,
While everywhere borne on the perfumed air
Are merriment, laughter and song.

A purple-flushed pansy, quite deep in thought,
Leans o'er the pearl-tossed stream,
And under the waving dew-kissed ferns
The scented violets dream

With a soft little swish of her silken leaves,
A rosebud opens her heart,
And a butterfly, poised on her petals pink,
Vows from her never to part.

There's a song, — there's a sigh, — a laugh
and a tear,
But love sings its merry rune,
While the butterfly kisses his amorous rose
'Neath the turquoise skies of June



The Neighborly Girls Find the Open Sesame

By Lee McCrae

BESS MITCHELL had been the center of attraction at the last two meetings of the Neighborly Club. It seemed so interesting to have a member "return alive" from a whole six months' stay on the western plains. Besides, Bess was a famous storyteller, and one who always sees the comic wherever she goes. This afternoon, however, she began in a very final way:

"To sum it all up, girls, I think I had such a good time, because I went expecting to have it, to make the most of things and to like the people."

"Passports everywhere, every time, and for everybody," commented Margaret Mills, with a wise nod of her head.

"Yes, and especially true in the West," Bess went on. "You see the majority of people in that region are there to *build* their fortunes; the farm and business have not been inherited, as in older sections, and each man has a vital interest — an intense concern for their "boom," the crop prospects, etc. Even the women and children share the sense of responsibility for the town's progress and pride themselves upon every advantage it possesses. To speak slightly or even patronizingly of it is to offend mortally every inhabitant.

"Fortunately, I went with rosy glasses, expressed my likes freely and suppressed my dislikes. As a result, they flocked around me until I felt like the 'queen of the May.' Really I owe my good time chiefly to what Joe calls the 'habit of liking things.'"

"That is all right, and it is certainly your side of the matter," replied Louise Hargrove. "But I can see their side, from a little experience I had only yesterday. We had two little country cousins come to visit us.

They were only eleven and thirteen years old, and we knew perfectly well that they had never been in a city of any size before, and that lots of things would be new and strange to them; so I anticipated genuine delight in taking them about. But do you know, they were so afraid of appearing green that they would not show pleasure or surprise at anything. I took them to see the finest houses, to the Zoo, to the top of the Monument, through the big stores, everywhere; yet not one single exclamation escaped them. I knew they were seeing it all — their quick eyes showed that they were keenly alive and appreciative — but from what little they said you would have thought them the most blasé of travelers. It was *so* disappointing! I would rather have had them act green as gourds!

"So, Bess, I see plainly that it was your expressions of delight that charmed those westerners. It not only pays to like things, as you say — show that you like them."

"Wise conclusion No. 2," said Joe Norton, clapping her hand in a fashion among these merry neighbors. "It has always struck me as extremely bad manners as well as bad policy for one to express dislikes — except occasionally," she added.

"Or semi-occasionally," supplemented Bess. "But really, girls, it was not premeditated but wholly spontaneous. I had not thought about it until there was a reception given for several of us newcomers. (And, by the way, the elaborateness and the style there would have surprised you.)

"Among the guests of honor was the sister of the town's one druggist, a pretty girl who had come out from Cincinnati for a month's visit. That

evening she acted so toploftical; belittled everything western, and even compared the new burg with old Cincinnati. It was ridiculous — or would have been, if we had not been too disgusted to see the funny side. But I did laugh to see how the people dropped her. Before the evening was out she was having a lonesome time, and I was told that not a soul called on her. Not another invitation did she get, and when she left there was no mention of the fact in the weekly paper, though its editor fairly beat the bushes for news. She showed me how not to act!"

"Green — if she had been brought up in a city," commented Zoe.

"She certainly lacked common courtesy —"

"And hadn't a scintilla of culture!" cried Cora. "For I think culture means adaptability as much as anything. A cultured person makes every one feel at ease, and appears herself at ease, everywhere and under all conditions. On the other hand, a person who looks at the world through a crack in the fence — as it were — is always pessimistic, prejudiced and stubborn-minded."

"And say," broke in the neighbor curled up among the sofa cushions, "don't you think all this applies particularly to people moving from one town to another, or rather from one section to another? They go of their own volition — as a rule — to better their own condition; yet so many talk and act as if they were conferring a personal favor on the new community by coming into it. They criticise right and left, constantly referring to the old home as a veritable Eden. I often feel like asking such what they did to get sent out of Paradise."

"Oh, that is because they are homesick. You are too hard on them," protested Bess.

"Well, making due allowances for homesickness, you know very well, Bess, that there are people that simply

do not try or want to like things. They aggravate their troubles and exaggerate the disagreeable in their surroundings until the old residents feel as uncomfortable as possible, and their relations become strained or severed entirely. Instead, they ought to go in exactly the spirit you went, seeing the cheerful, better side, and using a little Christian Science — or rather Christian charity — on whatever they dislike. I am so tired of complaints and criticisms!"

Loud "amens" greeted this, showing that the Club was of one mind here, at least.

"Another thing about it," continued the voice among the cushions, "if the movers, loving the old home, go reluctantly, because of circumstances, they should consider themselves its representatives in the new section. Undoubtedly a western person coming East is looked upon as a type of that region, and he or she should feel that, in a limited sense, the reputation of their beloved West is at stake. Some do feel that responsibility, but I wish all movers did."

"Hear me! Surely as a minister's daughter, with four moves to my credit, I am entitled to the floor." Elizabeth sprung to her feet enthusiastically. "This is strictly confidential, but we've never moved that I haven't shed tears and at the same time shaken hands with myself. You see there are always some people and some things it breaks one's heart to leave, and also some people and some things you are delighted to get away from."

"Besides, we have found that God is mighty impartial to places, putting nice folks everywhere (sandwiched in with the other kind), and that every climate and section has its good and bad conditions. The scales do not always hang as evenly, but what's the use in growling?"

"Hurrah for the minister's daughter! Her father's own beautiful echo,"

exclaimed Margaret, with real admiration in her tone. "I firmly believe that optimism and the art of saying gracious things ought to be a part of our educations, especially as women. The southern people have the latter art cultivated to a degree. Indeed, it is a large factor in the 'southern hospitality' you hear so much about. In the little visit I made in Georgia they had me so flattered and happy I had to come home to — to cool off."

"But don't so many 'gracious remarks' make you suspect their sincerity?" asked Cora.

"O, Co, don't look for motives! It's like pulling a rose to pieces to examine its stem."

At this there was vigorous clap-

ping, and as it subsided Bess exclaimed:

"Let me finish my summary! It not only pays to like people and to show it, but to pretend to like them whether you do or not — not saying anything untruthful, but being pleasant to all, as is one's Christian duty, enjoined by Him who said, 'Love your enemies.' The delicate art of saying nice things is well worth all our study, dears. To abstain from making comparisons, to cease disagreeable criticism and voice only kindly thoughts — isn't this woman's part in the complex medley we call life in the twentieth century?"

"Here's the tea!" cried the hostess. "Let's drink a toast to Bess and her ideals!"

The Bridewell Cake

By Madeline Burrage

MISS MEHITABLE GREEN looked with unseeing eyes out upon the dreary wet line of trees that bordered Stony Brook pasture. Her thin hands were clenched tightly in her lap and her face was set.

"She did it to spite me! I'll pay her back! I'll — I'll —" Miss Mehitable paused as if to consider well what might be the most terrible punishment that she could inflict upon her neighbor. "I'll get the recipe for the Bridewell cake! I'll get it, even if my mother, an' her mother before her, failed. Oh, I'll pay her back!"

In the little room all was still save for the singing of the tiny kettle and the ticking of the clock in the corner. Miss Mehitable was thinking hard. How could she do it? The attempt had failed so many times. How closely the Bridewells had guarded the recipe of their famous cake, despite the many

efforts to beg, borrow or steal the coveted treasure. Well, she would get it by hook or by crook. Spiteful thing! Sarah Bridewell should pay for her meanness! The thin hands clenched themselves more tightly than ever and Mehitable Green's forehead puckered itself into innumerable fine wrinkles.

In her own kitchen across the road, Sarah Bridewell was also sitting, lost in thought.

"Hetty's got such a temper," she sighed to herself. "She flies off the handle, as Ma used to say, at the least thing. How should I know that the calico I bought for my new dress this mornin' was the pattern she wanted, and that I'd got all there was left? She says she told me all about it, but I don't seem to recollect. I don't care nothin' about that particular piece, except that after she was so mean an'

all, I just won't give it up to her! I guess she'll get over it, though."

Rising, she went into the little pantry to begin preparations for her meager tea. As she did so her eye fell on a tiny mirror hanging on the wall. Her hand instinctively went to fasten a stray lock that in some way had escaped from the prim knot into which her thin gray hair was tightly drawn.

"I wonder what Ma ever hung that glass in here for? Goodness knows, the Bridewells ain't never been anything on looks. Sometimes I think I'll take it down, but I kind o' hate to, it's been there so long." She stepped a little closer. "Well, I declare, I never noticed you could see so much of that old clump of syringa right in this mirror. Sarah Bridewell," she remarked severely, a few moments later, "quit lookin' at yourself in the glass. You're nothin' but a homely old maid."

With this severe criticism she turned away and busied herself with the little teapot.

That night Mehitable Green lay awake for long hours, planning for the earliest possible moment when she might put her plan into execution. Suddenly the thought came to her.

"She'll make it tomorrow for the Minister's Social," she said aloud, triumphantly. "Oh, I must get it! I must! But how'll I do it? I can't go over an' sit with her while she makes it. Mother tried that with old Mis Bridewell an' I remember she put her out. How mad she was! If I could only hide somewhere. But there ain't any place, for I know Sarah Bridewell's pantry as well as I do my own, an' I'm too big to squat down behind the sugar barrel." She laughed scornfully to herself. "An' Sarah would see me, if I stood outside the window, for there ain't anything to get behind. Why, yes, there is, too! The old syringa where we used to play dolls! I'll do it! I'll hide in

them bushes, an' then she'll never see me! Oh, I'll pay her back!"

The next morning both Sarah Bridewell and her enemy rose early. The one great event of the year, the Minister's Social, was to be held that evening. All the good ladies of the village annually contributed good things and there was much rivalry as to who should produce the most delicious dainty.

Needless to say, the Bridewell cake always figured at these occasions and was a cause of great jealousy, for it had always held the much-coveted "first place."

It had cost Sarah Bridewell a great deal of careful planning to be able to make the cake this time, for it was a very expensive one for her. The poor little lady had hard work to make both ends meet with only ordinary expenditures, and at that time of year prices were unusually high. However, it was a necessity to preserve the honor of the Bridewells and so she had given up her new spring bonnet, although she had worn the old one for at least eight years and it was getting a trifle shabby.

"The Bridewell cake has got to be at the social," she told herself, sternly, "and you're too old to care about a bonnet, Sarah!"

Immediately after breakfast Miss Bridewell repaired to her pantry and Mehitable Green stole cautiously to her hiding place. It seemed centuries from the time when she slipped from her kitchen door to the time when she arrived at the syringa bushes. Her footsteps echoed loudly, as they never had done before. Even the very robins appeared to cry, "Sa-rah! Het-ty!" as if to warn the former of the thief's approach. Out in the yard a rooster crowed. Miss Mehitable started violently and little chills ran up and down her spine, for to her the innocent bird seemed to say, "Where's the Bridewell ca-a-ke?"

At last she gained shelter, and,

crouching down, waited impatiently for the preparation of the famous cake.

It was not a comfortable place. Mehitable grew cramped and cold; her foot went to sleep and caused her untold agonies. But all her sufferings were forgotten, when Sarah Bridewell appeared with a basket of eggs.

Slowly and methodically she counted them out.

"A dozen eggs," whispered Mehitable Green, her eyes sparkling.

Next, putting aside the eggs, Sarah began to weigh butter and sugar.

Miss Mehitable repeated each amount under her breath, in order that nothing should be forgotten.

Suddenly the little song that Sarah Bridewell had been humming died on her lips. The tiny mirror had caught her eye. What was that she saw? It was moving! She stepped nearer to the glass as if to look at her own face and stealthily peered into its depths.

It was — it was — Mehitable Green spying on her to get her recipe!

Her first impulse was to rush and drag Hetty from her hiding place, but she refrained.

She would play with her mouse! She would punish Hetty Green! She should see!

"Vain old thing," said Mehitable to herself in the syringa, "she hasn't anything to boast of in the way of looks!"

To all outward intents and purposes Sarah Bridewell went back to her cake-making quietly, but her heart beat suffocatingly.

If she could only change it enough! Hetty would never know. But it would be so expensive, for she would have to make two cakes now. She would have to go without meat for at least two or three months. She shut her lips firmly. "Sarah, you don't need meat. 'Tain't as if you were fat! Do you hear me?"

"Let me see," said Sarah Bridewell aloud, "eight eggs." To herself she

added hastily, "That's four less; it ought to be about right." Then aloud again, "Add to the creamed butter and sugar, — and put in a cup an' a half of milk." suiting the action to the words.

Silently she hoped that the cake might not appear too eccentric in Hetty's eyes. It certainly seemed queer to her.

On she went, sometimes putting in more of an ingredient, sometimes less, as her fancy dictated. It was exciting work. Sarah Bridewell's face grew flushed and her lips twitched.

"My, I wonder what makes her so nervous," remarked Hetty in the syringa bushes. "Guess she must be gettin' old. Let me see, she must be fifty-four or five."

It was a singular cake that was made that day in the Bridewell kitchen, but Mehitable Green congratulated herself on having gotten the true recipe at last.

What a stir it would make in the village! Oh, it would be glorious!

Her thoughts were interrupted there. What was Sarah Bridewell saying?

"Kitty," she spoke to the tortoise-shell cat curled up in the corner, "Kitty, I'd like to tell Mehitable Green just what I think of her. She is a mean, spiteful old woman; an', Kitty, I'm right glad I got her old calico, an' I'd do it again, too, if I got the chance!"

At this declaration Hetty nearly sprang from her hiding place to denounce Sarah Bridewell and her cake, but on second thought she remained quiet. Little did she know Sarah was glorying in her power!

"I'll pay her back," breathed Mehitable. "Oh, won't it be fine when there are two Bridewell cakes at the social tonight!"

The moment that Sarah disappeared into the kitchen with the cake, Mehitable Green hastened from her retreat, repeating the precious recipe all the way home.

Once there she set about making the loaf, but when it was done, to her astonishment, it was not *the* Bridewell cake. She tasted and stared, and stared and tasted. It was rather good, but it was not *the* cake.

"Sarah's losin' her mind," she said finally, with conviction, "she's forgotten the recipe. My, ain't that awful!"

In her own little kitchen opposite, Sarah Bridewell sat with her cat in her lap.

"I'll never take that mirror down," she said slowly.

Then she rose with decision and half an hour later a real Bridewell cake was cooling by the kitchen window, where, as Sarah remarked, there weren't any bushes.

That night all Elmville went to the social. Mehitable Green was a little late and as she came into the room a clear voice floated to her, "Just a little more of that delicious Bridewell cake, please." She pressed forward, her eyes shining with excitement.

There must be some mistake, for did she not know that tonight there was no such cake?

But what was this? People were exclaiming, as they always did, how good it was and how they longed for the recipe; and there, before her very eyes, was all that remained of the handsome loaf.

And then, as she stared and stared, she heard a taunting voice at her elbow, "You're just a little too big for them syringa bushes, Hetty!"

Rendering Cheese Digestible

By Mrs. A. P. Owens

ALL the nourishing elements in a gallon of milk are represented in a pound of cheese. Beef has less than half the food value of cheese, which may be said to contain a third, each, of water, fat and proteid. A pound of cheese yields three times the energy in a pound of beef. Such are the estimates of conservative writers. Some figures go much higher. When one adds to these considerations the fact that a pound of cheese can be obtained at about one-third the cost of three pounds of beefsteak, which is its nutritive equivalent, it is at once evident that we possess in cheese a most economical substitute for meat.

But cheese is not an article of diet easily dealt with by delicate digestions, for the fat forms a waterproof coating, which prevents access of the digestive

juices to the casein. The larger the lumps of cheese which enter the stomach, the slower will this access be. Hence the importance, often urged, of thoroughly chewing every mouthful eaten. Proper mastication is made the easier by grating before cooking, yet, even when grated and reduced to the finest possible particles by the teeth, this splendid food proves indigestible to nineteen people out of twenty. However, an able writer on the chemistry of cookery, Mattieu Williams, has pointed out a way of preparing cheese which renders it perfectly digestible, as I, a confirmed dyspeptic, whose stomach revolts at so innocent a thing as a sweet cracker, can testify, and my experience has been duplicated in the households of numerous friends. This method is very simple, the cheese being nearly dissolved by the addition of bicarbonate of potash. Casein forms

soluble compounds with alkalis. Bicarbonate of potash is an alkali, harmless as another of more common use, bicarbonate of soda, if used in the right quantities; and it supplies the potash so necessary to health, and unavoidably eliminated in cheese making, not only rendering the cheese digestible, but neutralizing the fatty acids so irritating to the sensitive lining of the stomach. It may be had at about ten cents an ounce. From a quarter to half a teaspoonful is sufficient to nearly dissolve a quarter of a pound of cheese, if the latter be first grated or chopped into fragments.

By the addition of milk and eggs, a delicious and exceedingly nutritious pudding or fondu may be prepared, at small cost. "Full cream," or common "store" cheese contains rather more nutriment than parmesan, at less than half the price. Stilton, also, costing twice as much as the ordinary kind, is of the same food value. Of course, these considerations are of little interest to those who eat cheese merely as a relish at the end of a substantial meal,

with particular regard to its flavor. To others, who seek a cheap, efficient substitute for flesh food, they are vital. Swiss cheese, or cheese made from goat's milk, for example, is slightly more digestible than the cheaper kind. The common variety, too, is frequently adulterated with an animal fat, a product practically identical with oleomargarine, unless one purchases the best grade, and the adulterant, while quite as wholesome in one way as good butter, is rather more difficult of digestion.

Here is an excellent recipe for preparing the cheese: Grate a quarter of a pound; add to a gill of milk in which has been dissolved a saltspoonful of powdered bicarbonate of potash, one of flour of mustard, one of white pepper, a pinch of cayenne, and the sixth part of a nutmeg. Heat carefully until the cheese is completely dissolved. Add a cup of bread crumbs, and three eggs, well beaten, stirring the whole. Butter a shallow dish, pour in the mixture, and bake it until it is nearly solidified. Less eggs may be used, if desired.

The Passing of Pemmican

By John Northern Hilliard

"**H**E who discovers a new dish," said Savarin, "does more for humanity than he who discovers a new star." The witty author of the "Physiologie du Gout" did not stop to think that navigation is the outcome of astronomy, and thus, by deduction, America owes her existence to a star. But there is much truth in Savarin's saying, as much as in any epigram — perhaps more — for it is certain that man began eating when he was created, and it is a habit that he has indulged to this day.

If the discovery of a new dish is worthy of preservation in literature, shall not the passing of an old and well-established article of diet be fittingly commemorated? Fifty years ago pemmican was to the shifting population of the Northwest what flour is in the present day to the people of the civilized portions of the globe — the staple and most common food of the country. Today pemmican — even in the Northwest territory — is as obsolete as auks and pterodactyls. There is a dried beef product called pemmican, but

it is no more pemmican than milk is wine. Pemmican passed with the buffalo. Nevertheless the word is inseparably linked in the history of our pioneer settlements, and for this reason it ought never to be expunged from our vocabulary.

Pemmican disappeared with the buffalo. It is a Cree word meaning mixture, or something made with fat. It was composed of buffalo meat, dried in the sun and pounded fine, mixed with melted buffalo fat, and was sewn up in sacks made from the raw hide of the buffalo, with the hair outside. The Hudson Bay Company used to buy hundreds of bags of the dark, nutritious compound, annually, from the Indians for use at its trading posts scattered over the vast wilderness stretching from the Red River and Hudson Bay to the Rocky Mountains, and from the two Saskatchewan to the Arctic Sea, a region then designated Prince Rupert's Land.

Pemmican was a food that kept for years, which made it a necessity to the trappers and hunters employed by the Hudson Bay Company. It was also the Indian's staple food, for owing to the migratory habits of the buffalo herds fresh meat was not always obtainable. The red man was an adept at preparing pemmican. After the hunt the meat was packed on the travois the bones broken and the marrow extracted, and, loaded with the red spoil the hunting party returned to camp. Here the meat was cut into wide, thin sheets and hung upon pole frames in the sun and wind to dry. After a day or two these sheets were removed and spread upon the clean prairie grass, where, if the weather continued fair, they soon became as hard as shingles. They were then placed upon a hide threshing floor, with the sides elevated on short pegs to form a sort of basin, and beaten with flails or between

stones until the meat was reduced almost to a powder. The strange thing was that if properly handled the flesh seldom, if ever, became tainted, although in any other than the dry, pure atmosphere of the Northwest such a method of preparing the food would doubtless be impossible. Meanwhile the marrow and other choice fat had been rendered, and bags, some two by one and one-half feet, of raw buffalo hide, doubled over at the bottom and sewn up at the sides with the sinew of the animal, made for the reception of the pemmican. The melted fat was next poured over the shredded meat in the threshing basin, and the whole mixed to the consistency of paste. This was the pemmican. It was shoveled into the sacks, pounded down, and, after the tops had been sewn up and the bags jumped upon to make them flat, the cooled pemmican packages were solid and almost as hard as so many boulders.

Such was pemmican. It was not an inviting dish, judged by modern standards of food. The rules of cleanliness and hygiene were not scrupulously observed in its preparation. There was no attempt made at sterilization. And yet pemmican was a pretty good food, when one was hungry. Francis Parkman testifies, in his "Oregon Trail," to the nutritious properties of the food and also to its palatability to the person who is hungry. When the pioneer desired to eat pemmican he chopped a piece off with an ax, sack and all. If he had time, he cooked the adamantine morsel; if not, he ate it just as it was, hard and dry. It certainly was not a delicacy, but it served its purpose. The great Northwest owes its advancement to pemmican, for the sinewy men that fed on it redeemed a wilderness. It was a wholesome, hardy diet, the strong meat of men.

THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics

JANET MCKENZIE HILL, Editor

PUBLISHED TEN TIMES A YEAR

Publication Office:

372 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 10c

FOREIGN POSTAGE: TO CANADA, 20c PER YEAR

TO OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES, 40c PER YEAR

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Entered at Boston Post-Office as second-class matter

ECONOMY

THE COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE stands for wise economy always. Luxury, extravagance and wastefulness are ever the fore-runners of evil times; while temperance, prudence and thrift lead to a uniform and a possible prosperity competency in old age.

Good health is the prime source of enjoyment and the main object in living. To secure this all other things should be made subordinate. Is not temperance in all things conducive to the highest degree of health? Hence, for manifold reasons, people are not taking kindly to a rise in the price of the necessities of life. Quite a different procedure had long been anticipated. In fact, to raise the price of anything,

at the present, seems an unwise policy, for people are in the mood of wanting to know the reason why.

Widespread healthfulness and the cost of food products are in close consequence. To produce a strong and vigorous race, food, plentiful, wholesome and cheap, is the first requisite. Truly wise economy can be practiced in the choice of food and in the purchase and serving of the same, but the supply cannot be stinted without the gravest consequences.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE TIME

WE believe in progress, in making the most of the present, and in looking forward to higher well-being in the future. Are there any who would wish to go back a century or two as a better era in which to begin life? As Mary Johnston writes in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "for why should we continue to pour our minds into mediæval molds, into eighteenth-century molds, long after candle molds have been discarded in favor of the electric light?"

To us the conditions of life today, compared with those of even fifty years ago, seem simply amazing. Modern science has already done much and is destined to do still more for the betterment of the common welfare. This word, science, on account of its associations, may be more or less hateful to some. But ignore the use of the word and think and speak of experience or history, which means the same thing, and we reach the same result. For history is only the partial narrative of man's experience and deeds from age to age. Relying upon man's past experience and what he has wrought out by dint of thought, men and women today are able to build more surely for future weal. It is evident that we are here to live, to get as much as possible out of life's experience; and all agree that to live, now and here, the best one can,

is the fittest preparation for a life to come.

In the multitude of objects that interest us here, we take it that great comfort and satisfaction are to be found in making a single spot of earth more beautiful and attractive than it was before. Gardens, both in number and extent, are to be among the future wonders of the world. Eden is not lost, but is to be won. Were people in general properly disposed, earth might be made a vast garden. Note what the village improvement society has done in places like Stockbridge, Lenox, Northampton, Mass., Cornish, N.H., and many others in the land, to cultivate a taste for attractive and wholesome environments, and the inference is plain: no town can afford to be without its village improvement society. From a prudent, æsthetic or otherwise point of view, its work is invaluable. Aside from the increased value of real estate that is sure to follow any considerable effort in this line, the gain to residents in health, comfort and daily enjoyment is beyond measure.

We must say we are not fond of the antique; we like modern, up-to-date things; we would prefer rather to live in the twenty-first than in the eighteenth century. But, as it is, we will try to get along as well as we can for a brief period in this the twentieth century.

THE LESSON OF THE COMET

WE are anxious to see our strange visitor in the heavens because it is an object we have never seen before and shall never see again. Our earth encircles the sun in three hundred and sixty-five days; the comet now approaching nearest the sun at the rate of two million miles a day makes its elliptical circuit in seventy-six years. And yet we are taught that there are comets that become visible in the vicinity of our sun but once in a thousand

years. Do not these items indicate space incomprehensible by the human mind? How little do we really know about what is taking place within the limits of a single solar system. Was it not Kepler, an astronomer, who said the undevout astronomer is mad?

The contemplation of such occurrences as these may well give us enlarged views of the universe, and at the same time reveal to us our own individual insignificance. A sense of deep humility is the lesson impressed on us as we gaze upon these wondrous strangers in the sky. "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him?"

A deal of superstition has ever attended the appearance of comets.

"When beggars die there are no comets seen;

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."

FASHIONS OLD AND NEW

IN a popular story book, an old-fashioned country tea-party is described with a catalog of the good things provided for the occasion. There were "jellied chicken and cold tongue; two kinds of jelly, red and yellow; whipped cream and lemon pie; and cherry pie and three kinds of cookies, and fruit cake, and yellow plum preserves; and pound cake and layer cake, and biscuits." Imagination quails before such an array, and one wonders how the good people of old ever lived to the standard of threescore years and ten. Certainly extravagant hospitality is no new thing. When we hear constant criticism of the high living in modern homes, it is fair to remind ourselves of older customs. The influence of all modern teaching in domestic science is against the promiscuous lavishness of old-fashioned entertainment. With the same amount of time and thought,

a menu may be prepared, warranted against causing indigestion, yet affording equal gastronomic satisfaction. Good taste and delicacy have replaced vulgar display and overfeeding. In modern culinary creations art conceals art so skillfully that however difficult the performance, the finished dish has the appearance of elegant simplicity. Best of all, a dish is valued not for its richness and cost, but for its daintiness and novelty. The part played by decoration and service is also much greater. On the whole, the contrast between the old and the new is much in favor of the latter, in the direction of practical common sense as well as artistic quality.—E. M. H.

AWFULLY BUSY

THE words are in everybody's mouth; it is the great American catch phrase. It is the excuse for all shortcomings, the reason for every mishap. On the whole, nobody seems to regret being awfully busy; it is a matter of satisfaction to be in the fashion. To have a day of leisure, or even an hour to oneself would argue that one was not at all in the swim. So there are many who multiply engagements foolishly with the mistaken idea that it is keeping up with the times to be awfully busy. With not a few it amounts almost to a disease to be always occupied, and the disease finally develops into nervous prostration. It is a pity that we cannot learn something from the ways of Nature, who is never in a hurry. There is an old proverb which we would do well to write upon our walls: "Make haste slowly." Here and there we find some one living up to that standard, and we feel at once the restfulness of such a character. The calm, well-poised person who accomplishes great things and who can be permanently relied upon, does very little talking. The world's real workers never complain of being "awfully busy."—E. M. H.

HALLEY'S COMET

OF all the famous comets Halley's is the most interesting; for, by the aid of the Chinese astronomical records, its history can be traced back for nearly two thousand years. A Roman writer mentions its appearance in B.C. 12; and it was the comet which Josephus tells us appeared during the rebellion of the Jews in A.D. 66, and hung like a flaming sword over Jerusalem, heralding its destruction. It appeared several times during the supremacy of the Roman Empire, — "a very large and fearful comet," frightening people nearly out of their wits. Years later it terrified the son of Charlemagne so that he spent whole nights in prayer and poured out his money in charities. Its great tail blazed across the sky when William the Norman landed in England in 1066 and conquered the Saxon Harold. It was embroidered afterwards by Queen Matilda on the famous Bayeux tapestry; and one of the jewels in the British crown was said to have fallen from its tail. It created a great sensation when it came in 1456, three years after the fall of Constantinople, when the Turks were trying to push their conquests farther west. Prayers were issued by the Church for protection against its malice, and the pope is even said to have excommunicated it! The next three appearances, however, were more famous than all that had gone before; for they were the means of astronomers discovering the real truth in regard to these wanderers of the heavens.

—*Zion's Herald.*

"In the last fifty years the expenses of an American household have increased two, three and four times. What were once considered rare luxuries are now common necessities."

"I'd like to be an iditor. They'se nawthin' so hard as mindin' ye'er own business; an iditor never has to do that."—*Mr. Dooley.*



A GROUP OF MEAT SUBSTITUTES

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Emergency Soup

COOK half a cup, each, of carrot and celery cubes (a tablespoonful of celery seed may be substituted for the fresh celery) and one onion, cut in slices, in one-fourth a cup of butter, or fat from the top of soup stock, ten minutes. Add one cup of potato cubes, boiled five minutes, rinsed in cold water and drained, and four cups of water, and let cook one hour; add half a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and salt and pepper as needed. Beat the yolks of two eggs; add half a cup of cream and stir into the hot soup. Serve very hot. Strain out the vegetables or leave them in as desired. There should be one quart of soup. If reduced by cooking add milk or water to make that quantity.

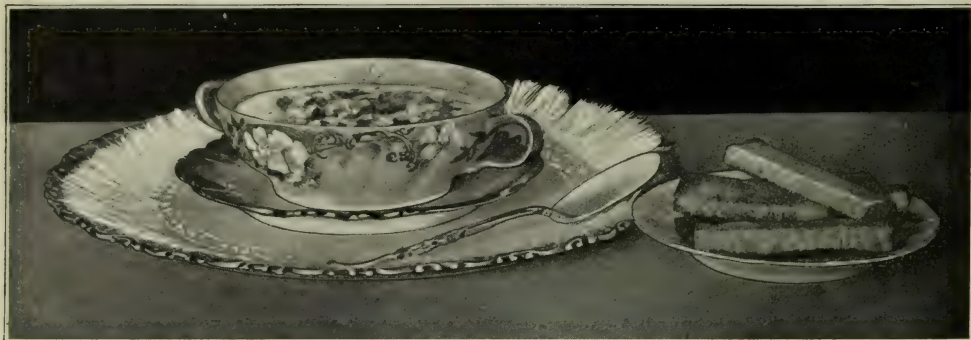
Cream-of-String Bean Soup

Chop or pound cold, cooked string beans, then press through a sieve. A gravy strainer set into one part of a double boiler and a wooden pestle are needed for this process. Between one and two cups of purée are needed for a soup to serve six or seven people. Let one quart of milk scald with three slices of onion and three branches of parsley. Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook one-fourth a cup of flour, one teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of paprika; add the purée and stir until boiling. When ready to serve strain the milk over the purée, mix thoroughly and serve at once. Other vegetables, as asparagus, peas, tomatoes, spinach, onions, etc., may be substituted for the ~~asparagus~~ *Bean*

Black Bean Soup

Let one pint of black or dark red kidney beans soak overnight; drain, wash in cold water and rinse and drain

the whole to the soup kettle and let simmer fifteen minutes. Serve a slice of lemon and a slice of "hard-cooked" egg in each plate of soup. Pass croutons with the soup.

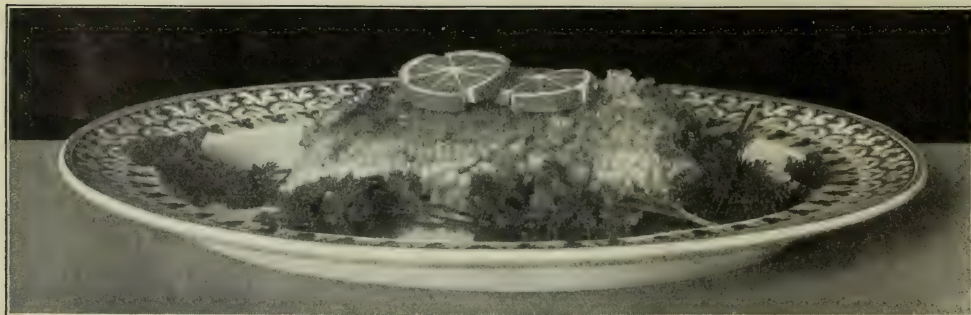


CREAM-OF-STRING BEAN SOUP WITH CROUTONS

again. Set to cook in two quarts of cold water. Slice an onion and let cook in one or two tablespoonfuls of butter. Add to the beans with two parsley branches and half a teaspoonful of celery seed, tied in a bit of muslin. Let simmer until the beans are soft, adding hot water as needed to keep the quantity the same as in the beginning. Press the beans through a sieve; add two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-half a teaspoonful of paprika, one-fourth a teaspoonful of curry powder and a cup of tomato purée, if at hand. Heat the soup to the boiling point. Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in two tablespoonfuls of flour, dilute with a little of the hot soup, stir until smooth, then return

Simple Fish Loaf

Purchase a fresh codfish or haddock with the head left on. Remove the head, cut down the full length of the fish, on the side opposite the opening of the fish, on each side of the fin bones and pull out this narrow strip. Loosen the skin at the head end of the fish, then pull it from the fish, first on one side and then on the other. With a knife and the fingers push and cut the flesh from the large bone, first on one side and then on the other. In the absence of a "fish sheet," flatten the edges of the cover of a tin cracker box; set this in a baking pan and on it dispose about three thin slices of fat salt pork. On the pork dispose a piece of the fish

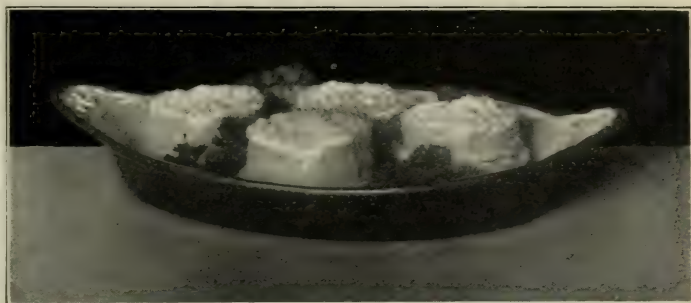


SIMPLE FISH LOAF

to make a layer of fish suitable for serving. Mix one cup of soft, fine bread crumbs, a teaspoonful of dried sweet basil, crushed fine, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper and one-fourth a cup of melted butter, bacon or salt pork fat; spread the crumbs over the fish, first sprinkling it lightly with salt and pepper. Cover the crumbs with the other piece of fish, trimming and setting in place as is needed to make a compact loaf. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Dispose three or four thin slices of salt pork above and set to cook in a moderate oven. Reduce the heat as soon as the fish is seared over a little and let cook slowly about half an hour. A few minutes before the fish is cooked, remove the pork from the top, cover the fish with half a cup of cracker crumbs, mixed with three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and set into the oven, to brown the crumbs. Serve with drawn butter sauce, to which a chopped "hard-cooked" egg or two tablespoonfuls of capers may be added. Baste the fish four or five times during the cooking.

Chowder from Remnants of Fish Loaf

Put the head, the bones, broken in pieces, and all the remnants of the fish



GNOCCHI A LA ROMAINE

in a saucepan. Cover with cold water and let simmer an hour or more. Strain off the liquid; add to it any good pieces of fish that may be found in the saucepan. Pour boiling water over a pint of pared-and-sliced potatoes; let boil three or four minutes, drain, rinse in cold water and drain again. Heat the fish broth to the boiling point; add the sliced potatoes, the pulp scraped from an onion and a teaspoonful of salt and let cook until the potato is tender. Add any remnants of the fish loaf, half a cup of cream, one cup of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter and salt and pepper as needed. If the water has been much reduced by cooking, more milk may be needed.



EGG TIMBALES WITH ASPARAGUS

Gnocchi à la Romaine

Mix one-fourth a cup, each, of corn-starch and flour, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika to a thin paste with milk. Put the rest of a pint of milk over the fire in a double boiler. When the milk is scalded, stir in the paste, and stir and cook until the mixture is smooth and thick; cover and let cook fifteen or twenty minutes. Add half a cup or more of grated cheese, one-fourth a cup of butter, beaten to a cream and mixed with the beaten yolks of two eggs. Stir until the cheese is melted and the eggs are cooked, then turn into a buttered shallow dish, to make a paste half an inch thick. When

drops of onion juice, and one cup and a half of rich milk. Mix thoroughly, and pour into well-buttered timbale molds. Cook, set on folds of paper, surrounded by hot water, until the centers are firm. Turn from the molds upon a hot platter, and surround with cooked asparagus or peas or with tomato or bread sauce. Season the asparagus, cut in short pieces, or the peas with salt, pepper and butter, or stir into a cup and a half of cream sauce.

Bread Sauce

Put half a cup of fine bread crumbs, from the center of a stale loaf, a peeled onion into which six cloves have been pushed, half a teaspoonful, each, of



RICE CROQUETTES, CHEESE SAUCE, TOMATO-AND-LETTUCE SALAD

cold cut in rounds with a biscuit cutter. Put the rounds in a buttered earthen dish, sprinkle with grated cheese, set other rounds above the first and sprinkle generously with cheese. Set the dish into the oven, to melt the cheese and reheat the mixture. Serve very hot with bread in some form and a salad or cooked fruit.

Egg Timbales

Beat six eggs, without separating the whites and yolks. Add a scant teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, twenty

salt and paprika, and one pint of milk over the fire in a double boiler. Cover, and let cook about one hour. Remove the onion and cloves. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter and beat thoroughly. Then pour over the timbales. Half a cup of coarse bread crumbs (center of loaf), browned in three or four tablespoonfuls of butter, made hot in a frying-pan, may be sprinkled over the whole.

Red Kidney Beans, Mexican Style

Let a cup of dark, maroon colored kidney beans soak over night in plenty

of cold water. Set to cook in fresh water and let simmer several hours or until nearly tender, letting the water, at the last, evaporate till but a few spoonfuls are left. Chop fine a green or red pepper or let a pepper simmer in a little water until tender, then scrape the pulp from the thin outer skin. To the chopped pepper or the pepper pulp add the pulp scraped from an onion and two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley; let these cook in two tablespoonfuls of melted butter until softened and yellowed; add half a teaspoonful of salt, one cup of tomato purée, and, when boiling, stir in the beans. Let cook until the tomato is evaporated and the beans are soft throughout. Finish with two more tablespoonfuls of butter in little bits. Surround with triangles of bread, buttered and browned in the oven. If desired garnish with a hard-cooked egg, cut in eighths, lengthwise.

Lima-and-Black Bean Salad

Let one cup each of Lima and black beans soak overnight, separately, in cold water; drain, wash in cold water,



RED KIDNEY BEANS, MEXICAN STYLE

drain and set to cook in cold water. After boiling begins, replenish with boiling water as needed and let cook until tender. Season with salt when about three-fourths cooked. When cold season separately with oil, vinegar, onion juice, paprika, chopped parsley and about one-fourth a teaspoonful of mustard or curry powder. Let stand until well seasoned. Serve in a bowl lined with lettuce hearts. Dispose the dark beans in the center and the light



LIMA-AND-BLACK BEAN SALAD

beans at the ends. Garnish with quarters or slices of tomato or with pickled beets.

Plain Rice Croquettes, Cheese Sauce

Blanch one cup of rice (by boiling and rinsing) as in the preceding recipe. Add four cups of milk and three-fourths a teaspoonful of salt and let cook until the rice is tender and the milk absorbed. Have ready a cup or more of sifted bread crumbs, from the center of a loaf of bread that has been baked twenty-four hours; also an egg beaten with three tablespoonfuls of milk. Take the rice in rounding tablespoonfuls,

Risotto

(Practical Cooking and Serving)

Put one cup of rice over the fire in a quart of cold water. Heat quickly to the boiling point and let boil rapidly two or three minutes. Drain, rinse in cold water and drain again. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan, turn in the rice, add an onion cut in halves, stir and cook until the butter is absorbed, then add one cup of tomato pulp (cooked tomato pressed through a sieve), one teaspoonful and a half of salt, half a teaspoonful of paprika and three cups of water (when



ASPARAGUS SHORTCAKE

form into cylinder or triangle shapes, roll in the crumbs, then pour over the egg to cover completely and again roll in the crumbs. Fry in deep fat and drain on soft paper. Serve with cheese sauce and tomato-and-lettuce salad.

Cheese Sauce

Make a cup of white sauce with two tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper and one cup of milk, then stir in from one-half to a whole cup of grated cheese with salt and pepper as needed.

convenient broth made from remnants of meat is better). Let cook in a double boiler or in a covered saucepan on an asbestos mat until the liquid is absorbed and the rice is tender. Add half a cup or more of grated cheese; lift the rice with two silver forks, to mix the cheese through it. Serve very hot. This mixture may be shaped and fried as croquettes.

Savory Rice Croquettes

Blanch and cook the rice according to directions given under "Risotto." Prepare a cup of tomato sauce, first

cooking a slice, each, of onion and green pepper, chopped fine, in the butter of which the sauce is to be made, then add the flour and cup of tomato purée. Into the sauce stir all the rice the sauce will take up readily. Turn the mixture upon a buttered plate. When cold shape, fry and serve with cheese sauce.

Asparagus Shortcake

This dish furnishes a good way of using to advantage stalks of asparagus which, on account of the lack of uniformity in length, are not suitable to tie in bunches. Cut the asparagus in pieces nearly one inch in length, cook in boiling salted water until tender. For a pint of cooked asparagus make a cup and a half of drawn butter or cream sauce, using the water in which the asparagus was cooked as part of the liquid and finishing with an extra tablespoonful or two of butter. Sift together, three times, two cups of sifted pastry flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and two slightly rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder. With the tips of the fingers work in three tablespoonfuls of shortening, then mix with milk

or water to a soft dough. Spread the dough in two round shallow pans. Bake in a quick oven. Stir the asparagus into the sauce. Butter one of the



VANILLA ICE CREAM, CHOCOLATE SAUCE

cakes, pour part of the hot asparagus over it, and set the second cake above the first. Spread with butter, and pour over the rest of the asparagus. Finish with the sifted yolk of a "hard-cooked" egg and the white, cut in quarters.

Floradora Buns

Cool a cup of scalded milk to a lukewarm temperature. Add a cake of compressed yeast, softened in one-fourth a cup of water, then stir in about two cups of bread flour, or enough to make a batter; beat until smooth, cover and set aside to become very light and full of bubbles. Add half a cup of cocoanut, half a cup of sliced citron,



FLORADORA BUNS

the yolks of two eggs, half a cup of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, one-third a cup of melted shortening and enough flour to make a dough. Knead until elastic; cover and set aside until doubled in bulk. Shape into balls weighing about two ounces each; cover closely with pan or bowl, to avoid the formation of a crust. Form into oval shapes. Set close together in baking pans. When light bake about twenty-five minutes. Brush over with white of egg, sprinkle with sliced almonds and granulated, or, better still, coffee A; sugar. Return to the oven to set the glaze. The nuts, especially the almonds, which contain considerable proteid, make these buns valuable in a dietary from which meat is excluded.

Creamed Macaroni au Gratin

Boil three-fourths a cup of macaroni, broken in pieces an inch in length, in boiling salted water, until tender; drain, rinse in cold water and drain again. Make a sauce of two tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper and a cup of rich milk. Mix the macaroni through the sauce, mixing in, at the same time, half a cup or more of grated cheese. Turn into a shallow dish, cover with half a cup of cracker crumbs, mixed with three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and let brown in the oven.

Savory Macaroni

Cook the macaroni in the usual manner. Cook half an onion, cut in slices, and half a green or red pepper, in three tablespoonfuls of butter until lightly browned; add about a cup and a half of tomato and let simmer until well reduced. Press through a sieve. There should be a generous cup of the pulp. Make a sauce of two tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and the prepared tomato; add half a cup or more of grated cheese. When the cheese is melted, pour the sauce over the cooked macaroni and lift with two forks, to mix together thoroughly. Let stand over hot water to become very hot. Sprinkle with a tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley. When convenient fine-chopped or diced ham may be mixed through the dish or broth may replace a part of the tomato purée.

Macaroni à la Reine

Cook and blanch three-fourths a cup of macaroni, broken in inch lengths. Scald one cup of rich cream; stir into it two tablespoonfuls of butter and one-fourth a pound of cheese grated or cut into exceedingly thin slices. When smooth add one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and half a tea-



COFFEE PERCOLATOR, NEW STYLE

spoonful of paprika and pour it over the macaroni, which has been turned into a shallow baking dish. Have ready a scant cup of three-eighths an inch cubes of bread fried delicately in a little butter or olive oil. Sprinkle these over the macaroni. Serve very hot.

Succotash

Let dried Lima or kidney beans soak in cold water overnight; drain, wash in fresh water, rinse and drain again. Cover with cold water and let simmer until tender (five hours or longer). Add a teaspoonful of salt, one can of kornlet or canned corn, one-fourth a cup of butter and half a teaspoonful of black pepper, also more salt if needed. A little strained tomato purée, also onion juice and chopped peppers, are additions relished by many.

Chou Paste

Set half a cup of butter and one cup of boiling water over the fire; when again boiling stir in one cup of sifted pastry flour. Stir and cook until the mixture separates from the sides of the saucepan. Turn into a bowl and break in three eggs, one after another, beating in each egg smoothly before the next is added. Use as below, shaping with bag and star tube.

Strawberry Tart

(See page 7)

Cut out a round of pastry the size of an ordinary pie plate. Use plain, flaky or puff paste. Prick the paste with a fork, that it may puff evenly in baking. Set it on a tin baking sheet and pipe a rim of chou paste on the edge. Also pipe small (about an inch in diameter) rounds of chou paste on another baking sheet. Bake the large round about twenty-five minutes, the small cakes about fifteen minutes. When done they will feel light, if taken up in the hand. Have ready two or three tablespoonfuls of sugar, cooked

to caramel; dip the base of the small rounds in the caramel and set them in order upon the rim of paste. Have ready a cup of English cream and a basket of strawberries, hulled, cut in halves and mixed with sugar as needed. Turn the partially cooled cream into the pastry case and dispose the strawberries above. Serve at once or at pleasure.

English Cream

Scald one cup of milk. Sift together, several times one-fourth a cup, each, of pastry flour and sugar and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, then stir into the hot milk. Stir and cook until the mixture thickens, then cover and let cook ten minutes. Beat one whole egg or two yolks; add a scant fourth a cup of sugar and beat again, then stir into the hot mixture; let cook until the egg is set. When cooled a little add half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract and use as indicated above.

Strawberries, Early June Style

(See page 7)

Cut choice strawberries in halves; squeeze over them a little orange juice and mix with sugar to sweeten; let stand in a cool place to become chilled. Cook one quart of water and one pint of sugar twenty minutes; add a scant teaspoonful of gelatine softened in two or three tablespoonfuls of cold water, strain and *when cold* add one pint of orange juice and the juice of one large lemon. Freeze as usual. Put a spoonful of the sherbet in a glass cup or saucer (orange shells may also be used) and surround with some of the prepared berries.

Strawberry-and-Pineapple Fancy

(See page 7)

Mix strawberries, cut in halves, and pineapple (fresh or canned) in small pieces with sugar to sweeten. Dispose in the center of a dish, and surround with half slices of choice pineapple.

Frozen Apricots, City Fashion

Drain the syrup from a can of apricots; add a cup of sugar and the rind of an orange, cut in quarters; let boil *ten* minutes and remove the rind; add one quart of water, one cup and a half of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of curacao and the pulp scraped from the skins of the apricots and cut in bits. Let stand some hours, overnight if convenient, then freeze as usual. This quantity will make one quart of frozen mixture.

Vanilla Ice Cream, Chocolate Sauce

Let one quart of milk, one cup of double cream, one cup of sugar be heated to between 90° and 100° Fahr. Stir in one Junket tablet, crushed and dissolved in a tablespoonful of cold water. Keep the mixture in a warm (100° Fahr.) place until it jellies, then let cool and freeze. When ready to serve pour over a hot chocolate sauce. Both ice cream and sauce are nutritious.

Chocolate Sauce

Melt two squares of chocolate over boiling water; add one-fourth a cup of sugar and one-fourth a cup of boiling water and stir and cook until perfectly smooth and boiling. Sift together, several times, three tablespoonfuls of flour and half a cup of granulated sugar; pour on one-fourth a cup of boiling water and when smooth stir into the chocolate mixture. Let simmer ten minutes, stirring as needed. Flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla extract.

Prune Charlotte Russe

Soften half a package of gelatine in half a cup of cold water. Cut enough cooked prunes in pieces to fill a cup; add a cup of prune juice, the juice of one lemon, three-fourths a cup of sugar, and, if desired, three or four tablespoonfuls of sherry wine; add the softened gelatine, dissolved by setting the cup

containing it in hot water. Set the mixture into a dish of ice water and stir until it begins to thicken, then fold in one cup and a half of double cream, beaten firm. Turn into a mold. Serve, turned from the mold, either with or without whipped cream. For a change substitute orange or grape-fruit marmalade for a part of the prunes.

Delicate Pudding (Miss Wilbur)

To a cup of sugar add one cup of hot water and the juice of two lemons. Stir three level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with enough cold water to pour and stir into the first mixture, heated to the boiling point. Stir till smooth, then let cook fifteen minutes. Fold in the whites of three eggs, beaten dry, and turn into a mold. Serve cold with a custard made of the yolks of three eggs, half a cup of sugar, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and two cups of milk. Flavor with half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract.

Rye-Meal Biscuit

To one pint of milk, scalded and cooled, add half or a whole cake of compressed yeast, softened in half a cup of lukewarm milk or water, and three cups of sifted bread flour. Beat very thoroughly and for several minutes, then cover and set aside to become light. When light add one-third a cup of olive oil, melted butter, or drippings, one-third a cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, and two cups and one-half of sifted rye meal. Beat thoroughly and for several minutes, and set aside, to become light, then roll into small balls and dispose in a buttered pan. When light and puffy, bake about twenty-five minutes. The recipe makes two and a half dozen of small biscuit. The tops of the biscuits may be glazed by brushing them over with a teaspoonful of cornstarch, diluted, and cooked in a cup of boiling water, or with white of egg for a crisp exterior.

Menus for a Week in June Without Meat

"Cereals and civilization have ever gone hand in hand. As nations have advanced in culture and importance, their dependence upon corn plants has been not less but greater."—SARGENT.

SUNDAY	Breakfast Strawberries. Yeast Rolls Eggs Cooked in Shell Fried Rice, Sugar. Coffee. Cocoa	Breakfast Strawberries, Cereal, Thin Cream Scrambled Eggs French Fried Potatoes Pop Overs Coffee. Cocoa	WEDNESDAY
	Dinner Clam Broth Egg Timbales, Stewed Asparagus Lettuce, French Dressing Graham Rolls and Butter Strawberry Shortcake Half Cups of Coffee	Dinner Potato Soup, Croutons Cheese Soufflé Spinach Molded in Cups, Sauce Tartare Strawberry Shortcake, Cream Half Cups of Coffee	
	Supper Lettuce-Cream-Cheese and Pimento Salad Bread and Butter Rhubarb Baked with Raisins Cream Sponge Cake. Tea	Supper Cream Toast with Eggs Currant Buns Stewed Prunes. Tea	
MONDAY	Breakfast Hot Cereal, Bananas, Thin Cream Asparagus Omelet Corn-Meal Muffins Cocoa. Coffee	Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream Codfish Balls Sliced Cucumbers Baking Powder Biscuit Coffee. Cocoa	THURSDAY
	Dinner Cream-of-Tomato Soup Stewed Kidney Beans. Yeast Rolls Lettuce Salad, Edam Cheese Toasted Crackers Cream Puffs Half Cups of Coffee	Dinner Asparagus Timbale, Cream Sauce Lettuce Salad, Cheese Balls (fried) Cream-Puff Cases, Strawberry Filling Half Cups of Coffee	
	Supper Boiled Rice, Cheese Sauce Bread and Butter Strawberries. Tea	Supper Green Peas Bread and Butter Canned Fruit Tea	
TUESDAY	Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream Asparagus on Toast with Poached Eggs Yeast Rolls (reheated) Strawberries. Coffee. Cocoa	Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream Eggs Cooked in the Shell Spider Corn Cake. Coffee. Cocoa	FRIDAY
	Dinner Cream-of-Asparagus Soup Bermuda Onions Stuffed with Nuts Mashed Potatoes Boiled Spinach with Sliced Eggs Rhubarb Pie Half Cups of Coffee	Dinner Cream-of-Kornlet Soup with Kornlet Timbales. Cold Lima Beans Lettuce and French Dressing Graham Bread and Butter Rice Boiled in Milk, Chocolate Sauce Half Cups of Coffee	
	Supper Fresh Fish or Clam Chowder, Crackers Bread and Butter. Cream Cheese Dried Peaches, Stewed. Tea	Supper Boiled Asparagus, Melted Butter Yeast Biscuit. Orange Cookies Rhubarb Stewed with Sultana Raisins Milk. Tea	
SATURDAY	Breakfast Strawberries, Cereal, Thin Cream Kornlet Griddle Cakes, Marmalade Cocoa. Coffee	Dinner Clam Broth Asparagus-and-Egg Shortcake Lettuce, French Dressing Cookies Prune Bavarian Cream Half Cups of Coffee	
		Supper Rice Croquettes, Cheese Sauce Bread and Butter Milk. Stewed Prunes Tea	

Menus for a Week in July Without Meat

"The human family are more in need of sound, wholesome advice as to what they should eat and drink than ever before." — E. G. FULTON.

SUNDAY	Breakfast Cereal, Top Milk. Red Raspberries Floradora Buns Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Salmon, Fresh, Canned or Salted, Egg Sauce New Potatoes Peas. Cucumbers Raspberry Ice Cream. Sponge Cake Half Cups of Coffee Supper Stewed Prunes Cottage Cheese Bread and Butter Tea Chilled on Ice	Breakfast Boiled Rice Sliced Bananas, Thin Cream Buttered Salt Codfish New Potatoes, Baked Graham Bread, Toasted. Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Emergency Soup. Cheese Soufflé Summer Squash Cabbage Salad in Beet Cups Raspberry Shortcake, Cream Half Cups of Coffee Supper Lima-and-Black Bean Salad Graham Bread and Butter Berries. Tea	WEDNESDAY
	Breakfast Cereal, Top Milk Salmon-and-Potato Cakes Cucumbers Rye Meal Muffins Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Cream-of-Green Pea Soup Risotto Baked Indian Pudding, Whipped Cream Half Cups of Coffee Supper Succotash (Dried Lima Beans and Kornlet) Baking Powder Biscuit Black Raspberries. Tea	Breakfast Eggs Poached in Cream on Toast Plain Rice Croquettes, Maple Syrup Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Black Bean Soup Nut Loaf, Tomato Sauce Stringless Beans Lettuce-and-Canned Peach Salad Rhubarb Pie Half Cups of Coffee Supper Egg Timbales, Bread Sauce Stringless Beans (left over) French Dressing Baking Powder Biscuit. Tea	
	Breakfast Berries, Top Milk Scrambled Eggs, Reformed Style Waffles, Maple Syrup Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Asparagus Shortcake with Eggs Gnocchi à la Romain Lettuce, French Dressing Raspberry Sherbet, Whipped Cream Macaroons Half Cups of Coffee Supper Bread and Milk Chocolate Eclairs Tea	Breakfast Berries, Top Milk Cream Toast Cinnamon Buns Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Simple Fresh Fish Loaf, Egg Sauce Beet Greens Mashed Potatoes (old potatoes) Green Peas Raspberry Tart Supper Hot Peanut Butter Sandwiches Cold Beet Greens, French Dressing Berries. Cookies Tea	
	Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream Green Pea Omelet Buttered Toast Rye Meal Muffins Rhubarb Marmalade Coffee Cocoa Dinner Cream-of-Potato Soup Egg Timbales, Green Peas Kohl Rabbi, Hollandaise Sauce Grape Juice Parfait Half Cups of Coffee	Supper Fresh Fish Chowder (left over fish) New Beets, Pickled Berries Bread and Butter	
MONDAY			THURSDAY
TUESDAY			FRIDAY
SATURDAY			

Formal Menus for June Luncheons

Colors: Pink and Green Flowers: Sweet Peas with Maidenhair Ferns.

I

Choice Strawberries with Hulls Retained
 Cream-of-Green Pea Soup, Bread Sticks
 Radishes. Olives
 Halibut Timbales (forcemeat), Shrimp Sauce
 Light Colored Beets, Stuffed with Chopped
 Cucumbers and Sprinkled with Chopped
 Chives, French Dressing
 (Served in Hearts of Lettuce)
 Chicken en Casserole. Asparagus, Hollandaise Sauce
 Plain Rice Croquettes,
 Pineapple Sauce Tinted Pink
 Sultana Roll, Crushed Strawberry Sauce
 Candied Mint Leaves. Pink Mints
 Coffee

II

Crushed Pineapple in Glass Cups,
 Sprinkled with Fine-Chopped Pistachio Nuts
 and Maraschino Cherries
 Consommé with Flageolet
 Creamed Shrimps in Swedish Timbale Cases
 (Edge of cases dipped in white of egg, then
 in fine-chopped parsley)
 Cucumber-and-Radish Salad
 (Slice cucumbers and radishes. Do not remove
 pink skin from radishes)
 Lamb Chops, Maitenon
 Mint Jelly. Green Peas
 Cream Cheese Balls Rolled in Fine-Chopped
 Parsley
 Bar-le-duc. Crackers
 Coffee

Luncheon Without Meat

I

Unhulled Strawberries, Powdered Sugar
 Cream-of-Spinach Soup
 Plain Rice Croquettes, Cheese Sauce
 Lettuce-and-Tomato Salad,
 French Dressing
 Strawberry Ice Cream
 Angel Cake
 Coffee

II

Strawberry Cocktail
 Clam Broth
 Egg Timbales, Bread Sauce
 Salad Rolls
 Lettuce-and-Asparagus Cream Glacé,
 French Dressing
 Pineapple Sherbet
 Macaroons
 Coffee

III

Fresh Fish Chowder
 Olives. Pickles
 Cheese Soufflé
 Lettuce-and-Asparagus,
 French Dressing
 Hot Salad Rolls
 Vanilla Ice Cream, Crushed Strawberries
 Coffee

IV

Unhulled Strawberries, Powdered Sugar
 Cream-of-Asparagus Soup, Croutons
 Olives. Salted Nuts
 Gnocchi à la Romain
 Lettuce-and-Stringless Bean Salad,
 French Dressing
 Tiny Baking Powder Biscuit
 Individual Strawberry Tarts
 Coffee

V

Tomato Bouillon
 Deviled Crab Meat in Shells
 Olives. Gherkins
 Pop Overs
 Red Raspberry Shortcake, Whipped Cream
 Coffee

Menus for June Weddings

Wedding Breakfast

I

Strawberries, French Fashion
Jellied Bouillon
Chicken Croquettes, Green Peas
Lobster or Fresh Salmon Salad
Sandwiches. Rolls
Coffee. Wedding Cake
Strawberry-and-Pineapple Ice Cream
(Molded together)
Fruit Punch

II

Strawberries, French Fashion
Jellied Bouillon
Egg Timbales, Bread Sauce
Lettuce-and-Asparagus Cream Glacé
Salad Rolls
Coffee
Bride's Loaf
Pineapple Sherbet

III

Strawberry Cocktail
Lobster Newburg in Ramekins
Cucumbers, French Dressing
Breaded Sweetbreads, Fresh Mushroom Sauce
Lettuce-and-Asparagus Cream Glacé
Salad Rolls. Coffee
Bride's Loaf
Assorted Cakes
Pistachio Ice Cream, Claret Sauce

For Afternoon and Evening Weddings

I

Chicken in Aspic Jelly
Bread-and-Lettuce Sandwiches
Bride's Cake
Strawberry Ice Cream
Claret Lemonade

II

Cold Boiled Tongue, Sliced Thin
Buttered Rolls. Olives. Salted Nuts
Assorted Cake
Wedding Cake in Boxes
Strawberry Bombé Glacé
Pineapple Lemonade

III

Bread, Grated Cheese, Sliced Nuts,
Butter Sandwiches
($\frac{1}{4}$ lb., each, except bread, creamed
together and seasoned)
Coffee
Chicken or Salmon Salad
Buttered Rolls. Olives
Assorted Cake
Wedding Cake in Boxes
Vanilla Ice Cream, Crushed Strawberries
Lemonade

IV

Chicken or Lobster Salad
Tiny Baking Powder Biscuit
Olives. Salted Nuts
Coffee
Bride's Loaf
Fruit Punch

V

Bride's Cake
Fruit Punch (largely Strawberry Juice)

VI

Bride's Cake
Strawberry Ice Cream
Lemonade

Meat Substitutes

By Janet M. Hill

THIS present time of high prices for food-stuffs should not pass without leaving us better qualified to cope with a return of the same conditions. If we learn our lesson well, we shall know how to take our old-time supply of food and "make it go farther." For the truth is, women in general do not get the full value of the money expended for food. With too many of us the A, B, C of economy is yet to be learned, and, as we have said before in these pages, economy does not consist in going without, but in obtaining the greatest value possible out of what we buy. This means study on our part. And a little thought is what too many of us seem to be afraid of. Instead of letting ourselves, at the thought of meal-time, fall into a state of chronic mental flutter that utterly incapacitates us for any serious work, let us sit down in advance and calmly plan out the meals for a week. It is impossible to follow out with exactness any printed set of menus, but these are suggestive and helpful in working out our own bills of fare.

In our page of menus without meat the flavor of many of the dishes could be improved by the judicious use of meat extract or of "second" broth, broth made of the remnants of roasts, giblets of fowl, flank ends of chops and steak, etc. Granted that we undoubtedly have, in the past, eaten too much meat, there is no reason why we should fly to the other extreme and eat none at all. Remember that a cup of good, well-seasoned broth will change entirely the character, as well as the taste, of all vegetable dishes to which it is added.

The main substitutes of meat are: milk, cheese, eggs, fish of all kinds,

dried beans, peas, lentils, nuts and grains. These may be presented singly or in combination. When milk, eggs or cheese is combined with others in the group a most substantial dish results. Remember that in meats of good quality fat is always present, though it may not be conspicuous, and the fat thus eliminated from a meatless diet must be made up in cream, butter, olive or other form of vegetable oil.

Asparagus and green peas are not, like dried peas and beans, meat substitutes, but their flavor is grateful to us; combine either of these in a meal with bread or rice and cheese or eggs (butter in small quantity will be needed) and a complete meal is assured.

Asparagus Cream Glacé is given in several of our menus for formal occasions; the full dish calls for lettuce hearts and French dressing. The recipe was given on page 429 of the April number of this magazine. Nothing more delicate in flavor and texture can be produced for a salad. The recipe was produced for these pages, and, while the feature of packing in ice and salt makes the dish too troublesome for general or frequent use, we commend it for occasional service, and most especially in a menu where the elimination of meat makes some form of fat, in rather generous measure, advisable. By the addition of three or four beaten yolks of eggs to the purée (added by cooking as in boiled custard), the food value of the dish is enhanced and it may become the chief dish of the meal.

In the "Egg Timbales with Asparagus" the egg and milk of the timbales insure tissue-building material for the meal; if still more of the proteid con-

pound be advisable in this special dish, stir the cooked asparagus into a cream sauce and finish with the beaten yolks of two eggs.

It is yet too early for much choice in green beans, but the ripe beans of last year are in good condition for many really delectable dishes, and only these dried beans are true meat substitutes. Any variety of bean, carefully stewed and as carefully seasoned, will be found palatable, satisfying and wholesome. For seasoning, salt is added when the cooking is half completed; pepper aids in their digestion; butter or cream supplies the fat in which they are lacking and adds to their palatability. The variety of pepper is a feature upon which to play. Chilli-Colorado, paprika or black pepper, all of which can be purchased, ground, in bottles, are some of the forms to be secured without labor; green or red peppers, fresh from the garden or hothouse, or the chilli peppers or pimentos, which are preserved entire, need to be chopped and softened in a little melted butter before they are added to the cooked beans. Onion and parsley are other flavorers that harmonize with beans. Indeed, a salad made of beans does not reach its highest estate unless the presence of onion be suspected. Tomatoes are an addition that we have borrowed from Mexico or, farther back, from the dark-eyed Spaniard.

Among our illustrations will be found croquettes with cheese sauce. Rice croquettes, though easily prepared, take some time, and practically the same dish is obtained by turning the cooked rice into a shallow dish.

The rice when cold may be cut into any desired shape. Egged-and-crumbed it may be fried in deep fat, or, dipped in flour, it may be sautéed in a small quantity of salt pork fat or butter. In either case the cheese sauce is needed for the complete dish; though really a green salad of some sort is a requisite to many, to make a meal of full satisfaction.

Milk is one of the chief meat substitutes. There are so many ways in which to present this almost perfect food that choice is often difficult. Junket ice cream will always be welcomed, and will make up for much of the seeming deficiency felt by many while living upon a meatless diet. Chocolate sauce is an addition, rather heavy for summer, perhaps, but one that will insure more than an ordinarily nutritious dish. In creamed codfish, cream soups, with eggs, in custards, with cereals, macaroni and cheese, the combinations are almost limitless. Nor must we forget to mention the dish dear to the heart of childhood and age alike, and one that even those in middle life return to, again and again, when the summer sun is high in mid-heaven, and real refreshment that will not tax the system unduly is demanded. We refer to a choice, egg-shell china bowl filled with bread and milk, through which, perchance, are mixed blueberries from the near-by hillside. Truly it is no great hardship to go without meat, at least for a season, if we will but expend for wholesome substitutes a goodly portion of the money we have been accustomed to spend for the several kinds of meat.

Cherries, Cherries

Cherries burden all the trees,
Swinging gayly in the breeze.
 wooing every bird, I ween,
First of ripened globes to glean;
Every wind that passes by
For the cherries seems to sigh,
Kissed by sunbeams all the day
Are the cherries glad and gay.

Cherries, cherries, ripe and red,
On the branches overhead,
Swaying, turning, glowing bright
In the morning's rosy light;
Not a hand shall plead in vain
Thus the juicy fruit to gain,
Come and gather as you may
Cherries, cherries, glad and gay.

—Ruth Raymond.

Lessons in Elementary Cooking

By Mary Chandler Jones

Teacher of Cookery in the Public Schools of Brookline, Mass.

LESSON IV

Vegetables

VEGETABLES belong to the plant kingdom and include many parts of the plant which may be eaten. It is difficult, sometimes, to make a distinction between a vegetable and a fruit, but, in general, we may say that fruits have some sweet acid taste and are, really, the *fruit* of plants, while vegetables include many other portions. In the turnip, beet, carrot and parsnip we use the fleshy root; in celery and asparagus, the stalk; in the onion, the bulb; in lettuce, cabbage and spinach, the leaf; in cauliflower, the blossom; in potatoes, the enlarged portion of an underground stem, called a tuber. In peas and beans we eat the seeds, and, in string beans, the seed-pod as well. We may notice that the parts of any plant, in which are stored materials for the future growth of the plant or for the nourishment of the new plant, give us our most hearty vegetables, such as potatoes, peas and beans, while green vegetables, such as lettuce, furnish very little real building material of any kind. Such vegetables are, however, very valuable for the mineral salts which they contain, and which may be supplied to the body in this form better than in any other. Green vegetables, then, even in winter, may not be always the luxury they sometimes seem.

Vegetables that are eaten without cooking, as in salads, must be most carefully cleansed and served cold and crisp.

Let us examine the structure of a slice of potato, carrot, turnip and onion.

Test each with dilute tincture of iodine. Which gives the purple color of the starch test? From the taste of the carrot and turnip, what would you imagine them to contain?

Grate a slice of turnip and one of potato and wash the gratings in a cheese cloth under cold water. Notice in each case what washes through and what remains in the cloth. Let the potato water stand, then pour it away without disturbing the powder that settles at the bottom. After washing the powder let it dry thoroughly. Notice how glistening is this potato starch. Examine the fibrous mass that is left in the cheese cloth. This is called woody fiber or cellulose and forms, in a greater or less degree of hardness, the framework of all plant life. It may be called the bony structure of plants and vegetables.

The cellulose is tough and must be thoroughly broken down to be at all digestible and to allow the starch and other substances in a vegetable to be used in the system. Heat and moisture are necessary for softening and breaking down the cells of this woody fiber. It may be said that in cooking vegetables we wish to accomplish three things:

1. To soften and render the cellulose more digestible.
2. To cook starch if present.
3. To develop flavor.

Vegetables contain so much soluble matter, in the form of mineral salts, that they must be prepared without long soaking in water, if such water is, afterward, to be thrown away. Potatoes

atoes, for instance, if pared, cut and soaked before cooking, lose a very large percentage of their mineral matter, as well as much of their albumin.

General Rules for Cooking Vegetables

1. Wash and scrub, if necessary.
2. Remove the skin.
Potatoes. Pare with a thin paring and remove the eyes without waste.
Carrots. Scrape until bright and red.
Turnips. Cut off tough, woody layer.
Beets. Wash carefully so as not to break the skin. Rub off the skin after cooking.

3. Plunge the vegetable into fresh boiling, salted water. Green vegetables, to keep their color, should be cooked without a cover over the kettle. Onions and other strong vegetables, also, should be cooked uncovered, since the odor will thus be less noticeable through the house.

4. Boil the vegetables until they are tender, then remove at once from the water; mash (if desired), season and serve.

5. Use salt, pepper and butter for seasoning. Measure the vegetable after it is cooked and mashed or prepared in any other way, and for each cup of the vegetable add one tablespoonful of butter, one-quarter a teaspoonful of salt and a speck of pepper.

Boiled Potatoes

Choose medium-sized potatoes. Prepare by the general rule. When they are tender, drain off every drop of water and leave them, uncovered, in a warm place to drive off the steam. Do not let them burn. Serve hot.

Riced Potatoes

Press hot boiled potatoes through a ricer or coarse strainer. Pile lightly on a hot dish and serve hot.

Mashed Potatoes

Measure hot riced potato and season by the general rule, adding with the seasoning enough hot milk to moisten. Add the milk slowly and be careful not to add too much. Beat with a fork until creamy and white. Pile lightly on a hot dish and serve hot.

Creamed Potatoes

Cut cold boiled potatoes into one-half inch cubes and reheat in white sauce. Use about one cup of sauce for one cup and a half of potato. Garnish with sprigs of parsley, washed and dried.

Baked Potatoes

Choose medium-sized potatoes. Wash and place them on the rack in a moderate oven. Bake about thirty minutes or until they are soft. Prick the skin to let the steam escape. Serve in an uncovered dish, covered with a napkin.

(If potatoes contain a large amount of starch and a still larger porportion of water, how is the baked potato cooked? Remember that starch requires both heat and moisture for its cookery.)

Creamed Carrots

Cook the carrots by the general rule but cut into dice before boiling. When tender remove from the water and reheat them in white sauce. This white sauce may be made with the carrot "stock" in place of the milk, or with part milk and part stock. (The stock is the water in which the carrots were cooked.)

Scalloped Onions

Wash and prepare the onions. Plunge them into boiling, salted water and let boil five minutes, then drain off every drop of water and put them into a fresh supply of boiling, salted water.

Boil until the onions are tender. Drain off the water again, put the onions into a buttered baking dish and pour white sauce over them. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake until the crumbs are a golden brown.

Notice the color, odor and taste of water in which vegetables have been cooked. Is any waste apparent? How might this be avoided? (Advantages of using vegetable stock in vegetable sauces and soups, and in cooking such vegetables as carrots and turnips, directly in stews and soups.) Potato water can never be used in these ways and potatoes must always be par-boiled before putting into stews. Why?

What is the advantage in cooking a

strongly flavored vegetable, like the onion, in two waters? Why is it better to bake a potato than to boil it?

Our common winter vegetables, such as the turnip, carrot, parsnip and onion, are too little eaten and enjoyed. The mineral salts that they contain are very wholesome for general use. The onion, too, is not so general a favorite as it richly deserves to be. It is a pity that it is not more generally liked, for when properly cooked there is scarcely any vegetable more delicious or more wholesome. Encourage the pupils to learn to like, if they do not already enjoy them, the simple, inexpensive vegetables, which may be within the reach of all.

Practical Home Dietetics

Diet for Nervous People

By Minnie Genevieve Morse

WHILE diseases of bacterial origin are being, one by one, brought under control by modern methods of prevention and treatment, nervous disorders of all kinds are said to be steadily on the increase. Many factors unite in bringing about this state of things, but among the most prolific causes of nervous illness are overwork and over-worry, domestic and financial troubles, an over-strenuous social life, and the modern spirit of unrest. Women are the most frequent sufferers, but the stronger sex also furnishes many victims, and even among children, under the influence of an inheritance of irritable nerves and the over-intense atmosphere about them, one too often sees signs of nervous instability.

When actual breakdown occurs, the patient is taken in hand by a physician; and it is the part of wisdom to seek medical advice on the first appearance

of the symptoms of such a disaster. The sufferer from mere nervous irritability, fatigue, or depression, however, seldom considers herself ill, and it is she who can profit most by the practical suggestions contained in such books as "Self Help for Nervous Women," dealing with such topics as the control of the emotions, rational ways of resting and working, and suggestions for fighting insomnia, morbid fears, and other nervous miseries.

Many nervous women do not realize that their symptoms are a sign that the nerve tissues of the body are not in good condition; that in some way the expenditure of nerve force has been greater than the supply, and that bankruptcy is approaching. Such is the case, however; the nervous tissues are not properly nourished, and the nerve cells have become impoverished and shrunken. Therefore, along with the effort to lessen the expenditure of nerv-

ous energy, by better emotional control and a more rational and less wearing life, there should be an attempt to improve nutrition and build up the depleted nervous tissues.

Nervous patients often complain of a loss of appetite so complete that it is only with difficulty that they can force themselves to eat at all. Others suffer from nervous indigestion; while still others, attracted by the advertisements of some "health food," or under the influence of some dietetic faddist, exchange a normal, well-balanced ration for a one-sided diet, which fails to supply all the needs of the body, and so aggravates their condition. Where there is actual digestive trouble, medical treatment may be needed. If, however, there is merely a lack of desire for food, together with nervous irritability or fatigue, the patient needs, first, to take a sufficient supply of nourishing and easily-digestible food, at regular intervals, whether she wants it or not; and, second, to think as little as possible about her appetite or her digestion.

There is no such thing as a specific "brain" or "nerve food," outside of the advertisements of enterprising food-stuff producers; the nutrition of any particular part of the body can only be improved by improving that of the body as a whole. Nor can this be done satisfactorily by the use of any one class of foods alone; under ordinary circumstances a generous and nourishing, but well-balanced diet produces the best results. When recourse must be had to the "rest cure," a milk diet is frequently ordered for a certain length of time, and in some sanitariums special restrictions are put upon the diet for nervous patients; but, for the person who is able to lead a fairly normal life, there need be no violent deviation from the ordinary bill of fare. As the shrunken nerve cells need rebuilding, the proteids, or nitrogenous foods, among which meats, eggs and milk hold the

leading place, should be well represented in the diet. The "force producers"—the carbohydrates or sugars and starches, and the fats—are also an important part of the fuel needed for the proper running of the human machine, while fresh fruits and vegetables, though containing less actual nourishment, do much to keep the body in good condition.

Liberty to eat a generous and well-balanced ration does not, however, mean license to indulge in all sorts of indigestible and improperly prepared food. When the nervous system is in a run-down condition, the nerve supply to all parts of the body, including the digestive organs, is not up to the normal, so that these organs cannot do their work as well as usual; and attempts to improve nutrition cannot meet with much success, if the digestive system be overtaxed. Among meats, veal should be avoided, as should pork, except in the form of bacon or ham, and liver and kidneys. Chicken is easily digested, but turkey is less so, and duck and goose should be omitted altogether. Almost all kinds of fresh fish may be eaten, with the exception of salmon and eels, but salt fish are not desirable. Fried foods of any kind put a heavy tax upon digestion, as do highly-seasoned or pickled foods and complicated "made dishes"; pastry is proverbially difficult of digestion, and griddle cakes, fancy cakes and rich puddings should be avoided. While most vegetables and fruits may find a place in the menu, cabbage, cucumbers, turnips and radishes among the former, and bananas and pineapples among the latter, often prove difficult of digestion. There are many people, also, who cannot eat tomatoes or strawberries without suffering.

Nervous people are especially liable to be great tea or coffee drinkers, and often grow very dependent upon their favorite beverage, and think they could not get along without it. This is not

to be wondered at, for both tea and coffee are nerve stimulants, relieving fatigue and producing a feeling of refreshment. They have no real food value, however; and if one can learn to take instead a cup of cocoa or hot milk she will exchange a purely stimulating beverage for a nourishing one, while still enjoying the pleasure and the advantage to digestion that come from the use of a hot drink. Many people, who would not be willing to give up tea or coffee altogether would find it to their advantage to reduce the quantity taken to a minimum. When tea in large quantities is taken with meals, instead of aiding digestion it retards it; furthermore, it is liable to cause wakefulness and nervous restlessness. Tea should never be allowed to "steep" indefinitely; the additional tannin that is thus extracted makes it much more mischievous. No dietetic error could be worse for the nervous system than the practice of keeping a teapot continually on the range, for refreshment at all hours. Even greater caution is needed in the use of coffee, which is a stronger stimulant than tea; its tendency to produce insomnia and nervous tremor is well known, and in cases of extreme overindulgence it may bring about a condition resembling that of other drug habits.

Alcoholic beverages the nervous person should leave strictly alone, unless for some specific reason they are ordered by a physician. Alcohol, like other drugs, is a good servant for use in an emergency, but to one who leans upon it for steady aid in improving nutrition and rebuilding a debilitated nervous system it proves a false friend. Dr. W. Gilman Thompson, the well-known authority in dietetic questions, says of it: "Though alcohol is such a strong force producer and heat generator, its effect in this direction is very soon counterbalanced by its stronger influence in lowering the general tone of the nervous system, and in pro-

ducing positive degeneration in the tissues."

In planning for a generous proportion of "tissue builders" in the diet, one's first thought is apt to be of the red meats. It is not advisable, however, to have meats figure overlargely in the menu, as certain extractives which are derived from them are excitants to the nervous system. It is for this reason that beef tea, bouillon and meat juice make such effective restoratives; their effect is almost entirely that of a stimulant, owing to the preponderance of these extractives over the albumin, or true tissue-building substance, which they contain. They cannot be depended on to furnish nourishment, and should be avoided by nervous people. With only a moderate amount of meat in the diet, the desired average of proteid may be secured by the use of milk and eggs. Milk is the nearest approach to a perfect food, and there are few who can not take it in one form or another. A quart of milk a day means only four glasses; yet, as the nutritive value of a pint is said to be about the same as that of six ounces of beef, the addition of a quart of milk a day to the diet means a material aid in rebuilding the bodily tissues. Many who dislike the taste of milk do not object to it when flavored with coffee or caramel, beaten up with an egg, made into cocoa, ice cream, junket or other custards, or in gruels or cream soups.

Sour milk has been found by recent investigations to contain a principle which aids in preventing the fermentation of food in the lower part of the digestive tract; used in this form, therefore, milk plays a double rôle in improving nutrition. The delicate cheese made from sour milk, known as cottage or pot cheese, is thus an especially useful article of food. Buttermilk is also high in favor with modern dietitians; it is very easily digested, but should only be used when freshly pre-

pared, as it deteriorates in a very short time.

Eggs, raw or slightly cooked, are the second great dependence, when an especially nourishing and easily digested diet is demanded. A raw egg may be broken into a glass and swallowed like a raw oyster, or it may be beaten up with milk. The whites alone can sometimes be used with success, when almost nothing else can be retained or digested, and in cases where there is need of immediate and rapid nutrition the whites of a dozen or more eggs a day may be given. They may be swallowed oyster fashion, stirred lightly into orange juice, or beaten with milk or into cocoa. Eggs may also be soft-boiled, or lightly poached, or they may be allowed to stand with the shells on in hot (not boiling) water until brought to a jelly-like consistency. A similar and very attractive method of preparation is to break an egg into a ramekin, which is then placed in a larger dish of water over the fire until the same jelling process has taken place. Hard-boiled or baked eggs take a long time to digest.

Cheese is a very nourishing form of proteid, and a valuable addition to the menu for those with whom it agrees. But it should be remembered that when toasted, cheese is about as indigestible an article of food as can be imagined.

Peas and beans also contain a large amount of proteid. When used in thick purées made with milk they are very nourishing and are readily digested, supplying tissue-building material without the irritating properties of the meat extractives.

Few nervous people drink enough water. Drinking large quantities of water at meals is bad for the digestion, diluting the gastric juices so as to give them less power over the food in the stomach, but a generous supply of cool (not iced) water taken on rising in the morning, between meals and at bedtime helps to clear the system of waste

matters and to prevent constipation, and it also improves the complexion.

Constipation is very common among those with an enfeebled nervous system, but it can be overcome to a considerable extent by including in the diet a large proportion of laxative foods. Eating freely of the fresh fruits and vegetables, which contain much material not used in the nourishment of the body, will produce larger and freer evacuations; apples,—raw, baked, or in apple sauce,—oranges, celery, spinach and string beans are especially useful. Figs and prunes, raw or stewed, graham bread, cracked wheat and wheaten grits also have a laxative effect. A glass of cool water the first thing in the morning, an orange or an apple or two or a few figs or prunes before retiring, and confidence in the efficacy of these rational methods, will often bring about an entirely satisfactory condition.

Much indigestion in nervous people is not the result of an actual disorder of the stomach, or even of indiscretions in diet, but is caused by the lowered tone of the nerves supplying the digestive apparatus. In such cases, the nervous energy of the body should be conserved in every possible way, and the digestive organs given every chance to do their work properly. A glass of hot water, plain or with a pinch of salt or soda, taken half an hour before meals, will often stimulate the digestive fluids to a more profuse flow. Lying down for half an hour, before and after meals, or even sitting quietly in a comfortable chair—perhaps with a light book, but on no account making any mental effort that would call the blood to the brain when it is needed in the digestive organs—is a procedure that sometimes works wonders in cases of this sort. When the giving up of so much time is impracticable, even ten or fifteen minutes of real relaxation and quiet will help to keep one from going to a meal in a state of nervous tension or excitement, or returning to such a con-

dition the instant the food is disposed of, thus removing one of the greatest obstacles to good digestion among those who lead a too strenuous life.

Mealtime ought in every household, but especially among highly-strung people, to be made a particularly pleasant and cheerful time; to be kept free from all bickering and faultfinding, all discussion of unpleasant subjects, worries, or matters of business, and as far as possible from all sense of hurry. There is nothing that has a stronger influence upon digestion than the mental attitude with which one comes to the table; grief, worry and anger almost invariably produce a deleterious effect on digestion, besides depriving one of the desire for food. Pleasant emotion, on the other hand, improves digestion and assimilation; the old saying, "Laugh and grow fat," has a large amount of truth in it.

An artistically spread table and a meal served with especial daintiness will often enable one to eat with fair heartiness, when it would be impossible if the food were less attractively presented. Unless it is absolutely necessary, a person with loss of appetite from nervous debility should have nothing to do with the preparation of her own food. If the patient is a woman who has been doing her own household work, she may be able to arrange for her meals at some near-by boarding house or restaurant, which would give her both rest and a change of surroundings at meals. Such a change sometimes proves surprisingly beneficial.

Whether taken at home or elsewhere, the nervous person's meals should always be taken at regular hours, regular hours of work being as necessary to the well-being of the digestive system as to the schedule of the methodical housekeeper. If one finds it really impossible to eat a sufficient quantity of food at mealtime, a luncheon in the middle of the morning and another in the middle of the afternoon should supplement the

three usual meals, but these luncheons should be at the same time every day. Dinner at night is to be preferred to a midday dinner, unless plenty of time can be given to the latter; the midday meal is apt to be a rather hurried affair, sandwiched in between various duties and engagements, while at night the pressure of the day is largely over, and the digestive organs have better opportunity for taking care of the heaviest meal of the day. Furthermore, many nervous people who can scarcely touch food early in the day can eat a fairly heavy meal at night. Of course, if indigestion and a wakeful night follow a late dinner, some other course must be pursued.

On the other hand, insomnia may often be cured by eating a light luncheon, such as a glass of milk and a few crackers, the last thing before retiring. This procedure is effective in cases where the mind is too active for sleep, and the desired result is produced by calling the blood to the digestive organs, thus relieving the overcharged brain. The same plan may be followed by those who waken in the early morning hours and find that insistent trains of thought keep them from further sleep; a glass of milk or other light nourishment can be within reach.

Plenty of fresh air in the sleeping-room at night, and living as much as possible out of doors during the day are important aids to digestion for the nervous person. The more oxygen that is taken into the lungs, the better all the vital processes can be carried on. Other things being equal, the woman who sleeps with wide-opened windows and spends several hours each day in the open air will stand a far better chance of being able to digest and assimilate a normal ration than she whose close room obliges her to breathe the same air over and over. There is no surer way to produce most of the ills that flesh is heir to than to deprive the body of a plentiful supply of oxygen.

IF you are pulling threads in linens, or any goods where the threads are hard to get hold of, rub a bar of soap (Ivory I always use) over the threads, and you will find that they slip easily.

M. B.

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A Suggestion to Guests

FEW are the households in which the weekly washings do not form a sore point. For the housewife who can get this necessary work done well, regularly, economically and without friction is the blessed exception now-a-days.

Hence the addition of a guest's clothes, though the pieces be reasonably few in number, is often a sort of a last straw—enough to precipitate a storm in the kitchen or laundry, to the distraction of the hostess, who is anxious to make her guest comfortable and equally anxious to keep the peace with her help, especially at this time.

So it is a wise guest who pleasantly but firmly declines to add his or her clothes to the family washings, quietly calling in the laundry wagon, or, if that be impossible, putting the garments into a small bag (brought for the purpose) and giving them to the washerwoman as a separate bit of work, making a private agreement as to the price. The expense is but little—nothing at all to be compared with the value of being an agreeable guest, welcome in the kitchen as well as in the parlor. If one dare not or cannot afford to "tip" the help in the house, the least she can do is to lessen their burden in some such way as this. Where the hostess does her own work, this bit of thoughtfulness is all the more necessary.

Even though the hostess be a near relative she will appreciate the kindly independence and its motive, and the visitor may prolong her stay without feeling that the household wheels need extra oil on her account.

L. M. C.

Spring Diet

WITH the approach of spring and a warm season, it is, says Dr. Olsen in *Good Health*, desirable to modify the diet somewhat, avoiding the heavier and more concentrated foods, and taking more fruit and salads of various kinds. It is a fact that the requirements of the body vary to a certain extent according to the weather. During the hot summer season but a comparatively small amount of food is required for the purpose of maintaining the normal bodily temperature. In the coldest weather of winter the reverse is the case, and then one requires ample nutrition, and it is proper to eat more heartily. But if the hearty eating is continued well into springtime, when the temperature gets higher and higher, it would produce a surfeiting of the body which would be extremely undesirable and might produce unpleasant disturbances.

Singing Kettles

It is said that the Japanese, so ingenious in making curious and fascinating devices of every kind, manufacture singing teakettles. An iron kettle, otherwise quite ordinary, has the almost lifelike characteristic of bursting into song when the water boils.

The sounds, they say, are produced by steam bubbles escaping from sheets of iron fastened across the kettle near the bottom. Skill is required not only in making them, but in regulating the fire under them. These curious kettles have been in use many years.

To Distinguish Old Milk from Fresh

When both are kept bottled in the refrigerator, turn the pasteboard bottle-top upside down in the bottle containing left-over milk, and keep it right side up in the bottle containing fresh milk.

G. W. D.

Items for this department should bear name and address of writer in full.—*Editor*.

letin from the United States Department of Agriculture we are told that grape juice can be safely sterilized at from 165° Fahr. to 176° Fahr., and that at this temperature the flavor is hardly changed, while it does change at a temperature above 200° Fahr.

The following method of preparing grape juice gives satisfactory results: Crush the ripe grapes. Pour them into a cloth bag and extract the juice by twisting the bag. Heat the juice in a double boiler or stone jar in a pan of water until it steams. Pour the juice into an enameled vessel to settle for twenty-four hours. Drain it carefully from the sediment and run it through a cone-shaped filter made from woolen cloth. Then proceed as you would to can any fruit in a wash boiler. Put a false bottom in the boiler and set the jars or bottles, filled to one inch of the top, in the boiler. Fill in water within an inch of the top of the jars or bottles and heat until the juice is about to simmer. Take out and seal or cork immediately. Cotton batting tied over corks will prevent mold germs entering. Of course the cans or bottles must be running over full when sealed.

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E. B.

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E. C. R.

HERE is a recipe for a bread pudding which differs a little from the mock Indian pudding given in the COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE for February, 1905, and really deceived a man who is very fond of baked Indian pudding into the belief that his favorite dessert was before him. The recipe is original, but was suggested by your own.

One cup of dry bread crumbs; one quart of milk; one-half a cup of molasses; one-third a cup of granulated sugar; one teaspoonful of cinnamon; one-half a teaspoonful of ginger; one-half a teaspoonful of salt; two table-spoonfuls of butter; one egg.

Reserve one cup of milk; scald the remainder and pour over the dry bread

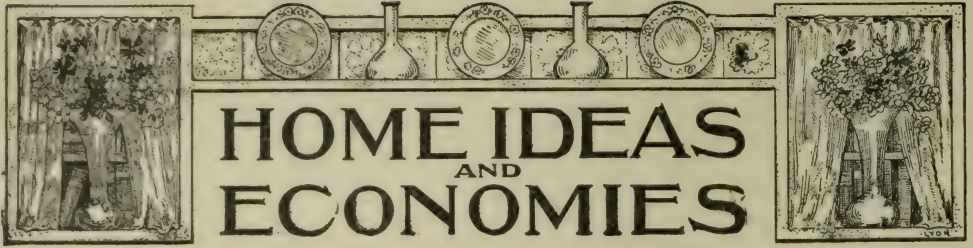
crumbs. Add the molasses, then the sugar into which you have stirred the spices and salt, then add the butter, cut into tiny bits, and, lastly, the egg, beaten light. Bake in a moderate oven about one hour; pour over it the remaining cup of milk and bake one and one-half hours longer. A half cup of raisins may be added if desired. The bread crumbs in this case contained a large proportion of entire wheat crusts, which may possibly have given the pudding its especial excellence.

Regarding varying the monotony of the staples, like bread and potatoes, too much cannot be said. My three growing boys eat quantities of bread and butter, and I find that a change from white bread, which is our staple bread, to entire wheat or oatmeal bread (they do not enjoy rye bread) seems to them a great addition to our usual bill of fare. Coffee cake makes a Sunday morning breakfast a feast; any change, in fact, in the bread seems to make a more elaborate menu. The same enthusiasm prevails, if we change occasionally from plain boiled or mashed potatoes to potatoes Hongroise, French fried, scalloped or hashed brown.

IT is an excellent plan to underscore with ink the various ingredients in any recipe. This makes it possible for one to see at a glance what articles are needed, and frequently prevents one from omitting something to which the success of the dish is due.

Any dish in which dough has been prepared should be rinsed with cold water before being washed, as hot water tends to cook the dough, making it more difficult to remove. For the same reason run the egg beater a second or so in cold water before putting it into the hot.

Last June we saw a unique decoration of a fireplace at a wedding. Ferns



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

Thought and Digestion

"But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things."

— WORDSWORTH.

OF equal importance with air and sunshine to the body is serene and happy thought and that equable mental poise that gives stability to both body and soul.

At the table especially should all thought be of this nature, since wholesome and cheerful thoughts are essential to the most perfect digestion which *must* precede the most perfect assimilation and nourishment, results very necessary to the retaining of youth and the retarding of age effects.

Hence digestion and felicity go hand in hand to perpetuate plumpness and postpone wrinkles.

The "jolly old critter of ninety-four," with freak features and no wrinkles other than those kindly and worthy ones that are at once recognized as coming from sympathy, kindly thought and a good digestion, is an actuality, now and then, and there ought to be more of him, because there might be, if diet and thought were made the best kinds of companions, being made the most of as copartners.

To the idea of plain living and joyous thinking I need add but one injunction, to capture in a nutshell the gist of table benefits as far as the best nourishment is concerned, and that is the avoidance of overeating, recalling here the old proverb, "To lengthen your life shorten your meals."

"Go to your banquet, then, but use delight
So as to rise still with an appetite."

— HERRICK

Thus may

"Time lay his hand
Upon your heart gently, not smiting it;
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp to deaden its vibrations."

A. P. R.

* * *

Dandelion Wine

I HAVE made dandelion wine after various recipes, but those who have made it in the following manner pronounce it the best they ever drank:

Pour over two quarts of blossoms one gallon of boiling water. Let it stand from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, then strain through cheese cloth. Add the juice of four oranges and the juice of three lemons. Put in four pounds of granulated sugar and one-fourth cake of yeast foam. Stir until the sugar is dissolved. Put the mixture in a two or three gallon jar. Tie muslin over the top of the jar. Set it in the cellar for six weeks. Then skim, strain and bottle. It is ready for use and is pronounced not only good to the taste but a healthful drink.

Grape Juice

I have repeatedly been disappointed in the flavor of my canned cider and grape juice, which I put up without sugar. But I have learned that in order to preserve the flavor of the fresh juice it must only be thoroughly heated, not boiled. In a farmer's bul-

live two blocks apart, but as one of us is possessed of a small boy with a red wagon, it is not difficult to carry it back and forth. We bought it with the understanding that neither of us could lend it, so that problem is also solved. Now, as housecleaning is at hand, we have decided to rent it, if desired, for one dollar a day for the machine and one dollar for the operator—which will be she or myself—the rent for the machine to be divided, but the operator's money going to herself.

Simplify the Furnishings

AS the warm weather approaches, I simplify the furnishings of each room as much as possible. Practically all the bric-a-brac is put away, and photographs and small pictures are shut safely away from the dust. I like a profusion of cut flowers about the house during summer, and alone they show to better advantage than as if they were crowded in with all the rest of the small articles; this also saves much dusting. As many small rugs as can be dispensed with are carefully cleaned and put away. This gives the rooms an appearance of space and coolness that is very refreshing. Cushions are covered with cool linen slips. A shady little porch off the kitchen has been screened, and here we eat many of our meals; we find this pleasant, and a great saving of work. The dining-room is very severely dealt with, and all superfluous dishes and silver put away. All this greatly simplifies the housekeeping during the warm tedious months when the housewife needs all her strength. A. M. A.

* * *

ONE bright woman improvised an antique "tip-top" table out of two table leaves and an ordinary oblong stand. Putting the stand in the desired position at the side of her dining-room, she placed one leaf across the top, and set the other up at right

angles on top of it, leaning it against the wall. As they were all of black walnut, the effect, when covered with pretty doilies and pieces of copper, was that of the much-desired but hard-to-find old colonial table in such demand.

The man of the family had a bad cut near the knuckle of his finger, where it seemed impossible to keep it covered. A druggist, noticing his predicament, asked to do it up for him. After wetting the finger all about the cut with collodion, he laid a very thin layer of absorbent cotton over it; hardly more than a film of cotton was used. This he again wet thoroughly with the collodion, making it adhere closely to the finger in all places. The result was a pliable, water-tight dressing that stayed on until pulled off, and we have found it equally successful since.

Plant scarlet poppies and blue and white bachelor's buttons now for your Fourth of July centerpieces. Another good combination is scarlet poppies, love-in-the-mist, and gypsophilla, or baby's breath. Both groups make beautiful red, white and blue bouquets.

It is a difficult thing to make a good button-hole in thin material. Fine white embroidery cotton makes a very handsome button-hole in such material and will be found to be much easier to work with than thread, and it is quite as durable.

Why do we all not make more under-clothes of the white cotton crape and avoid all that ironing in warm weather?

An ingenious woman darns all of her stockings over shoe-trees. She says that as the stockings are held in the shape in which they are worn, the darns are more comfortable to wear, as they conform to the shape of the foot.

J. F. G.

IF you are pulling threads in linens, or any goods where the threads are hard to get hold of, rub a bar of soap (Ivory I always use) over the threads, and you will find that they slip easily.

M. B.

• * * *

A Suggestion to Guests

FEW are the households in which the weekly washings do not form a sore point. For the housewife who can get this necessary work done well, regularly, economically and without friction is the blessed exception now-a-days.

Hence the addition of a guest's clothes, though the pieces be reasonably few in number, is often a sort of a last straw—enough to precipitate a storm in the kitchen or laundry, to the distraction of the hostess, who is anxious to make her guest comfortable and equally anxious to keep the peace with her help, especially at this time.

So it is a wise guest who pleasantly but firmly declines to add his or her clothes to the family washings, quietly calling in the laundry wagon, or, if that be impossible, putting the garments into a small bag (brought for the purpose) and giving them to the washerwoman as a separate bit of work, making a private agreement as to the price. The expense is but little—nothing at all to be compared with the value of being an agreeable guest, welcome in the kitchen as well as in the parlor. If one dare not or cannot afford to "tip" the help in the house, the least she can do is to lessen their burden in some such way as this. Where the hostess does her own work, this bit of thoughtfulness is all the more necessary.

Even though the hostess be a near relative she will appreciate the kindly independence and its motive, and the visitor may prolong her stay without feeling that the household wheels need extra oil on her account.

L. M. C.

Spring Diet

WITH the approach of spring and a warm season, it is, says Dr. Olsen in *Good Health*, desirable to modify the diet somewhat, avoiding the heavier and more concentrated foods, and taking more fruit and salads of various kinds. It is a fact that the requirements of the body vary to a certain extent according to the weather. During the hot summer season but a comparatively small amount of food is required for the purpose of maintaining the normal bodily temperature. In the coldest weather of winter the reverse is the case, and then one requires ample nutrition, and it is proper to eat more heartily. But if the hearty eating is continued well into springtime, when the temperature gets higher and higher, it would produce a surfeiting of the body which would be extremely undesirable and might produce unpleasant disturbances.

Singing Kettles

It is said that the Japanese, so ingenious in making curious and fascinating devices of every kind, manufacture singing teakettles. An iron kettle, otherwise quite ordinary, has the almost lifelike characteristic of bursting into song when the water boils.

The sounds, they say, are produced by steam bubbles escaping from sheets of iron fastened across the kettle near the bottom. Skill is required not only in making them, but in regulating the fire under them. These curious kettles have been in use many years.

To Distinguish Old Milk from Fresh

When both are kept bottled in the refrigerator, turn the pasteboard bottle-top upside down in the bottle containing left-over milk, and keep it right side up in the bottle containing fresh milk.

G. W. D.

Items for this department should bear name and address of writer in full.—*Editor*.

letin from the United States Department of Agriculture we are told that grape juice can be safely sterilized at from 165° Fahr. to 176° Fahr., and that at this temperature the flavor is hardly changed, while it does change at a temperature above 200° Fahr.

The following method of preparing grape juice gives satisfactory results: Crush the ripe grapes. Pour them into a cloth bag and extract the juice by twisting the bag. Heat the juice in a double boiler or stone jar in a pan of water until it steams. Pour the juice into an enameled vessel to settle for twenty-four hours. Drain it carefully from the sediment and run it through a cone-shaped filter made from woolen cloth. Then proceed as you would to can any fruit in a wash boiler. Put a false bottom in the boiler and set the jars or bottles, filled to one inch of the top, in the boiler. Fill in water within an inch of the top of the jars or bottles and heat until the juice is about to simmer. Take out and seal or cork immediately. Cotton batting tied over corks will prevent mold germs entering. Of course the cans or bottles must be running over full when sealed.

* * *

E. B.

HERE is a recipe for a bread pudding which differs a little from the mock Indian pudding given in the COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE for February, 1905, and really deceived a man who is very fond of baked Indian pudding into the belief that his favorite dessert was before him. The recipe is original, but was suggested by your own.

One cup of dry bread crumbs; one quart of milk; one-half a cup of molasses; one-third a cup of granulated sugar; one teaspoonful of cinnamon; one-half a teaspoonful of ginger; one-half a teaspoonful of salt; two tablespoonfuls of butter; one egg.

Reserve one cup of milk; scald the remainder and pour over the dry bread

crumbs. Add the molasses, then the sugar into which you have stirred the spices and salt, then add the butter, cut into tiny bits, and, lastly, the egg, beaten light. Bake in a moderate oven about one hour; pour over it the remaining cup of milk and bake one and one-half hours longer. A half cup of raisins may be added if desired. The bread crumbs in this case contained a large proportion of entire wheat crusts, which may possibly have given the pudding its especial excellence.

Regarding varying the monotony of the staples, like bread and potatoes, too much cannot be said. My three growing boys eat quantities of bread and butter, and I find that a change from white bread, which is our staple bread, to entire wheat or oatmeal bread (they do not enjoy rye bread) seems to them a great addition to our usual bill of fare. Coffee cake makes a Sunday morning breakfast a feast; any change, in fact, in the bread seems to make a more elaborate menu. The same enthusiasm prevails, if we change occasionally from plain boiled or mashed potatoes to potatoes Hongroise, French fried, scalloped or hashed brown.

* * *

E. C. R.

IT is an excellent plan to underscore with ink the various ingredients in any recipe. This makes it possible for one to see at a glance what articles are needed, and frequently prevents one from omitting something to which the success of the dish is due.

Any dish in which dough has been prepared should be rinsed with cold water before being washed, as hot water tends to cook the dough, making it more difficult to remove. For the same reason run the egg beater a second or so in cold water before putting it into the hot.

Last June we saw a unique decoration of a fireplace at a wedding. Ferns

were planted in a low box that just fitted on the grate. The box was entirely covered with dark green crêpe paper so, of course, it could hardly be seen. To make the illusion still prettier, a large weather-beaten log was placed in front of the box. The ferns did so well that they formed a pretty spot in the room until cold weather came and the grate had to be used.

The refrigerator was so filled up that there was no place for the water-melon I wanted to ice. I reasoned that "where there is a will there is a way," and eventually found it in a two quart Mason jar. I cut the melon into long, narrow slices that could be packed into the jar, and removed all the seeds before filling the can. After being chilled in the top of the refrigerator, I served the melon, cut into cubes. Now my family does not want it in any other way.

A small portable gas oven saves a great deal of fuel. It takes less gas to run it than the large ovens require and can be used on the coal range as well as the gas. One woman I know puts two large sad-irons on top of this small oven to give it greater stability and keep it from jarring too easily, which is the principal cause of failures in baking with these contrivances. By putting anything to be baked on the grate near the top of the oven a kettle, whose contents have been brought to a boil, can be set upon the bottom and so one blaze made to do the work of two.

C. F. S.

* * *

Ironing Help

DURING the warm months especially, and at other times when I consider it advisable, I do not iron such articles as kitchen towels, tea towels, every-day bath-room towels and washcloths. When they are nearly but not quite dry, I take them from

the line, fold them evenly, press with the hands, and hang on the clothes-horse to dry. They do not look at all bad when folded neatly away or when they come to be used, and much hard, warm work has been dispensed with, besides a saving of fuel. It is a comfort now to learn that science ordains that towels are better unironed, as their absorbent power is greater when the fibers are not pressed hard and flat.

Getting Rid of Flies

We do not use screens in our upper windows, yet are never troubled with flies, and only occasionally by a mosquito. For an hour each morning the windows and shutters are opened wide to air and sun, but very early the rooms are put in order; this means that all dust is carefully removed, and that all crockery is dry and perfectly clean. Then the blinds are closed, and the curtains partially drawn, leaving the room dark and cool and sweet — not at all attractive to flies. On retiring, we leave the shutters closed, and use candles for light, because they give sufficient light without diffusing much heat or attracting insects. I have never been troubled with moths in rooms so treated. I keep all the house rather dark during intense heat, as it is cool and refreshing after the hot glare outside, but several times each week I let in plenty of sunshine to dispel any possible dampness, and there is an abundance of fresh air at all times.

Coöperation

I had long wanted a vacuum cleaner, but two important reasons had deterred me from getting one — the expense, and the knowledge that in our little town I should be continually called upon to lend it, or give offence by a refusal. But one day, while talking with an intimate friend, we decided to get one together. This solved the financial problem for each of us, as the divided expense was not great. We

may be spread upon the cake and stay in place. Flavor with half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. If too much sugar be added, a spoonful or two of boiling water is the remedy.

Steamed Orange Pudding

$\frac{3}{4}$ a cup of scalded milk	$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of grated bread crumbs	Grated rind and juice of half an orange
1 tablespoonful of butter	1 tablespoonful of lemon juice
2 eggs	2 tablespoonfuls of chopped almonds

Pour the milk over the crumbs and butter and let stand an hour. Beat the eggs; add the sugar and beat again; add fruit juice and almonds and mix all together. Steam one hour. Serve with hard sauce.

Steamed Prune Pudding

$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of stale bread crumbs	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of flour	1 egg, beaten light
1 level teaspoonful of baking powder	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of prune purée
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of fine-chopped suet	$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of salt
	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of milk

Mix together the crumbs, flour and baking powder, suet and sugar. To the beaten egg add the purée, salt and milk. Stir the liquid into the dry ingredients. Steam two hours in a buttered, tight-closed mold. An empty baking powder box makes a good measure. Leave plenty of room for the pudding to swell. Serve with hard or light sauce. Other fruit may be used in place of the prunes.

Steamed Raisin Pudding

2 cups of sifted bread crumbs	4 tablespoonfuls of melted butter
1 egg	2 cups of milk
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of molasses	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of salt
	1 cup of raisins

Steam three hours.

Plum Pudding

2 cups of bread crumbs	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of cloves
1 cup of scalded milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of mace
$\frac{3}{4}$ a cup of sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ a pound of raisins
1 teaspoonful of salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ a pound of currants
4 yolks of eggs	$\frac{1}{2}$ a pound of citron
1 teaspoonful of cinnamon	4 whites of eggs

Pour the milk over the crumbs; when cool add the suet mixed with the fruit, sugar and spices, then the yolks of eggs, and, lastly, the whites of eggs, beaten dry. Steam four hours. Serve with hard or wine sauce.

QUERY 1610. — "Recipe for Baked Brown Bread."

Baked Brown Bread

$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of molasses	1 egg
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of brown sugar	1 teaspoonful of soda
1 cup of buttermilk or sour milk	$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of salt
2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter	1 cup of white flour
	3 cups of graham flour

Bake from three-fourths to a full hour in a moderate heat.

QUERY 1611. — "Recipe for Mint Jelly."

Mint Jelly

Let one-fourth a package of gelatine stand for some time in cold water to cover. Boil one cup of sugar and six minutes.

of crème-de-menthe cordial. Heat the sugar in the edge of the oven, leaving the door open that the sugar may not burn. Heat the apple juice to the boiling point as quickly as possible, and let boil rapidly, uncovered, ten or fifteen minutes, skimming as needed, then add the hot sugar; let boil again and, when a little jellies on a cold saucer, remove from the fire, stir in the cordial and green color-paste or liquid, to secure the shade of green desired, then turn into glasses.

QUERY 1612. — "Recipe for Soft Molasses Cake."

Rochester Gingerbread

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in half a cup of sugar and one cup of molasses. Add two eggs, beaten very light, one cup of thick, sour milk and three cups of sifted flour, sifted again with one teaspoonful and a half of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger and one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Bake in a large shallow pan or in two brick-loaf pans.

Strawberry

QUERY 1614. — "Recipes for Pigs in Blankets and Rasped Rolls."

Pigs in Blankets

Season choice large oysters with salt and pepper and wrap each seasoned oyster in a thin slice of fat bacon. Fasten the bacon in place with a tiny wooden toothpick, taking care not to pierce the oyster. Cook in a hot omelet pan just long enough to crisp the bacon.

Rasped Rolls

Scald two cups of milk and, when cooled to a lukewarm temperature, add half a cup of water in which a yeast cake has been dissolved, and stir in about three cups of sifted flour. Beat the mixture until very smooth, then cover and let stand in a temperature of about 70° Fahr. until light and puffy; now add one teaspoonful of salt and one-third a cup of melted butter or other shortening, and three or four cups of sifted flour, and stir these to a dough. Knead the dough about fifteen minutes, or until smooth and elastic, then cover and set aside to become doubled in bulk. Shape into small ovals of about two ounces each, and set in a baking pan some distance apart, that they may not touch each other in baking. When light bake about twenty-five minutes. When baked, with a lemon grater remove the thin, mossy crust that completely covers the roll, and so leave a light brown, rasped exterior. Where large quantities of these rolls are prepared, a machine is used for this purpose. A little more time is required in using a lemon grater, but the result is the same.

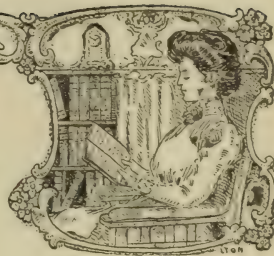
QUERY 1615. — "Recipes for Small Cakes or Crackers that require no eggs. Also for the Coffee Cake sold in German Bakeries."

Oatmeal Cookies

1½ cups of flour	¼ a teaspoonful of salt
3 level tablespoonfuls of baking powder	Cold water to mix to dough
¾ a cup of sugar	Currants if desired
½ a cup of butter	



QUERIES AND ANSWERS



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answer by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor, BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1606. — "Why are Crullers often filled with holes, and what makes them tough?"

Toughness, etc. of Crullers

Toughness and over-porosity are not often found in the same crullers. Too large a proportion of leavening ingredient would occasion porosity. Too much flour or milk containing no butter fat (skimmed milk) would occasion toughness. In the absence of a special recipe we are uncertain as to the exact character of the crullers referred to. In the ordinary cruller or doughnut, served at the end of breakfast, we have found that shortening in the form of yolks of eggs or the creamy milk from the top of the milk bottle gives better results than butter or other shortening. In small, fancy crullers, where no milk or similar liquid is called for, melted butter gives good results. The first of the following recipes, published in the December, 1909, number of the magazine, gives a good breakfast cruller. If more convenient, use two whole eggs and two extra yolks and a little less of the cream, adding a corresponding quantity of skimmed milk. The recipe designated crullers is from "Cooking for Two."

Christmas Doughnuts

Sift together five cups of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one level tea-

spoonful of soda, two slightly rounding teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of ground mace. Beat three eggs; add a cup of sugar, measured generously, three-fourths a cup of cream, poured from the top of a quart bottle or can of milk, and a scant fourth a cup of skimmed milk; mix together thoroughly, then turn into the dry ingredients and mix the two together. Take a small portion upon a floured board, knead slightly, using no more flour than is necessary, cut into rings and fry in hot fat; drain on soft paper and roll in sifted powdered sugar.

Crullers

1 yolk of egg, beaten light	1 white of egg, beaten dry
$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of granulated sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful, each, of mace and salt
1 tablespoonful of melted butter	About 1 cup of flour

Beat the sugar into the beaten yolk; beat in the butter, fold in the white and then beat in the flour sifted with the salt and mace. Add more flour if needed. The dough must be stiff enough to roll into a sheet about one-third an inch thick. Cut into rectangular pieces (two by three inches), make four parallel slits in each equally distant from each other and the edges of the dough on all sides. Carefully lift

up the second and fourth strips, to meet in the center, and cook in hot fat to a golden brown. Drain and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

QUERY 1607.—“Menu for a Fish Dinner to be served at the seashore, at a cost of \$1.00. Would also like to know the quantities of meat, coffee, tea, butter, etc., needed to serve twenty people each day.”

Menu for Fish Dinner

I

Clam Broth
Broiled Blue Fish
Mashed Potatoes. Green Peas
Yeast Rolls
Lobster Salad
Pineapple Sherbet
Coffee

II

Clam Chowder
Bluefish, Stuffed and Baked
Scalloped Potatoes. Cucumbers
Summer Squash
Lobster Salad
Sliced Pineapple
Coffee

III

Clam Broth
Broiled Live Lobster
Cucumbers, French Dressing
Baking Powder Biscuit
Bluefish, Stuffed and Baked
Hollandaise Sauce
Mashed Potatoes. Boiled Onions
Rhubarb or Berry Pie
Cream Cheese
Coffee

Quantities of Food-Stuffs Needed per Day for Twenty People

If the coffee be of good strength, from a pound to a pound and a quarter will be needed for each meal at which it is to be served. Half a pound of tea will be required for each meal. One pound and a quarter of butter will suffice for breakfast, the same quantity will be needed at supper and about a pound at dinner. This is for the table, and does not include the butter for cooking. Half a pound of raw meat is usually allowed for each individual. A chicken three pounds and one-half in weight, when roasted, is allowed for each four people. A four-pound chicken, boiled or fricasséed will serve six people.

QUERY 1608. — “Recipe for Devil’s Food Cake.”

Devil’s Food Cake

1 cup of light brown sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of milk
$\frac{1}{4}$ a pound of chocolate	$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups of sifted pastry flour
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of milk	3 level teaspoonfuls of baking powder
1 egg	2 eggs, beaten separately
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of butter	1 tablespoonful of warm water
1 cup of granulated sugar	

Melt the chocolate, add the sugar and the milk and cook to a smooth paste; then add the egg, beaten without separating the white and yolk, and set aside to cool. Beat the butter to a cream; gradually beat in the sugar, the yolks of eggs, and, alternately, the milk and flour, sifted with the baking powder; then add the whites of eggs, beaten dry, the cold chocolate mixture and the warm water. Bake in two layers twenty-five or thirty minutes. Put the layers together and cover the outside with boiled icing.

QUERY 1609. — “Recipes for inexpensive Chocolate Loaf Cake baked in pan two to three inches deep and covered with white icing, also for Steamed Puddings, using bread crumbs.”

Moist Chocolate Cake

$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of butter	$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls of baking powder
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of cinnamon
Yolks of 2 eggs	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of mace
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of cloves
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of hot mashed potato	Whites of 2 eggs, beaten dry
1 ounce of chocolate, melted	
$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of sweet milk	
1 cup of sifted flour	

Cream the butter and beat in the first half cup of sugar; beat the yolks of eggs and beat in the second half cup of sugar and beat the two mixtures together; add the potato and chocolate and finish in the usual manner.

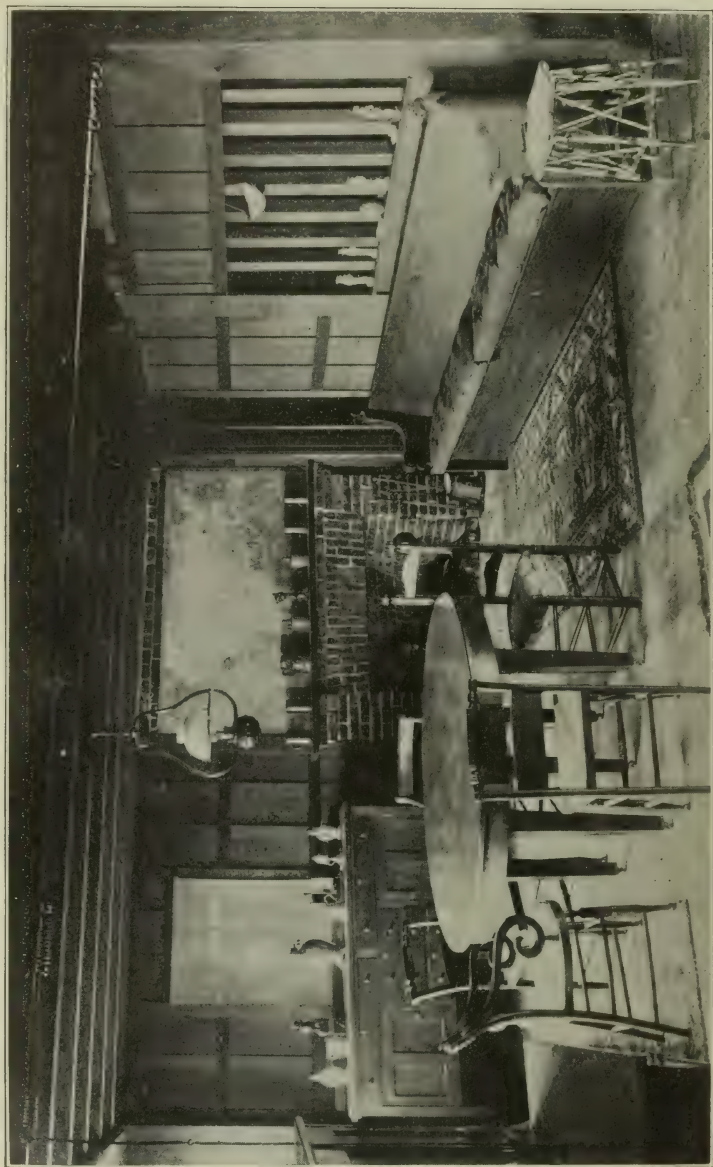
Confectioners’ Frosting

Boil one-fourth a cup, each, of granulated sugar and boiling water about four minutes, then stir in sifted confectioners’ sugar to make a paste that

Dishes for Automobile and Picnic Luncheons

I.

Terrine-of-Chicken and Ham
Cold Jellied Chicken Pie
Cold Jellied Tongue
Cold Boiled Ham, Sliced Thin
Cold Chicken-and-Ham Rissoles
Boned Loin of Lamb, Roasted, Cooled, Sliced Thin
Slices of Cold Roast Lamb in Mint Jelly
Cold Broiled Lamb Chops, Paper Frills on Bones
Cold Creamed Chicken in Puff Cases
Salmon-and-Green Pea Salad
Potato-and-Egg Salad
Stringless Bean-and-Egg Salad
Deviled Ham Sandwiches
Cheese-and-Pecan Nut Sandwiches
Bacon Sandwiches
Noisette Sandwiches
Pimento-and-Cream Cheese Sandwiches
Corned Beef-and-Mustard Sandwiches
Peanut Butter-and-Olive Sandwiches
Lady Finger Rolls
Parker House Rolls
Rye Biscuit
Apple Turnovers. Banbury Tarts. Jelly Tarts
Grape-fruit Marmalade. Currant Jelly
Gherkins. Melon Mangoes
Cold Coffee. Hot Coffee
Grape Juice. Pineappleade
Lemonade



CORNER OF LIVING ROOM IN BUNGALOW

The

Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XV

AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1910

No. 2

Quaint Customs and Toothsome Dainties

By Frances R. Sterrett

POPULAR hotels and big cafés are much the same the world over, whether you find them in New York, Paris, Cairo or Calcutta. There is the same staff of uniformed, expectant servants, the same glittering decorations and appointments, the orchestra plays the same selections, and the throng of well-dressed guests looks as though it might have been transported bodily from one to the other. Love of variety sends the traveler, away from all this glare and glitter, to some quaint resort that had its group of patrons when the United States was young, and which still retains many of the customs that were features of the common life a century or more ago, and that now are so unusual that they prove strong magnets for the tourist.

Nearly everybody who goes to London finds his way, sooner or later, to Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese in Wine Office Court. Tucked away, as it is, just off of Fleet Street, it presents anything but a pretentious appearance and more than one party of timid American women has hurried away,

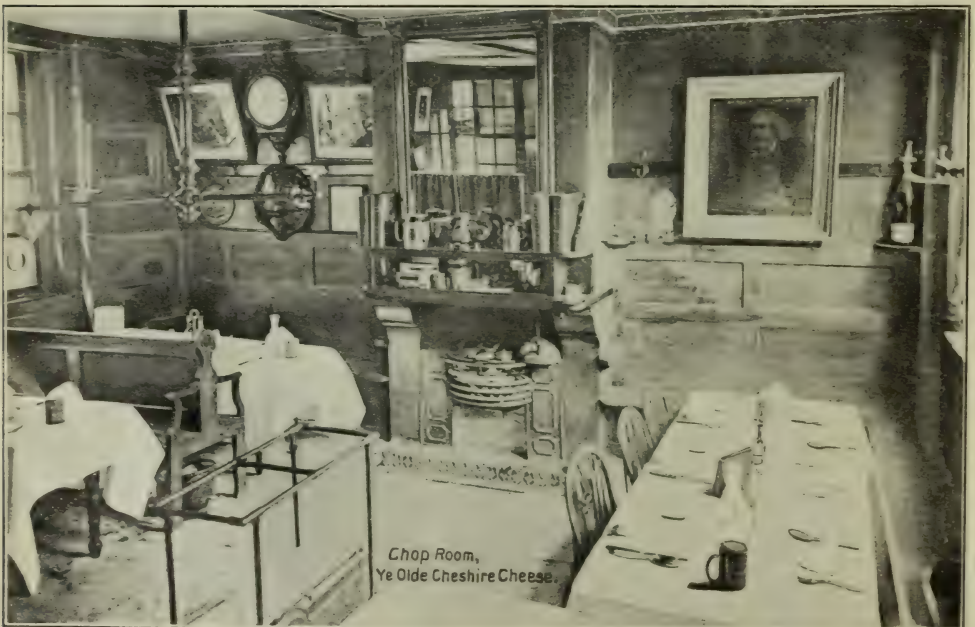
disappointed at sight of its dingy court. But the dinginess is all on the outside; within, there is light and warmth, and cheery greeting. The Cheese was a coffee house beloved by Samuel Johnson, and the chair in which the great man sat, night after night, while busy Boswell listened and took copious notes of the interchange of wits, is still there, standing now beneath the big portrait of Dr. Johnson that hangs on one side of the fireplace. Oliver Goldsmith was also a regular patron of the Cheese, which is one of the few meeting places of the literati of the eighteenth century that still remain. Indeed, these old relics of the past are fast disappearing. Five years ago, when I first visited the Cheese, the waiter, impressed with my interest in the old associations, asked if I would care to see the house in which Johnson lived. It was near at hand, but he said emphatically, "You'll have to hurry for they are tearing it down at this minute." Hurry we did and arrived in time to see the dismantling of the last row of windows.

Ye Olde Cheese is too good a source of revenue for it to be destroyed, and the prospects are that for years to come Americans will flock there to exclaim over the high paneled walls and the sanded floors. The tables still stand between high-backed benches, over which the newspapers are hung, as they were in Johnson's day. The old grill is on the second floor, and over its gleaming coals innumerable kidneys and chops have been brought to culinary perfection. Beefsteak pudding, which is served on Wednesdays, with all the pomp and ceremony of ancient days, is an attraction that fills the tables and sends away dozens of envious men and women, who can get no more than a sniff of the Old English dish, as it is borne in triumph through the rooms. Other days have their specialities, but it is the beefsteak pudding that is the favorite, and if you delay your arrival, the prospects are, you will have to be satisfied with a kidney or a chop, for not a scrap of pie is ever left.

But with toasted cheese to follow, the kidney is not a bad substitute, and it brings with it, also, a flavor of Dickens and Thackeray, whose heroes dined frequently on such fare. With the luncheon comes Devonshire cider, another speciality of the house, if you do not care for beer or ale, but beer or cider is served in reproductions of the pewter mugs that Dr. Johnson drank from, and, for a consideration, you can carry one away, wrapped in an odd bag of woven reeds.

The visitors' book at the Cheese makes interesting reading while you wait for your chop, for it is embellished with pen drawings by the famous artists of the world, and enriched with sentiments from poets, novelists, musicians, politicians, capitalists, and others whose names are known on more than one continent.

Buszard's on Oxford Street is not as familiar to Americans, but it has an interest of its own, for it has made wedding cakes for royalty for many years, and the models displayed in the



"YE OLD CHESHIRE CHEESE, A COFFEE HOUSE BELOVED BY SAMUEL JOHNSON"

show-room form an amusing exhibition to the American who has little idea of what a royal wedding cake should be. There they stand six or seven feet tall and in as many tiers, each ornamented with almond icing, inches thick, and sugar piping, with coats of arms and heraldic devices, and bearing on top a sugar temple surmounted by doves and other hymeneal emblems.

The account of a fashionable wedding in the English society papers usually closes with the line, "Cake by Buszard" or Bolland, for Buszard in London and Bolland in Chester make most of the wedding cakes that are served in England, and they send hundreds of them to the colonies, so that the English bride, even if she be far from home, can have "Cake by Buszard."

And most delectable cake it is, too, and if you wander into the heavily furnished, rather gloomy tea-room at the tea hour, you will find it well filled with city and country people and a sprinkling of foreigners who are partaking of the conventional afternoon refreshment where their grandparents or great grandparents, perhaps, were refreshed. Tea for two shillings allows you to eat all the cake you wish, but unfortunately physical limitations prevent you from trying half of the delicious confections in the tray beside you, the almond pound, Dundee, Maderia simnel, rich currant, muscatel, green ginger, cheese cakes and Scotch short bread, all made from ancient recipes. It is difficult to choose a favorite, although the Scotch short bread never tastes quite the same as it does in one of the popular tea rooms on Princes Street in Edinburgh.

Newhaven, just outside of Edinburgh, used to be more famous for its fish dinners than it is now and, perhaps, you will find no other party in the hotel coffee room where at least four kinds of fried fish, no one of which you can find on this side of the water, are served for a shilling, sixpence. New-



FROM THE COFFEE-ROOM WINDOW YOU CAN SEE THE QUAINT NEWHAVEN FISHWIVES

haven is visited for its picturesque fishwives; and the women look more as though they had just been brought from Holland than as descendants of Scandinavians who crossed in the time of James IV. They have been singularly conservative in their habits, and, owing to a strict custom of inter-marriages, there are only a few names to be found in this colony of fisher folk, who have to resort to nicknames for identification.

If you are a tourist of the feminine gender, you will probably stop at the Globe Inn, in Dumfries, for a lemon squash, or a ginger ale, although you may be brave enough to ask the rosy-cheeked landlady for a small glass of what Robert Burns used to order; for the Globe Inn is the Burns' Howff, and down its narrow court the poet slipped nightly to the brightly-lighted room where his companions waited. The chair in which the poet lolled is still there, and a right stout affair it is,

and with stout arms. It is kept securely locked behind wooden doors, and the landlady made a great ceremony of opening them and insisted on each of us trying the capacious seat.

"Perhaps you write poetry yourself?" she asked; but we had to confess that we felt no more gifted with rhymes in Burns' chair than in our own inglenook in America, and followed her up the stairs to the old-time room filled with relics.

"Americans come a long way to see these old pieces," she said, as she motioned majestically to a punch bowl, and then moved to the window on whose pane the poet had written the verses to "The Lovely Polly Stewart." "You seem to think a sight of Burns? There was one American gentleman who offered me a pot of money, if I would let him take the Howff to a fair in America, but I make a tidy living out of it here and God knows if we would ever live to cross the ocean. Burns lived and died here, and what would do for him will do for me," humbly.

There are many colleges in Oxford, but at no one of them is the tourist supposed to find refreshment in the dining halls, so that it was something of a triumph to be given a tart in one of the quaint old kitchens. The tart was really a tribute to an interest in the pantry shelves which were filled with pastry, and in the explanatory list that hung beside them. Tarts have been made in the same fashion at this Oxford college for several hundred years, in order, the cook explained, with a twinkle in his eye, that the students might get what they wanted, when they slipped down on a night tart raid. It is the nick in the edge that has told generations of students the contents of the tart; an apple has only one nick, a mince has two at each end, a gooseberry three, and so on until a student who has learned the rule can choose his favorite in the dark.

Winchester, the old royal city of

England, has so many places of interest, the cathedral, the famous Winchester school, the castle, in which hangs King Arthur's round table as it has hung for several hundred years, that the traveler who is there but for a day may not have time to share the wayfarer's dole at St. Cross hospital which is distributed today just as Bishop Henry de Blois, a grandson of William the Conqueror, arranged almost eight hundred years ago. This wayfarer's dole consists of a horn of ale and piece of white bread, and anyone who knocks at the hatchway of the porter's gate is entitled to receive it. About thirty wayfarers are given it daily as well as many notable people and curious travelers who knock at the door for the novelty of sharing in a picturesque survival of a mediæval charity. Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote of his experience, "Just before entering Winchester we stopped at the Church of St. Cross, and after looking through the quaint antiquity we demanded a piece of bread and a draught of ale, which the founder, Henry de Blois, in 1136, commanded should be given to everyone who should ask it at the gate. We had both from the old couple who take care of the church."

When you are in Paris you must not forget Rumpelmeyer, the "king of pastry makers." His shop is unpretentious, considering his vogue, and the room is all too small on a pleasant afternoon for the throng which would invade it. There are representatives from the far corners of the world. Americans are all about you; at the next table is a Russian grand duchess, perhaps, with her cavaliers; nearer the wall sits a woman from the Orient, whose soft silk draperies are in strange contrast to the modish Parisiennes; a group of children chatter of South Africa to their attendants and two natives from India have not doffed their spotless white turbans.

Rumpelmeyer's might be considered a glorified *caféteria*, and the great moment of your visit to the *café* is

when you have taken the fork and plate from the smiling maid, and stand hesitating beside the table laden with cakes. And such cakes! Fluffy balls

sweetmeats in every appetizing form, until it is difficult to make a choice. At last with plate laden you find your way to the table where something new



SHARING IN A PICTURESQUE SURVIVAL OF A MEDIEVAL CHARITY

rolled in chocolate and cocoanut, maple crescents, diamonds of paste enriched with French fruits, tiny tarts filled with glacéd cherries, half an apricot or a plum; cornets heaped with cream of pistachio or strawberries, pastry and

in ices, cool or hot drinks, is served. And as you go away, you cast a lingering glance at the patisserie table and plan to come, again and again, until you have tried every kind, not knowing that new confections are offered every

few days to make such a plan almost an impossibility.

In strange contrast to the smart Parisian café is the Hotel Spaander in quaint Volendam, and if it is not the season you may be alone on the piazza which is swept by the bracing winds from the Zuyder Zee, and where the picturesque hospitable people give you a cordial greeting. And palatable as were the marvelous cakes of Paris, they were no better than the Dutch raisin bread, Edam cheese and mild beer that forms your luncheon. Volendam is but next door to Edam, the home of the popular cheeses, and the thin shavings



THE HOSPITABLE PEOPLE OF VOLENDAM

seem to have been made to accompany the delicious raisin bread of Holland. The Spaander is a popular rendezvous for artists, and the big rooms have been adorned with paintings and sketches by the men and women who have enjoyed its hospitality. The bright-faced girl, who serves you, was taught to speak English, perhaps, by some artist who may be a member of the British Royal Academy now, and she loves to tell you of the notable people who have come and gone, and she fairly carries you away to see the homes of the fisher folk. She explains their marvelous clothes, and declares that the huge silver buttons worn by the men and boys were used as a mark of identification in case of drowning, for each district in Holland has its own

design. She calls your attention to the old china, pewter and brass, and giggles approval when you pass the school and slip a copper into each of the wooden shoes at the door.

Everybody takes at least one ice at Florian's on St. Mark's Square in Venice for at Florian's you are sure to see the world and his wife, especially, if you are there on an evening when the band plays in the square. Florian's ices are world renowned, and its patrons are as cosmopolitan as Rumpelmeyer's, and, as you eat your way through the pink or chocolate cone of sweetness, you will find the price of it in the bottom of the dish. There is no room for argument over the charge, for in the bottom of every dish, in plain figures, is its cost, two francs or two francs, fifty. And after you have paid the reckoning, the waiter turns over the dish as a sign that your debt is canceled, and you are at liberty to sit and listen to the music and watch the people for as long as you wish.

Nearly every European city has a café or a restaurant that is of special interest, not because of its smart patronage or high prices, but for its quaint customs, old dishes or drinks, and it varies the routine of galleries and historic buildings to hunt them out. They add a spice, a zest, to what might become rather a dreary round of sight seeing, for no one appreciates the old customs more than the American. There are some travelers who make a point of stopping at the Three Tuns in Durham, no more to see Durham's beautiful cathedral, if the truth were told, than to have the trim maid bring them a tiny glass of cherry brandy to "drink to the health of the house," a custom that was young two hundred years or more ago, although it must be confessed that, while the custom has been retained, the glasses that hold the delicious cordial are considerably smaller than they were in the days when the request was first made.

Being Married

By Mrs. Chas. Norman

THE morning paper tells of a man and woman who got married after only a few hours' acquaintance. Unfortunately, this couple cannot claim to have done anything unique. Numerous persons have done likewise — at least the newspapers say so — though the statement is one which makes upon a sane mind an impression of confusion. I say confusion, not to mention other effects.

After reading the announcement, I looked into the dictionary to see if it could be true, and I judge it is possible. Marriage, according to Webster, is the act which unites the man and woman, and, while it seems impossible for a real union to take place in so brief a time, still there is probably no other way of telling in the English language what has occurred. It might well happen that the persons so hastily "joined" should become married in the course of time. Certain metals really mix and stick together even after the heat of welding has died out, but no mere ceremony can unite, though it be performed by the holiest of ministers or the most profound legal interpreter.

And, as it is impossible for any third person to "unite" man and woman, so it is out of the question for any third person to give any legitimate advice as to whether or not the man and woman should unite, unless by chance the third person discovers that the real union or disunion already exists.

An ambitious young lady stopped to see me on her way to New York. She was about to sail for Europe, and she told me, confidentially, that she was engaged to marry a clergyman of this country, and that she "might marry him," if she failed to get a certain position she hoped for in Paris.

I could not refrain from saying, "Do

not marry," and she took it that I was either averse to matrimony or to the young man. Such supposition was incorrect. I simply disliked to see any man irrevocably tied to a woman who took him only because she could not get something else.

I explained this to the girl, but it did no good. She said I was "sentimental and not at all practical." I confessed to a little sentiment on the subject of wedlock, and refrained from adding that I should rather be truthful than practical, but I told her that, if she had accepted her lover, conditionally, her course was entirely honorable, and then, to relieve the *heaviness* of the conversation, I repeated these lines, which she laughed at very moderately indeed:

"I, Pegg Pudding, promise thee, William
Crickett,
That I will hold thee for mine own dear lily,
Whilst I have a head in mine eye and a face
on my nose,
A mouth in my tongue and all that a woman
should have,
From the crown of my foot to the sole of my
head."

The attention of my guest flagged a little and, when I completed the stanza, she confessed she was thinking of a Philadelphia girl whose resolution she much admired. During a sojourn in Europe, this girl had refused sixty-five offers of marriage — I hope I have the number exactly right — having determined to marry no one of lower rank than a prince.

I sped my guest to New York and Europe, and after her departure no ghost needed to come from the grave to tell me why marriage is so often a failure. We hear this thing and that thing given as a reason. Responsibility enough is to be laid at the door of men, but let women confess a share in the

desecration of the sacred ordinance. Is it possible to think of a marriage resulting well that does not begin in truth, and continue in truth?

Let truth, at least, be counted an essential. After truth, let the candidate consider the necessity of sacrifice. Present-day girls cannot claim much more of that element than boys. If modern women have a hobby more general than another, it must be the development of their individuality. This is a fine thing, but let those who are over-zealous on this point remain single or remain rational, for it is scarcely fair to develop one's individuality to the extinction of another person's rights. To speak the truth, a proper individuality is never oblivious to others. Women would be learned and wise, but they fail to see that the very richest return of wisdom comes from putting forth their full strength *where it is due*. God has provided that recompense for all dutiful activity, and it often happens that the circumstances that would seem to retard mental development are its greatest stimuli, and the saving of the much-cherished individuality is accomplished by self-forgetfulness.

Marriage is one of the apparent interruptions to intellectual progress—especially a woman's. We often hear of the fine career a certain person might have had, unmarried. Such talk signifies nothing.

In the first place, age does not always fulfill the promises of youth. Many a young man has started well in life and failed through no fault of his companion. A discerning man will not be apt to choose a frivolous woman, though we often hear the contrary. A bright girl, though she may remain single and devote herself to herself, is not sure of a successful career.

Some womanly virtues are certainly fostered best in a home. Love is, to many women, what the tropics are to vegetation. On the other hand, there are women who seem to be created for public benefactions and isolated labors.

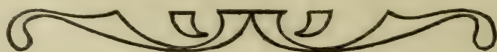
Concentration in any line of business is bound to bring definite results, but definite, tangible results may not be the best results. A man who assumes some domestic responsibility must abridge his public services, and, as it is only public services that make a show, his life seems less valuable.

"I like you better since you married," said a frank old lady to a young man, and he laughed and answered:

"I used to know a great many things, but they were all wrong, every one of them! It takes a sensible wife to straighten out a man's mental distortions." Doubtless his wife could have reversed the compliment.

The pictures of unhappy marriages are hung in every household which the American press can possibly reach: the good marriages attract no attention. Natural reverence prevents those who know anything about them from telling what they know. We do not talk glibly of God's love. The theme is sacred. Just as sacred, and very personal, is the other subject. No man of sense, who loves his wife, says much about it, even to his intimate friends. What adult, with reason, goes about seeking advice upon matrimony?

Marriage is for persons of mature minds, and it is absolutely an individual matter, each case deciding itself. Let those who doubt concerning matrimony stay out of it. Let those who are already in it, remember that it is a solemn compact between two persons and that any action is unbecoming and inconsistent which does not result to the advantage of both.



The Regeneration of Podunk

By Phœbe D. Roulon

JACK and I arrived at Podunk just in "strawberry time." Did you ever stop to consider what a mandatory phrase "strawberry time" is? Jack and I did to the fullest, for from one end of Podunk highway to the other, in every farmstead that was the happy possessor of a strawberry patch, the proclamation had gone forth that berries were ripe and must be "done up" at once. There is no such thing as procrastinating with Nature, especially in her fruit department. Infinite in patience, unsparing in pains from the first inception of the berry to its maturity, when once her creative work is accomplished, she lays the finished product at your feet and henceforth waives all responsibility. Put off until tomorrow what should have been "done up" today and Nature will seek vengeance upon you and show you your folly. Mrs. Simpkins might better save her breath than to enter the protest that she cannot possibly "can" today, for the minister and family are coming to dinner. Nature makes no exception for even the clergy. When Mrs. Hopewell declares she must take her butter and eggs to market today and so cannot do another stroke of work after one o'clock, Nature simply smiles complacently from the four corners of every ruddy berry basket and says, "Take me now in my perfection, for tomorrow it will have passed away."

In obedience to this inexorable law Podunk was making ready. Brass kettles were being scoured and granite ones were coming forth from their winter hiding places. With one accord Podunk was becoming a huge canning and preserving factory, with as many annexes as there were houses with berry patches.

Day after day the process went on, for day after day a fresh supply demanded attention.

Overworked and tired housewives groaned in spirit and slept in meeting as a result. Everybody's nerves were a little on the bias until the strawberries were settled for the winter. To a casual observer it seemed as if Nature's lavishness had outrun Podunk's gratitude, and as if strawberries were becoming a nuisance.

As I said, Jack and I arrived just at this crisis in the farm life of Podunk. Indeed, within an hour after we landed, and amid the chaos of unpacking, a gentle maiden tapped at our kitchen door and importuned us to buy some preserving berries.

Jack has a sweet tooth and I saw at a glance that he had not missed the vision of rows of red jars on the swinging shelf in the cellar, and Sunday night teas of jam, long after the last strawberry had ripened and decayed. But he desisted and let her depart without buying a berry. This I call heroic and manly, and told him so on the spot.

Of course the well had not been pumped out, the water-pail had not been unpacked, the grocery supplies had not arrived. There had not been a fire in the stove for eight months, and there was no split wood in the wood shed, but men have been known to expect household routine to go on under conditions quite as hindering, therefore I repeat, that Jack, in the face of vanishing sweets, showed fortitude and consideration.

But it was plain that "strawberry time" had made an impression on his mind that took somewhat the form of a problem.

Now Jack is never happier than

when he has nuts to crack or problems to solve. He is that all-round type of man that can and does bring the same philosophic trend of mind to bear upon matters domestic as upon civic and national affairs.

We had come to Podunk to rest, but Jack always rests in motion, and in less than a week after our arrival I saw him go forth to canvass the community. For days and days he was as glum as an oyster, leaving me to guess what he was up to, but I have so long known the limitations to his capacity for holding in and carrying a secret, that I could wait in patience for the unbosoming. It came on one of those chilly, rainy nights in June,—the sort of night that Jack always expects and gets warm gingerbread for supper. Gingerbread always puts him in a talkative mood.

We had each taken a second cup of tea, when Jack looked up and said, "Do you realize, my dear, that this canning and jelling process is only just started for the season in Podunk? I find that our Fourth of July not only proclaims American independence but also the proper time for making currant jelly, and so, unless Nature plays us false, the same ordeal must be repeated, with only the difference that 'currant' will be written on the label instead of 'strawberry.' And still another repetition, when raspberries are ripe and blackberries grow sweet and luscious. Again when the huckleberry bushes give up their treasures, shadowing forth a winter supply for pies. Then come the peaches, pears and plums, followed by apples, grapes and quinces. Between times, lest the hand forgets its cunning, there are peas, corn, beets and tomatoes to be rescued for future use. And the season ends with a pickling tournament.

"It hardly seems creditable, but from here to Podunk Hollow, a distance of less than two miles, and only sparsely settled, I find by actual count that

there are thousands of cans of fruit and hundreds of glasses of jelly prepared every season. From 'strawberry time'—indeed some ambitious housekeepers start in with rhubarb in April—until the last luckless green tomato is snatched from Jack Frost, there is a mad rush on the part of the farmer's wife to keep apace with Nature and to take care of her bounties with a thrifty hand."

By this time Jack was ready for a second helping of gingerbread and proceeded. "Don't you see, my dear, that this is an awful waste of muscular energy and stove fuel. Don't you see that consolidation and coöperation at just this point would emancipate these women quite as much as the telephone and the rural delivery?"

"Furthermore, I believe there is fruit enough that goes to waste every year, which, if rescued, would not only pay for the running of a community kitchen, but also give a handsome bonus for civic beautifying. It is my firm faith that Podunk can earn the foundations of a fine library, within the next three years, by simply saving the waste of fruit and vegetables within her own borders. She has a market already established at the summer colony of Bide-a-wee."

The third piece of gingerbread gave Jack the courage to make a clean breast of everything, and to confess that he had called a meeting and made all the necessary arrangements to start a community kitchen for canning and preserving, to be ready this season for the currant crop.

Jack always persists that my impulsive opposition is his most helpful ally, so I never feel hindered in giving it. But I said "You have surely never looked at this problem from the psychological standpoint. You have never calculated the personal pride of every housewife in her own handiwork, done in her own way, the way tradition has made sacred to her. Eliminate the

personal touch from half the preserve closets of Podunk and you rob them of their glory and half of their flavor. There are some things that cannot be consolidated and coöperated and this is one of them. Why! Mrs. Patterson would be inconsolably wretched, if she thought a jar of peaches would ever stand in her cellar that did not adhere to the formula of one and three-quarters pints of sugar to three pints of water. Now Mrs. Smith is equally loyal to one and one-half parts sugar to three parts water."

"And as for jelly making, it has a hedge about it as conservative and invulnerable as a Chinese wall. Instance, our beloved Mrs. Thornton. That splendid spirit of housewifely excellence that we have always admired in her would be wholly inundated and wrecked, if she ever had to set before us, on her own tea-table, a glass of jelly that had been made by heating the currants before they were crushed, and straining the juice through cheesecloth instead of flannel. To Mrs. Thornton there is but one right way, the cold and flannel process.

"Even I, Jack, dear, must own up to feeling an unpleasant sensation down my spinal column, and a vexatious agitation in my mind, whenever I see jelly boil more than five minutes after the sugar is added. Nay, my Worthy Wisdom, let me entreat you to carefully consider ere you intrude upon the sacred precincts of jelly-making with any ruthless tread.

"As for pickling, it is an established fact that every housewife pickles to suit the taste of her family and her rule lies in the palate of said family. You know that the Joneses are always strong on the onion flavor, while the Millers emphasize cinnamon and allspice! Fancy consolidating these flavors into a blend and expect either family to be contented and happy.

"Worthy as your Community Kitchen idea is in its inception, I fear it

is doomed to failure. It uproots too many of the 'eternals' of housekeeping."

Jack received my volley of opposing arguments, not only with fortitude but with apparent satisfaction, and simply said, "Have you finished?" As I had, he again took the floor.

"Now, I am sure that my foundation is secure and my psychological attitude all right, for all the objections you mention were brought up, in one form or another, at the meeting we held, and I was able to meet every one of them. No, my dear, I do not mean to uproot the 'eternals' and the Joneses shall stand for onion flavor to the end of time. The personal equation will always be considered. Each farmer will simply send his consignment of berries or fruit with explicit instructions as to recipes to be followed, just as our great-grandfathers sent their grist to the mill to be ground and ordered middlings left in or middlings left out, according as to whether it was for pancakes or bread. Those worthies took it on faith that they brought back the same grain they carried and there need be no question now. Farmer Dunn's marrowfats need never get mixed with Deacon White's telephone peas, and Mrs. Thornton can always send her flannel jelly bag.

"It is my opinion that the good wives will have gained enough leisure time to come to the Kitchen and inspect the process while their batch of fruit is being handled."

So closely are faith and works related in Jack's philosophy of life that in an incredibly short time Podunk awoke one morning to find the abandoned Haskell house turned into a "Community Kitchen," in charge of a New England man and his wife, of thrift and learning. They began on the currant crop.

Of course, since Jack was behind the innovation, I had to show my faith by sending the first lot, with instructions that the jelly should be boiled

only one minute after the sugar was added. The twenty glasses of tender crystalline jelly that stood on my pantry shelf the next day needed no argument and so encouraged my nearest neighbor that she sent half of her picking to the Kitchen. I saw that it caused a wrench, but she supported herself on the consciousness that she was only risking half. But the jelly that came back adhered so closely in color, taste and texture to the "traditional" that the other half was sent without a qualm. This made a beginning and by the time the raspberries were ripe a dozen families were converted.

When the fall fruits came on, it had grown into such a fashion to send the preserving out that the capacity of the Kitchen was somewhat taxed. An evaporating outfit was added, that saved hundreds of bushels of apples from absolute waste. A simple device for making unfermented grape juice brought profit enough the first year to paint the town hall, build over the stage and buy a curtain that never failed to work.

The second year a "Sunshine" Laundry was added to the Kitchen, which proved a great boon. Podunk had wrestled with the domestic problem, but like the rest of the world had not solved it, and was left to do its own washing.

As the name suggests, the "Community Kitchen" was established on a coöperative basis, with the understanding that after all running expenses were paid and each contributor had a certain share of profit, proportioned to the amount of surplus material he contributed, all the re-

maining profit was to go for the improvement of the town.

The "Kitchen" is now three years old and every visitor coming to Podunk naturally wanders into the pretty new library on Main Street. The sweet-faced librarian is always cordial and tells you with unmasked pride that this is the first library built of fruit and vegetables.

But complete regeneration came not to Podunk, until the Culture Club became an active organization, impelled forward by the brain force of the women of the community. Given a margin of leisure, it was demonstrated that culture will flourish as persistently in rural districts as in city precincts. Shakespeare and Browning were not neglected, nor were Wagner and Mendelssohn.

Nature study, Domestic Economy and Civic beautifying opened new and broad avenues of culture, and classes in these subjects were held every week. The women of Podunk began to know their birds and to call them by name. The church suppers took on a new aspect, for the dietetic unrighteousness of four kinds of cake and three kinds of sweet pudding, at the same meal, was openly discussed and frowned upon. Deacon Wyburn, who had a tooth sweeter even than Jack's, declared, at first, that this was heresy that should not be allowed to enter the sanctuary. But regeneration came to the deacon as indigestion departed.

And all of this happened, because Jack saw the need of an emancipation proclamation and the people of Podunk availed themselves of its freedom. I have always said that Jack was a man among men.

Fate

Great men live in word and deed,
Tho' the hand that sows the seed
No harvest knows.
Fixed as is the rolling sea
By its bounds, so this shall be

To thee and those;
Something lost and something won
E'er the life that hath begun
For thee shall close.

—Grace Agnes Thompson

Out of Chicken Pie

By Helen Campbell

"THE point is," said the young woman, "never to spend any time in self-pity and never mention one of whatever afflictions may have been apportioned to your individual self. The first takes your strength and spoils any good work you might do. The second is a bore to your friends and destruction to self-respect. In the first grip of things it is possible one may send up a howl. But at that or any other time, no matter what the impulse, Don't!"

Was she a young woman after all? For, as she brought out the "Don't!" staccato, I looked again. Really she seemed more like a nice boy, well up in athletics, and as far on in general college work as athletics permit. Her hair was short, cut close to her head, yet curly, and though rather a dark brown, yet showing gold where little tendrils had their way, here and there, behind an ear or on her slender neck. Her hands were small, of course, for she was a Southern woman, generations of whom had no need to use their hands in any coarsening work, yet could and did use them in delicate cookery, preserving, and the like, and knew every secret of cutting and generally overseeing the garments for a plantation. Delicately formed, straight as a dart and with the alert expression of a champion tennis player, she stood at the gate into the chicken-yard, and smiled a delightful smile.

"I shouldn't tell you one word," she said, "if you hadn't come from so old a friend. Oh, privately I would tell anyone interested, but printing is another matter. It will help, you say. I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps, but I somehow seem to think most find out for themselves, perhaps by a good many experiments, just what to do.

But I will tell you just how it began with me. Nellie has told you, I don't doubt, that I was left a widow with three children. We had lived in town, after my marriage, in a rented house. When my husband died and I presently summed up my capital, it was, first, the children, then, not quite two hundred dollars left in the bank after the expenses of the long sickness and the funeral were paid. Added to this were nine hens and a rooster that I had kept at the end of the little garden at the back of the house, our cat and dog and about a fortnight's supplies in the pantry. Our clothes, too, were in fair amount and order. That was all. Lots of people came to condole with me and tell me what to do, but not one made what seemed to me a really practical suggestion. I knew what I could do, or thought I did, which amounts to the same thing, if you really go ahead and do it. I did it.

"The first thing was to move into the country, where I had longed to have the children. It isn't country now exactly, for the station is not far away, but the house was out of repair, and I had the option of buying it at the end of the year, if I wanted it then. The owner couldn't do much and was glad to think it might be off his hands, and I took it for eighty dollars a year—this to include a few repairs.

"There was a big garden, not tended for years, not a fruit tree, and the four acres outside the fenced-in garden one mass of brush. My next neighbor was a farmer from the North, come South for his health and getting it, and he took an interest from the beginning; he ploughed my land for me, and agreed to go over it with the cultivator when it was necessary, but I must first manage to rake up and burn up all

the weeds and sticks, etc. The children helped me and we made a spree of it. I bought a cow of him, a good one, and, as one of my hens had begun to set on a box of nails, decided she should have eggs. He had some fine, pure-blooded Plymouth Rocks, and mine were Wyandottes, just as good and no fear as to crossing breeds, and so I started in. What I was after was broilers, and if broilers wouldn't support us, why there was something else that I felt sure would, and that was chicken pies. You smile, but let me tell you they weren't everyday chicken pies. Our old Dilly on my father's plantation was a champion chicken-pie maker, in demand for every wedding and general church entertainment, and she taught me just how, swearing me to secrecy long as she lived. So I watched her many times, realizing, at last, that it meant using the very choicest material straight through. No old hens simmered all day long to make them tender. On the contrary, she demanded the choicest broilers, and she made, not exactly puff paste but the most delicate order of pastry to put them in. To season to a turn and with no variation, and to have the gravy smooth and rich, these were her secrets, and I learned them so thoroughly that after once sampling them there was no further trouble as to orders. I sent little individual pies to every hotel and restaurant in the city I had left. I had bought a good cow, as I said, and soon bought another, to have plenty of cream, for that was one important item in the pies, and as the work got too much for me alone I presently had a girl to help, and at last another, all of us doing steady hard work, but liking it. I raised the chickens, you see, though I often hated to have them killed, and by this time we had small fruits, and all that grows in a well-kept garden. The children helped as well as went to school and were rosy, healthy creatures, my comfort and

joy, and they always have been. I never have cleared over five hundred a year, but what more do I need? I make ten cents clear on each individual chicken pie and fifteen on the larger ones. Specials I make as large as people want them, but I prefer the little ones. Three sizes are made every day, and some families, who go away for the summer, have their chicken pies expressed to them each week and won't do without them. Some people fuss and say they are too rich. Others want me to charge less and say, if I would use lard instead of butter in the pastry, I could sell cheaper. But I answer that it is my business never to fall below the standard. Aunt Dilly would turn in her grave if she thought her rule was to have lard used instead of butter. I made some experiments and found it was distinctly best to stick close to the old original text. You can buy cheap pies anywhere and they taste cheap. These melt in your mouth. And you ought to know that two other women in the neighborhood have specialties, too, and I taught them, for my mother used to make a delicious chicken jelly for sick people and one woman does that and has a big market for it at the Woman's Exchange, and another makes cornbeef hash for three restaurants and has all she can do. The gist of it is *good cooking can always be made to pay*. Keep to the best form you can find, never vary, and a living, and often much more, is certain. When women learn that, perhaps more of them will turn in this direction. Here is the home paid for, trees growing and yielding, children growing too, and Tom almost ready for college, and chicken pie has done it, and will keep on doing it, perhaps as long as I live. At any rate I should never stop doing something as perfectly as I could for that is half the fun of living. Don't you think so? We keep the evenings for as much of a good time as possible. I keep a little

of my old music and play accompaniments, for Tom has a fine baritone voice and we all sing, and Edith and her violin take the kinks out of any day's work. We have a fair little library and do not mean to fall behind or forget what quiet progress means. It has been a happy life, thank God! How could it help being so, with such children and a certain sure thing to do?"

Yes, how could it help being thus with such a spirit at work to bring it about? That was the thought as I looked at the mother, and wished that all dolorous and uncertain women might have the same chance. Joining the Sunshine Circle or the Harmony Club might be the first essential. After that things would take care of themselves.

In August

Cora A. Matson Dolson

For me a basket and a book
Where cooling hemlocks grow;
And, in the deep of wooded nooks,
The spikes of cardinal glow.

A book to bring but not to read —
Enough to know it near,
To turn a leaf I do not need,
The song is with me here.

A bird-note comes adown the wood,
It seems to stillness wed;
A tap, then gleam of scarlet hood
High in the tree o'erhead.

The Indian-pipe is waxen stemmed;
The squirrels near me play;
While on this bank by mosses gemmed
I dream the hours away.

Old Age

By Kate Gannett Wells

OLD age becomes more of a problem when living in it than when viewed afar off. It is a question of economics and ethics more than of wrinkles. It is so easy not to mind it when well, rich and beloved; it is so impossible not to object to it when sick, poor and unwelcome. It creeps into almost every home and, though we try to alleviate it and succeed to a certain extent, through affection, cookery and cleanliness, the vast majority of the world does not know how to manage to live on almost nothing, and yet it is upon those of small or of no means that the support of old age presses most heavily. So love only is left, and too often not even that.

Then one wonders if one ought to refuse marriage and devote one's self to one's parents; — or, if married and children are many, and food and lodgings scant, shall one also house one's aged parents? If the ethics thereof are difficult to settle when money and space are available, it is a hideous task for decision when both are lacking.

Nowhere does the attempted settlement to remove the stigma of pauperism from the aged through legislation threaten to be more puzzling than in England, where after January 1, 1911, a workhouse inmate of above seventy years and "fairly respectable" is entitled to leave the house and receive in lieu of its shelter five shillings a week.

Is acceptance of such pension outside of a workhouse more honorable than being dependent on Government for support inside the workhouse? That is the question the Old Age pensioners of England are trying to solve. Who is going to house, feed and clothe them for five shillings a week? What does that amount to, set against the care of an infirm, old, undesired relative who is not wanted either for his keep or his affection, and who will only grow older? Even as a boarder of no kin whatever to his landlady, is he likely to be as comfortable as in the workhouse? Startling have been some of the discoveries that have followed upon this apparently beneficent legislation.

Well was it that Miss Edith Sellers of England, of her own free will, visited relatives of the inmates of a London workhouse, hoping to carry back to the latter place the joyful tidings that they were wanted in families. Alas! out of 528 such inmates only 221 had any relatives, and more than half of that number knew that, if they went to their kinspeople, they would not be taken in. Some who had felt sure of a welcome were bitterly disappointed. "Old folk give no end of trouble; keeping them clean takes up all one's time. Besides they must have somewhere to sleep," was generally answered. One grown-up daughter, supporting herself, her mother and brother in two rooms, one no better than a cupboard, grieved she could not take back her father. Other sons and daughters, by blood or by law, waxed indignant at being urged to receive their kinsmen, even for the sake of the shillings. They had neither room nor food for them; each generation must care first for its own children and not take up burdens of parents, worse still of grandparents, aunts and cousins once gotten rid of; especially, if they were of the drunken variety, as was too often the case.

Fortunately Miss Sellers found a few other homes which promised to receive

a pensioner for the sake of his pension, or from real affection. After all the bitter work-a-day life in these narrow homes, attics, cellars, two or three rooms at most, would have been more wretched for the pensioners to bear than their blighted hopes. "To work a bit harder," in order to take in one's aged mother, is not possible in thousands of cases. Better to remain a workhouse pauper and be sure of warmth, cleanliness and food than to wander forth uncared for or to be an unwelcome burden on an overworked child.

Therefore is it that the English Old Age Pension Act does not solve its own problem, for the infirm or sick must still be sheltered in some refuge which should have no workhouse taint of pauperism attached to it.

However much there may be among us of similar reluctance to take home aged pauper relatives, it has not yet become a matter of public investigation, though, if it were, it is possible that there would be as much unwillingness manifested here as in England. Certainly many of our almshouses and homes for the aged poor suggest that there will be the same forlorn hopes shattered, if pensions should ever be conferred instead of legal residences in almshouses.

Fortunately for us, old age is still an individual question. All the more, then, should elderly people not let themselves get crabbed. Of course, if other people would not nag one with being old, one would not be, — quite so old!

What old age, whether poor, middling or well-to-do lacks is amusement. It is lonesome to keep jolly by remembering that one's mind ought to be one's kingdom. Meditation is all very well, but so also is the circus, the "greatest value of which lies in its non-ethical quality." Even if it has its symbolism, it does not mercilessly set one to moralizing, save as a three ring circus and a "brigade of clowns"

(the result of trying to make as much money as possible) incites to weariness. The real "gospel of the circus" lies in its democracy, in its revealings of the power of training on acrobats and animals through kindly persistence, and in the mutual good will and law abiding qualities of the household of a circus. Always has it belonged to the people, and even ministers have not been discounted for their attendance.

It seems a wide jump in fancy from old age to a circus, and yet to me they are intimately connected through the dear old people, poor and well to do, whom I have known, who found in it their objective base for amusement. To them the clown and his jokes were links in the spirit of human brotherhood. Alas, as a pension of five shillings a week will not permit of the circus in its glory, old age asks for the minor blessings of five cent shows, public parks, and good tobacco. Just to be out doors is rejuvenating.

All the more is amusement desirable, because legislation has undertaken to set the goal when one shall no longer

work. To retire teachers, officers, workers, merely because they are sixty-five or seventy is an insult to human nature, which rejects any arbitrary limit save that of incapacity. The average of average people, though perhaps unable to earn their living after seventy, are still capable of being occupied. Therefore let the old folks work at household and woodshed drudgery as long as they can, however irritating their slowness may be to the young and merciless. Let the old serve also in semi-public ways, because of their experience, even if they are not wanted round.

It is a common saying that it is harder to resign office at seventy than at sixty, just because old age clings to occupation as its protection. But if with most of us, if not with all, as the years increase, occupation shrivels and the fads or hobbies, the solace of earlier days, cease by their very weight to be pursued, — then may there still be amusement provided for the elderly before they become "Shut Ins," dependent on Christmas and Easter cards for enjoyment.

Love and Affection

By Helen Coale Crew

I love thee not, Love, though thou'rt called divine!
 Thou pagan god, whose flashing fires glow
 But for a season; then the winter's snow
 No colder lies than ashes on thy shrine.
 Thou selfish child! Ready to fret and whine
 When disappointed. Wandering to and fro
 In quest of joy, from flower to flower dost go
 Like greedy bee upon a honeyed vine.

But thou, Affection, human art, and true!
 Fitted for every day's most urgent needs;
 Warm-glowing ever, all the seasons through;
 Mother of tenderness and selfless deeds.
 Clear-seeing thou, nor like that other blind;
 Clear-burning on the hearths of all mankind.

Three Girls go Blackberrying

By Samuel Smyth

GRANDPA told Mary that he saw a few blackberries in the pasture. Mary hastened to inform Mina that there were bushels of ripe blackberries in the pasture. Mina hurried to tell Jane, and almost breathlessly suggested that they go and get them before anybody else found them. Jane thought it would be more comfortable after sundown. Mina said that they would be gone before that time, and insisted that they go at once. Outnumbered, Jane reluctantly consented. Mary must change her dress; so must the other two. Much time was spent in that operation, for it included the special dressing of the hair, also. There was much impatience manifested by Mary, the first to declare herself ready; but after the others appeared she suddenly thought of several things that she must attend to. At last each inquired of the others, "Well, are you ready?"

"Yes, in a minute," said Mina. "I forgot to put on cold cream to prevent sunburn."

"So did I," said Jane; "and, Mary, you had better use some, also, or you will regret it."

"I think I will," said Mary; and a good half hour has passed before they are all downstairs again, when the old question was asked again, "Are you ready?"

"Had we better wear rubbers?" asked Jane.

"No," answered Mary, "but I am going upstairs to put on an old pair of shoes."

"That is sensible," said Mina. "I think we all had better follow Mary's example, as it won't take a minute."

Upstairs they all went again; much talk and another half hour passed when each made the declaration, "Well,

I am ready, are you?" with much emphasis on the personal pronoun I.

"Are you coming with me?" said Mary, and she started in the direction of the pasture with great animation, when Jane inquired, in a loud voice, if she were not going to take something along to put the berries in.

"To be sure I am. In my hurry I entirely forgot it. What shall I take?" asked Mary.

"We ourselves have not yet decided. Which do you think would be better, Mary, a basket or a pail?"

"I don't know and I don't care what you take, I am going to take a paper bag," replied Mary. "It is light and convenient, and we can easily destroy all evidence of failure in case we fail to get any berries."

"Thank you, Mary, for the happy suggestion. We will take paper bags. What size will be suitable?"

"I think," said Jane, "that if we each fill a flour sack, that will be sufficient for once. It is such a job to carry so many or to make them into jam."

"To obviate any chance for envy as to which shall gather the greatest amount of berries, let us take along a common, large receptacle, into which each of us shall deposit as often as our smaller vessels shall be filled."

"That is a thoughtful and wise plan for an unambitious person. I assent to the proposition," smilingly answered Mina.

A bushel basket was found and all agreed to take turns in carrying it to the pasture. At last, the procession was formed, after several more short halts for consultation and criticism, and was finally under way for the pasture. But when in the highway, which they had to cross to reach the

same, they were accosted by two ragged boys with, "Say, girls, do you want to buy any berries; only five cents a quart; twelve quarts — all there were in the pasture, every one, and it's the last picking of the season."

"Oh dear, I told you so; I knew it would be this way," said Mary petulantly; "some people are so slow."

"It is too provoking for anything," said Mina, "and it will be so humiliating to return to the house without any berries after making such a hullabaloo," sighed Jane.

"Oh, girls!" exclaimed Mary, "let's buy the berries of the boys and divide them between us. Let's see, twelve divided by three equals four; four quarts is a very reasonable and respectable amount for an ordinary person. You hold them while I run home and get the money."

After the transfer of the berries was completed, the three girls returned to

the house, triumphantly smiling, and happy, with the twelve quarts of berries. Mingling with the rest of the family, I could not refrain from speaking about what fun it was to go berrying, when suddenly grandpa remarked, "that four quarts was a very reasonable and respectable amount for an ordinary person." Grandpa had been sitting on a fence, concealed by bushes, and had seen the whole performance.

A quick, suspicious, comprehensive glance passed between the conspirators, when the suspense was broken by the voice of the shock-headed boy who yelled out, "Say, girls, do you want to buy any more berries for tomorrow?"

"How provoking!" said Mary.

"How humiliating!" assented Mina.

"I feel so ashamed I shall never feel right again. Why did we dissemble? Prevarication is a kind of a lie; I never want to hear the word 'blackberries' again," moaned Jane.

A Romany Tent

By Lalia Mitchell

When you bring your pledge of a lasting
love,

A love that is fond and free,
Oh, whisper not of a castle high.
Or a yacht that sails the sea.

I want no tale of a palace fair
That towers over loch and lea;
But a table set in the open air
And a Romany tent for me.

When you whisper words that should please
me well,

When you woo me, Sweetheart mine,
Oh, paint no picture of wealth and power,
Of silks and of jewels fine.

And breathe no word of the jostling throng,
For my heart would fain be free;
I go where the woodland paths are long,
And a Romany tent for me.

Will you meet my wish, will you walk my way?

Will you chart the flower-strewn lea?

Will you curb your pride, will you keep the faith,
The faith of my company?

I will bear no yoke, I will wear no brand,

But my heart shall be true to thee,

So give me the world for a home, and love

In a Romany tent for me.

THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics
JANET MCKENZIE HILL, Editor

PUBLISHED TEN TIMES A YEAR

Publication Office:

372 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 10c
FOREIGN POSTAGE: TO CANADA, 20c PER YEAR
TO OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES, 40c PER YEAR

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Entered at Boston Post-office as second-class matter

Summer

The Springtime has gone with its verdure
and song,

The fragrance of bud and the fullness of
flower,

And now o'er the grainfields the harvesters
throng

To gather in triumph the glad Summer's
dower.

The orchards are bending with fruitage today
And vineyards are purple with grapes
juicy sweet;

Our hearts are exultant, our voices are gay,
As Summer flings down all her wealth at
our feet.

O Summer, bright Summer, the queen of the
year,

We praise thee, and love thee, and share
of thy bliss;

Thy mornings are happy, thy evenings are
dear,

Thy hours are all golden, not one would
we miss.

—Ruth Raymond.

"WHERE THERE IS NO VISION,
THE PEOPLE PERISH."

OFTEN life becomes dull and irksome because our living and working seem to be in vain. We are constantly asking ourselves, how we can make our lives worth living. Now, in accordance with the consensus of modern thought, it would seem that the better way to live is, while ever taking active interest in the current affairs of the day, to cherish some lofty aim or purpose, in other words, "to formulate and cultivate a vision."

A vision is the aim, purpose, object or ideal we set before us in our several occupations in life. As we find it stated elsewhere, "A vision, a creative vision, is a pictured goal. There is purpose and vigor in it. It is productive of results, and the loftier the vision, the higher the attainment."

In life and history it is easy to distinguish the man of vision from him who is without high aim. "Eat, drink and be merry" is the maxim of the one, while faithful service in trying to make the conditions of life better, far and wide, is characteristic of the other. Likewise, the nature or quality of every man's vision is capable of discernment. Certainly no aim or low aim is almost crime.

Each of us must find his vision in his own occupation or calling in life. There each must strive not only to grow and enrich his own life, but also that of the few or the many about him, as chance or environment permits.

"Not for success, nor health, nor wealth,
nor fame,
I daily beg on bended knee from Thee;
But for Thy guidance. Make my life so fit
That ne'er in condemnation must I sit,
Judged by the clear-eyed children Thou
gav'st me."

To the home-maker, for instance, with an ideal like this, life cannot seem listless and futile, nor of such an one

can it be said that her life has been lived in vain.

Does it not follow that the only life worth living is that which is actuated by a real purpose, a lofty ideal, a clear vision? How much in the way of successful and happy living depends upon our ideals! Let us look well to *our aims*; waste no time in idle dreaming, but keep ever before us some far-away and hopeful vision.

PROGRESS AND REFORM

WE believe that progress is made by means of genuine reform. In every instance we find ourselves on the side of wholesome reform, for in this way only true progress seems to lie. The changes that have taken place within the past fifty years in our educational system are great, indeed. No doubt these changes have been beneficial in the main, and yet further changes are still needful. Certainly, according to recent developments, some change seems to be called for in our reformatory institutions.

In general, it seems to us the transition from our schools and colleges to the imperative duties and occupations of life is too abrupt, too difficult and sadly unsatisfactory; at least this is true in case of the majority of young people. Education should prepare one to pass easily and readily into some chosen occupation, and the first need of every human being is the chance to earn a living; since every one should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Do our schools fit or unfit our youth for life's real work? Can they engage at once and successfully in some congenial occupation? Until these questions can be favorably answered, we advocate reform in our forms of education. Labor we must; a taste, even a fondness for wholesome, necessary labor should be cultivated in our schools.

It has been stated and confirmed by

those in authority that \$300,000,000 might be saved per year in the conduct of our government on a strictly business basis. If this be true, here reform, good and true, is an imperative need. Such a condition of affairs is in no sense humorous. For what do we choose our legislators? Is it to squander or conserve the revenues and resources of the State?

Likewise, in ways of living or the conduct of life, reform is ever in order, provided thereby gain can be made. It has been said that "The whole moral law is based on health. The ideal body is the proper shrine for the ideal soul, — a truth that has yet to be educated into the modern consciousness. Righteousness and health should go together. This is an eternal law, — a law that covers society, education and morality. The real meaning of the word 'temperance' is a careful use of the body. It has nothing primarily to do with mere abstinence from certain forms of pleasure. A man says to himself, I am in possession of a mechanism which will endure a certain amount of wear and usage, but it is the most delicate of all machinery, and for that reason it must be used with more consideration than even the fine works of a watch. Intemperance, of any sort, means unnecessary wear and tear. It increases the waste of the system, the rapidity of the living process, so that repair cannot keep up with use, and it burns where there should be the clear light of life."

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS

FOR a number of years the scientific investigators have been arguing that a bird — almost any bird — was worth a good deal more to the country alive than dead; worth more in the glorious freedom of its habitat than on my lady's hat or on the plate of the epicure. It has been shown by the dissection of birds and the examination of their stomachs just what

seeds and insects they eat. These examinations have made it clear that most birds live principally on the seeds of pernicious weeds, and on the insect and small mammal pests against which the farmer has to wage an increasing fight every year. It is true that some birds damage crops and it is true that any birds will do damage if there are too many of them — just as the extreme congestion of people results in disease and immorality. But under normal conditions of distribution almost any bird is an able assistant to the agriculturist and horticulturist in the protection of his crops against their most dangerous enemies.

The steady increase in the cost of living during the period of a year and a half ending on the last day of March, 1910, is strikingly demonstrated by a bulletin issued by the Bureau of Labor of the Department of Commerce and Labor. It is shown by the careful investigation into the course of prices of 257 commodities, which enter into the everyday life of the average man, that prices last March were higher than at any time since twenty years ago; that in that month it cost the consumer 7.5 per cent more to buy the necessities of life than it had cost him in March, 1909; 10.2 per cent more than in August, 1908; 21.1 per cent more than the average range of prices for 1900; 49.2 per cent more than in 1897, — a rate of progression which is causing a country-wide agitation for means and measures of relief. Yet it is shown that prices in 1909, high as they were, still ranged 2.3 per cent below those for 1907, the costliest year in the period beginning with 1890.

ECONOMY, WISE AND UNWISE

WE are trying to publish a magazine in every sense worth renewing: That we are succeeding to a certain degree is shown by the increasing number of our

readers who are renewing their annual subscriptions, and calling for back numbers, in order to bind their volumes and keep them in permanent form for future reference and use.

Not long since we shipped to Calcutta, India, back numbers, to complete a full set of fourteen volumes, up to date. A woman who seems to have no special need of the magazine wrote recently, "I am sending my renewal because it seems to me the magazine is entirely too good a publication not to be found in every good home."

Though the cost of living at present is high, we hope no good, earnest housekeeper will begin to practice economy by cutting off her list the only publication, to which she has subscribed, that is devoted exclusively to the teaching of practical, wholesome economy in the management of the household. The subscription price of this magazine will not be increased. For *three* dollars we offer to renew the subscription of any reader for *four* years.

A Lift for Every Day

Lincoln's rules for living: "Don't worry, eat three good meals a day, say your prayers, be courteous to your creditors, keep your digestion good, steer clear of biliousness, exercise, go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift."

"This cook-book will do very nicely," said Mrs. Nuwedd to the book department clerk; "and now I want a good, standard work on taxidermy." "We don't keep any in stock," said the clerk. "How annoying!" sighed the young housewife, "and I not knowing a blessed thing about stuffing a fowl!"



TERRINE OF CHICKEN AND COOKED HAM GARNISHED: ASPIC JELLY
AND LETTUCE HEARTS

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Clam Broth, Chantilly Style

THIS most refreshing broth may be served hot or cold. Canned broth may be used, or, when fresh clams are obtainable, the broth may be fresh made from either clams in bulk or in the shells. For clams in bulk, to serve eight, take one pint of fresh opened clams, two stalks of celery, broken in pieces, and one quart of cold water. Bring the whole slowly to the boiling point and let boil five minutes. Skim carefully as soon as the boiling point is reached. Strain through a napkin wrung out of boiling water. Season with salt, if needed; add also a little paprika or other pepper. Beat one cup of double cream until firm throughout. Set a tablespoonful of the cream on the top of the broth in each cup.

Bisque of Clams and Green Peas

Cut a slice of fat salt pork (about two ounces) in bits; cook in a saucepan until the fat is well tried out but not in the least browned; add a small onion, cut in thin slices, two new carrots, cut in slices, one or two branches of celery, broken in pieces, and stir and cook until softened and yellowed a little; add one pint of green peas, a branch of parsley and a pint of water and let cook till the peas are tender, then press through a sieve. Cook one pint of fresh clams in a pint of boiling water five minutes; drain the broth into the pea purée; chop the clams and add to the purée. Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook one-fourth a cup of flour; stir until frothy, then add one quart of milk and stir until boiling. Add to the other ingredients and let boil once.

Add salt and pepper, as needed, and from one-half to a whole cup of cream.

Purée of Tomato, Julienne

Chop fine about two ounces of raw, lean ham; add an onion, cut in thin

enough cooked tomatoes through a sieve to make one pint; add half a teaspoonful of salt and pepper as desired. Stir one-third a cup of flour and a teaspoonful of salt with milk to make a smooth batter; dilute with a



TERRINE OF CHICKEN AND HAM, COOLING

slices, two small new carrots, sliced, half a green pepper, sliced, and two branches of parsley; cook these, stirring often, in two or three tablespoonfuls of fat from the top of a kettle of soup. When lightly browned, add the bones from a roast of chicken or veal, the skinned feet of the chicken, and the uncooked giblets, if at hand, two quarts of water and one quart of tomatoes, cut in slices. Let simmer one hour and a half. Strain through a fine sieve, pressing through all the pulp (no seeds). Reheat, stir one-fourth a cup of flour with cold water to pour and stir into the boiling soup. While the soup is cooking, cut in short julienne strips two stalks of celery, an onion, a carrot and a cup of string beans; let cook in salted water with a teaspoonful of butter until tender; drain, rinse in cold water and set aside to serve in the soup.

Simple Tomato Bisque (Soup)

Scald one quart of milk with a stalk of celery and two slices of onion. Press

little of the hot milk, stir until smooth, then stir into the rest of the hot milk. Continue stirring until smooth and thick; cover and let cook fifteen minutes. Strain into the hot purée, mix thoroughly and serve at once with croutons.

Jellied Bouillon (Two quarts)

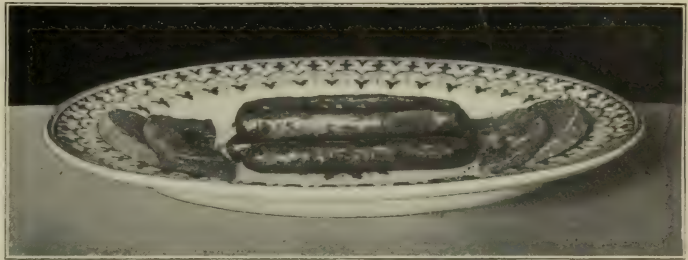
Have about four pounds of beef from the hind shin, cut it into small pieces; melt the marrow from the bone in a frying pan; in it cook part of the bits of meat until nicely browned. Put the bone and the rest of the bits of meat into a soup kettle and add five pints of cold water. When the meat is browned, add it to the soup kettle. Put a cup or more of the water from the soup kettle into the frying-pan; let stand to dissolve the glaze in the pan, then return to the soup kettle. Cover and let simmer four or five hours; add half a cup, each, of sliced onion and carrot, one or two large branches of parsley, one or two stalks of celery and let cook an hour longer. Strain off the broth

and set it aside, first, if necessary, adding boiling water to make two quarts of broth. Add also two teaspoonfuls of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper and an ounce (half a package) of gelatine, softened in half a cup of cold water. When cold and set remove the fat; break up the jelly with a spoon or silver fork; serve in bouillon cups at any meal where it is desired.

Green Corn Chowder (To Serve Six)

Cut two slices (about two ounces) of fat salt pork into tiny bits; let cook in a frying-pan until the fat is well tried out, taking care to keep the whole of a straw color. Add two small onions, or one of medium size, cut in thin slices, and let cook until softened and yellowed, add a pint of water and let simmer. In the meantime pare and cut four potatoes in thin slices, cover with boiling water and let boil five minutes; drain, rinse in cold water and drain again, then strain over them the water from the onions and pork, pressing out all the juice possible. Add more water, if needed, and a tea-

spoonful of salt and let cook until the potatoes are tender. Add a pint of green corn, carefully cut from the cob, and one pint of milk, also salt and



BOLOGNA STYLE SAUSAGE WITH PINEAPPLE FRITTERS

pepper to season. Mix thoroughly and let become very hot, then serve at once. Two or three tablespoonfuls of butter may be added, by small bits, and stirred into the soup just before serving.

Escalloped Oysters Finnelli (The Caterer)

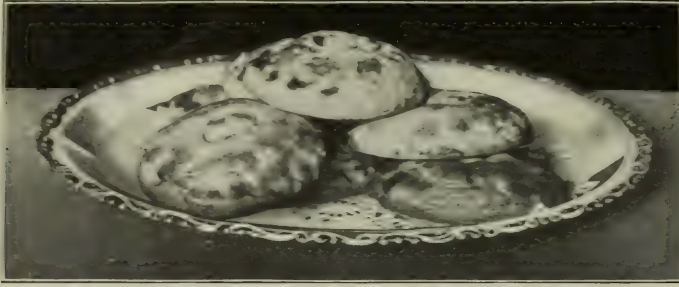
Select a shallow au gratin dish; pour into it about two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and turn the dish, to spread the butter over the whole surface. Sprinkle lightly with crushed saltine crackers or oysterettes; upon the crumbs dispose a layer of carefully cleaned oysters; sprinkle with salt and paprika or other pepper and pour on three or four tablespoonfuls of rich



COLD MEAT WITH VEGETABLE SALAD

cream; add crushed crackers, oysters, seasoning, one or two tablespoonfuls of butter, in little bits, then more cream. Finish with a thin layer of cracker

The pork should be cut exceedingly thin. Over the pork spread a thin layer of the veal forcemeat mixture, over this put a thin slice of cold boiled



CHICKEN-AND-HAM RISSOLES

crumbs and enough cream to moisten them. Let cook in a very hot oven about ten minutes or until the crumbs are straw color.

Terrine of Chicken and Ham

Scrape the pulp from the fibers in half a pound, each, of veal and fresh pork; pound this pulp in a mortar; add the yolks of two raw eggs, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika and, if desired, two tablespoonfuls of sherry and pound again, then press through a sieve. Remove the bones from the breast, second joints and legs of a young chicken, weighing about two pounds. Have an oval terrine, or shallow casserole, that holds about three pints. Line the bottom and sides with thin slices of larding pork.

ham, on the ham a layer of forcemeat, then half of the chicken (light and dark meat); sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper, spread with forcemeat, a layer of ham, forcemeat, chicken, forcemeat, ham, forcemeat and, lastly, a layer of larding pork. Pour in half a cup of broth, cover, and set the terrine into an agate dish or a saucepan. Pour in boiling water to half the height of the terrine and let cook in the oven one hour and a half. Remove the cover and set a board with weight upon it over the meat, to remain till cold. Remove fat and loosen the meat from the dish at the edge. Unmold on a dish. Ornament with tiny cubes of jelly (made of broth from the rest of the chicken and the trimmings of the veal, thickened with gelatine), slices of



CHEESE SALAD IN MOLDS LINED WITH STRIPS OF PIMENTO

truffle and lettuce hearts. This dish is suitable for high tea, lawn parties, picnics and automobile baskets. Lettuce served with it should be seasoned with French dressing.

Bologna Style Sausages with Pineapple Fritters

Prick the sausages on all sides that the skin may not burst in cooking. Set into a moderate oven in a frying-pan. Let cook about half an hour, then turn them and let cook another half hour. Just before the sausages are done pour some of the fat into another frying-pan (or keep the sausage hot on the serving

spoonful of mayonnaise or tartare sauce above the vegetables in each nest. Tomatoes, cut in slices or in julienne strips, may be used in place of the beet and radish, but not with either of them.

Vinaigrette Sauce

Allow a tablespoonful of oil and half a tablespoonful of vinegar for each service. To this add one-eighth a teaspoonful of salt and pepper as desired, gherkins or capers (the latter with cold lamb), chives (or onion juice), chervil and parsley to taste, all chopped exceedingly fine.



GREEN CORN AU GRATIN IN RAMEKINS

dish and use the original pan). Have ready some half slices of pineapple, roll these in flour and let cook in the hot fat until browned on one side, then turn and cook on the other side. If preferred the pineapple may be dipped in fritter batter instead of flour. Dispose the pineapple at the ends of the dish and serve at once.

Cold Meat with Vegetable Salad

Cut cold meat of any variety in thin slices; trim off all unedible portions and dispose neatly in the center of an ample dish. Around the meat set heart leaves of lettuce, each holding six or eight cold, cooked string beans, cut in pieces, a few slices of radish and a slice of cooked beet. Pour vinaigrette sauce over the whole or set a table-

Chicken-and-Ham Rissoles

Cut tender cooked chicken and ham, three-fourths chicken and one-fourth ham, into tiny cubes. The meat may be chopped, but it is preferable to have tangible pieces of small size. For one pint of meat, melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook four tablespoonfuls of flour and half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika; when frothy stir in one cup of chicken broth and half a cup of cream; stir until boiling, then add a beaten egg; stir until cooked, then stir in the meat and let cool. The mixture should be quite consistent. Seasonings, as onion or lemon juice, celery salt, or chopped truffles, or fresh mushrooms, broken in pieces and sautéd in butter, may be added at

pleasure. Have ready some flaky pastry or part plain and part puff paste. Stamp out rounds three and a half or four inches in diameter. If



KUGELHOPF KUCHEN SLICED AND TOASTED

plain and puff paste be used have an equal number of rounds of each. On the rounds of plain paste put a generous tablespoonful of the meat mixture, spreading it toward the edge; brush the edge of the paste with cold water; make two small openings in each round of puff paste, press these rounds over the meat on the others, brush over with milk, or yolk of egg diluted with milk and bake in a hot oven. Serve hot with a tomato or mushroom sauce, or cold without a sauce. Cold corned beef is good used in this way. Rissolis are often brushed over with egg and fried in deep fat.

Line each "flute" in small fluted molds with narrow strips of pimento.

Cheese Salad

For this recipe six or seven molds will be needed. Beat one cup of cream, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika till firm. Soften half a level tablespoonful of gelatine in about one-eighth a cup of cold water; dissolve by setting the dish in warm water. To the dissolved gelatine

add half a cup, generous measure, of grated cheese of any variety. Stir until cool, then fold into the cream. Use this mixture to fill the molds. When cold and firm unmold and serve with a plain lettuce salad. French or mayonnaise dressing may be used with the lettuce. Bread or crackers should also be provided. Hot pulled bread or toasted crackers are excellent. As the pimentos flavor the dish strongly, nothing that does not harmonize with them should be presented at the same time. If the pimento prove objectionable—they sometimes cause flatulency—strips of uncooked tomato may be substituted.

Plain Pastry

Sift together two and one-half cups of pastry flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt; work in half a cup of shortening, then stir in cold water as is needed to make a paste. Knead slightly on a floured board; cut off half the paste for the lower rounds.

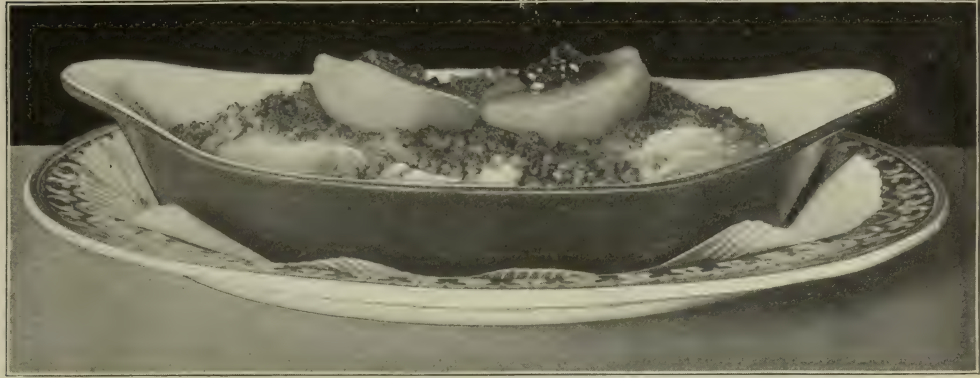


KUGELHOPF KUCHEN READY TO SHAPE

Flaky Paste

Roll the other half of the paste into a rectangular sheet, dot one half with

cavities in the pears. Mix the fruit with apricot, peach or apple marmalade and use to fill the open spaces in the pears. For a dozen halves of pears,



PEARS BEATRICE

tiny bits of butter, fold the unbuttered paste over the other, dot half of this with bits of butter, fold as before, dot one half with butter, fold as before, then roll out into a thin sheet for the upper rounds. The paste may be chilled to advantage before rolling. In pastry making a magic cover may be used more successfully than a marble slab.

Pears Béatrice

Cut choice pears in halves, lengthwise; remove the skin and the seed cavity. Cook tender in a little sugar and water. Cut into small bits enough French candied fruits to half fill the

scald one pint of rich milk; sift together, several times, three-fourths a cup, each, of sugar and flour, dilute with some of the hot milk and stir until smooth and return to the rest of the milk; stir the whole until thick and smooth, cover and let cook fifteen minutes, stirring occasionally. Beat the yolks of five eggs; add one-fourth a cup of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt and beat again, then stir into the hot mixture; continue stirring until the egg is cooked, then fold in the whites of five eggs, beaten dry, continuing the cooking and folding until the white is set or cooked. Flavor



PEACH SALAD

with a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Turn part of this cream into an au gratin dish (sometimes called cocotte and sometimes Welsh rabbit dish).

softened and yellowed; add two tablespoonfuls of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt and cook until frothy; add two cups of thin cream and cook and



GRAPE JUICE PARFAIT SPRINKLED WITH CHOPPED PISTACHIO NUTS

Dispose the pears in the cream, cover with the rest of the cream, sprinkle the whole with dried and pulverized macaroons, mixed with melted butter. Set the dish into the oven to brown the crumbs. Serve hot in the dish.

Green Corn au Gratin in Ramekins

Cook one slice of onion and a slice of green pepper, chopped fine, in one or two tablespoonfuls of butter, until

stir until boiling, then stir in sweet corn, cut from the cob, to make quite a consistent mixture. One or two beaten eggs may be added, if desired. Turn into buttered ramekins and cover with two-thirds a cup of cracker crumbs, mixed with melted butter; let cook in the oven until the crumbs are browned. Serve as an entrée at dinner or luncheon, or as the chief dish at supper or luncheon.



WATERMELON CONES

Kugelhopf Kuchen for Afternoon Tea

Take one pound of flour (four cups), ten ounces (one cup and a fourth) of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, one cake of compressed yeast, two or three tablespoonfuls of lukewarm water and seven eggs.

Soften the yeast in the water, mix thoroughly, and stir in enough of the flour to make a soft dough. Knead the little ball of dough; with a knife slash across it in opposite directions and drop it into a small saucepan of lukewarm water. Put the rest of the flour, the salt, sugar and butter, broken up into bits, into a mixing bowl; add four of the eggs and with the hand work the whole to a smooth consistency, then add the rest of the eggs, one at a time, and continue beating each time until the paste is smooth. When the little ball of sponge has become very light, at least twice its original size, remove it with a skimmer to the egg mixture, add a cup of large raisins, from which the seeds have been removed, and work the whole together. Let stand to become double in bulk. Cut down and set aside in an ice chest overnight. Shape on a board either into a loaf or buns. When again light and puffy bake in a quick oven. Cut the cake into thick slices.

Toast these over a quick fire, being careful (by not moving the cake while toasting) to retain the lines of the toaster. Spread with butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, mixed, and serve at once on a hot napkin. The sugar and cinnamon may be omitted.

Peach Salad

Set pared halves of choice peaches in nests of lettuce hearts and pour on enough French dressing to season nicely. Sprinkle with blanched almonds cut in thin slices. For a change, omit

the nuts and set chopped celery, mixed with mayonnaise dressing, in the open space of each half of peach, or the nuts may be mixed with the celery. Fresh or rather firm canned peaches may be used. Use lemon juice as the acid in both the French and mayonnaise dressings.

Grape Juice Parfait

Boil one-third a cup of grape juice and three-fourths a cup of sugar to 240° Fahr. or until it will spin a thread two inches in length. Pour in a fine stream upon the whites of two eggs, beaten dry, then beat occasionally until cold. To one cup and a fourth of double cream add half a cup of grape juice and the juice of a lemon and beat until firm throughout. Fold the two mixtures together and turn into a quart mold; cover securely and pack in equal measures of rock salt and crushed ice.

When unmolded sprinkle with fine-chopped pistachio nuts blanched before chopping.

Watermelon Cones

Cut a ripe and chilled watermelon in halves, crosswise the melon. Use a tea, soup or tablespoon, as is desired. Press the bowl of the spoon to its full height down into the melon, turn it around until it comes again to the starting place, lift out the cone of melon, remove the seeds in sight and dispose on a serving dish. When all the cones possible have been cut from the surface of the half melon, cut off a slice of rind that extends to the tip of the cones, then remove the red portion of the melon in cones as before.

Grape Juice Sherbet

Prepare as peach sherbet, substituting grape juice for peach juice. Scald the grapes and strain through cheesecloth. Cool before freezing.

Menus for a Week in August

"As a business there is nothing derogatory in the preparation of our daily food, and the rewards are greater than in many walks of life."

SUNDAY	Breakfast Red Raspberries, Cream Floradora Buns (reheated) Coffee	Breakfast Melons. Broiled Lamb Chops Maitre d'Hôtel Butter French Fried Potatoes German Coffee Cake. Coffee	WEDNESDAY
	Dinner Bisque-of-Clams and Green Peas Stuffed Tomatoes Cheese Salad Toasted Crackers Peach Sherbet, Whipped Cream Half Cups of Coffee	Dinner Guinea Fowl Soup Broiled Swordfish, Parsley Butter Mashed Potatoes Cucumbers, French Dressing Eggplant Fritters. Lemon Sherbet Little Gold Cakes. Half Cups of Coffee	
	Supper Cold Corned Beef, Sliced Thin Potato Salad Tiny Baking Powder Biscuit Hot Coffee	Supper Egg Salad, Garnish of Sliced Tomatoes Graham Bread and Butter Blueberries. Tea	
MONDAY	Breakfast Barley Crystals, Thin Cream Corned Beef-and-Potato Hash Rye Meal Muffins Sliced Tomatoes Coffee	Breakfast Melons. Eggs Cooked in the Shell Green Corn Griddle Cakes Toasted Bread, Buttered. Coffee	THURSDAY
	Dinner Hamburg Steak Corn on the Cob Stewed Tomatoes Blackberry Shortcake Half Cups of Coffee	Dinner Fried Chicken. Corn Fritters Boiled Cauliflower, Hollandaise Sauce Berry Pie Half Cups of Coffee	
	Supper Shell Beans, Stewed Cream Toast Berries. Tea	Supper Succotash (Green Corn and Shelled Beans) Hot Apple Sauce Cream Cheese Cookies Tea	
TUESDAY	Breakfast Grapes Omelet with Creamed Fish Flakes Baked Potatoes Zwiebach. Coffee	Breakfast Grapes Barley Crystals, Thin Cream Fish Flake Balls, Bacon Rolls. Sliced Tomatoes Yeast Rolls. Coffee	FRIDAY
	Dinner Guinea Fowl, Roasted Candied Sweet Potatoes Apple-and-Celery Salad Baked Rice Pudding, Vanilla Sauce Half Cups of Coffee	Dinner Boiled Swordfish, Egg Sauce Boiled Potatoes. Pickled Beets Summer Squash Grape Juice Parfait Marguerites. Half Cups of Coffee	
	Supper Green Corn Custard Bread and Butter Sliced Peaches Sponge Cake. Tea	Supper Creamed Celery with Poached Eggs on Toast Berries. Bread and Butter. Tea	
SATURDAY	Breakfast Barley Crystals, Thin Cream. Sliced Peaches Field Mushrooms (Campestris) Stewed, on Toast Eggs Cooked in the Shell Yeast Rolls. Coffee	Dinner Simple Mock Bisque Soup Swordfish Salad with Vegetables Blackberry Shortcake Half Cups of Coffee	Supper Cold Tongue in Jelly Mayonnaise of Eggs-and-Lettuce Hot Yeast Rolls Sliced Peaches. Tea

Menus for a Week in September

"Men drink because they have a sinking feeling; good food satisfies that craving permanently." — ADELAIDE KEEN.

SUNDAY	Breakfast Melons Egg-O-See, Thin Cream Country Ham, Broiled. Sliced Tomatoes Broiled Potatoes. Corn Meal Muffins Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Chicken, Roasted. Green Corn Custard Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style Cauliflower, Hollandaise Sauce Celery, Club Style Peach Sherbet. Sponge Cakelets Half Cups of Coffee Supper Clam Broth Apple Sauce. Bread and Butter	Breakfast Egg-O-See, Thin Cream Corn Beef and Green Pepper Hash Poached Eggs. Waffles White Clover Honey Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Stuffed Bluefish, Baked Cucumbers, French Dressing Mashed Potatoes. Scalloped Tomatoes Apple Pie. Cheese Half Cups of Coffee Supper Rice Croquettes, Cheese Sauce Graham Bread and Butter Baked Pears. Tea	WEDNESDAY
	Breakfast Barley Crystals, Thin Cream Minced Chicken on Toast Broiled Tomatoes. Rye Meal Muffins Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Stuffed Flank of Beef, Roasted Tomato Sauce Green Corn on the Cob. Baked Squash Endive, French Dressing Baked Sweet Apples, Thin Cream Half Cups of Coffee Supper New Lima Beans, Stewed, in Cream Bread and Butter Sliced Peaches. Tea	Breakfast Gluten Grits, Thin Cream Eggs Cooked in Shell Blackberry Shortcake Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Hamburg Roast, Tomato Sauce Scalloped Potatoes Late Green Peas. Celery Peach Tapioca Pudding, Cream Half Cups of Coffee Supper Scalloped Oysters, Fennell, Philadelphia Relish. Tiny Baking Powder Biscuit Berries. Cookies. Tea	
	Breakfast Broiled Honeycomb Tripe Maitre d'Hôtel Butter French Fried Potatoes. Parker House Rolls. Blackberries. Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Chicken-and-Tomato Soup Boiled Corned Beef Boiled Potatoes, Cabbage and Beets Baked Indian Pudding Vanilla Ice Cream. Half Cups of Coffee Supper Green Corn au Gratin Bread and Butter Hot Apple Sauce Gingerbread. Tea	Breakfast Codfish Balls of Fish Flakes, Bacon Stewed Tomatoes Baking Powder Biscuit, Reheated Doughnuts. Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Boiled Fresh Haddock, Egg Sauce Sliced Tomatoes, French Dressing Boiled Potatoes Late Stringless Beans Baked Apples with Meringue Half Cups of Coffee Supper Succotash Bread and Butter. Stewed Crab Apples Wafers. Tea	
	Breakfast Creamed Corned Beef and Celery White Hashed Potatoes Green Corn Griddle Cakes Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Veal Balls en Casserole Stewed Shell Beans Endive Salad Sponge Cake filled with Sliced Peaches, Cream Half Cups of Coffee	Supper Creamed Haddock au Gratin Pickled Beets Buttered Toast Stewed Pears	
SATURDAY			

Economical Menus for a Week in September

"At a small dinner, no one should hesitate to ask for more if he desires it; it would only be considered a flattering tribute to the dish."—MRS. HENDERSON.

SUNDAY	<p>Breakfast Egg-O-See, Top of Milk Creamed Fish Flakes Baked Potatoes Sliced Tomatoes Doughnuts. Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Boiled Shoulder of Lamb, Pickle Sauce Boiled Potatoes. Mashed Turnips Lettuce, French Dressing Peach Pie, Cream Cheese Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Cheese-and-Nut Sandwiches Hot Apple Sauce Tea. Cocoa. Cookies</p>	<p>Breakfast Egg-O-See, Thin Cream Broiled Bacon Fried Potatoes Cream Toast Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Round Steak en Casserole Celery Cream Puffs Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Stewed Cranberry Beans Baking Powder Biscuit Cream Puffs Cocoa. Tea</p>	WEDNESDAY	
MONDAY	<p>Breakfast Broiled Honeycomb Tripe Creamed Potatoes Rye Biscuit. Coffee</p> <p>Dinner Rechaufée of Lamb with Macaroni and Tomato Sauce Summer Squash Lettuce-and-Celery Salad Rice Pudding with Raisins Coffee</p> <p>Supper Stewed Cranberry Beans Rye Biscuit. Stewed Crab Apples Rochester Gingerbread. Tea</p>	<p>Breakfast Grapes French Hash (remnants from Casserole) Fried Corn Meal Mush Dry Toast. Coffee</p> <p>Dinner Cream-of-Potato Soup Stuffed Tomatoes, Baked or Cabbage Scalloped with Cheese Chocolate-Cornstarch Pudding, Sugar, Cream Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Green Corn Fritters. Bread and Butter Stewed Crab Apples. Cottage Cheese</p>	THURSDAY	
TUESDAY	<p>Breakfast Gluten Grits. Blackberries Green Corn Griddle Cakes Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Lamb-and-Tomato Soup Canned Salmon Heated in Can, Egg Sauce. Boiled Potatoes Sliced Tomatoes and Cucumbers Apple Dumpling Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Cheese Custard Hot Apple Sauce (Cooked in closed Casserole) Bread and Butter. Tea</p>	<p>Breakfast Blackberries, Sugar, Cream Fish Flakes, Country Style Baked Potatoes Graham Baking Powder Biscuit Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Boiled Swordfish, Pickle Sauce or Broiled Swordfish, Maître d'Hôtel Butter Boiled Potatoes Onions in Cream Sauce or Buttered Cabbage Salad. Blueberry Pie. Coffee</p> <p>Supper Potato Salad, Sardines. Rye Biscuit Baked Apples. Tea</p>	FRIDAY	
SATURDAY	<p>Breakfast Egg-O-See, Thin Cream Tomato Cream Toast with Cheese Corn Meal Muffins Coffee. Cocoa</p>	<p>Dinner Hamburg Steak Stewed Tomatoes Squash Coffee Jelly, Whipped Cream</p>	<p>Supper Creamed Swordfish (left over) Potatoes Scalloped with Onions and Cheese Pickled Beets Cookies. Tea</p>	

Rhymed Receipts for any Occasion

By Kimberly Strickland

NUT WAFERS

Here's a cake for dainty eating.
Peanut butter, just a cup
In the bowl some soda meeting
(Half a teaspoon, you take up).

Add one cup of clear, warm water,
Stir till paste is smooth as silk,
Leaving not a trace, my daughter,
Of the soda — white as milk.

Then, still beating like a Vandal,
Mix in flour just enough
To form dough that you can handle —
It must be a plastic stuff.

Knead this well with your ten fingers,
After which roll very thin,
Seek where moderate heat lingers
As the place to bake it in.

Let the oven do its duty,
You'll discover by and by
That each wafer is a beauty,
When it comes out crisp and dry.

BANANA SALAD

Select bananas, gold of hue,
And uniform in size,
With care remove the fruit, and slice
Quite thin — I would advise.

Mix these slim rounds with pecan meats,
Broken in tiny bits,
And grape-fruit shredded finely, too,
And robbed of all its pits.

This medley next is drenched with oil,
And lemon juice combined,
The hollow skins are then filled up —
Or, shall we say, relined?

Now place upon crisp lettuce leaves,
Or curly water-cress,
The golden shapes, and walnuts add,
Shorn of their outer dress.

FRENCH ORANGE COMPOTE

Sugar and water you combine
To make a syrup sweet,
Adding a little lemon juice,
The flavor to complete.

Peel oranges, the seeds remove,
Cut into quarters true,
Lay in the boiling syrup next,
And cook ten minutes through.

Place on a crystal dish the fruit
O'er which the syrup pour,
And strew with candied cherries red —
To give the one touch more.

In Time of Vacation

By Janet M. Hill

ANY part of a house in disorder and confusion is a source of mental distress to a neat and conscientious housekeeper, and often an occasion for slurs from other members of the family. The number of steps to be taken and the motions to be made, each day, to keep a house in order and set three meals upon a table are often overlooked or largely underestimated. We are speaking now of the homes of the "four-fifths," where little help outside of the family is available. Mothers are thought "slow and poky" by the younger members of the family, who are inclined to value the slight and irregular assistance which they give more highly than it deserves. There are members of the family, perhaps, who should keep their strength, mental and physical, for their work away from home; but in general the young people should be trained to take a part in the responsibility of the housekeeping and home-making. If boys and girls, as soon as they are old enough, be taught to open their beds for airing, hang up their clothing and leave the bowl and bath tub in suitable condition for the next occupant of the room, the mother can prepare the breakfast and begin the work of the day without fret as to the condition of the upper part of the house; or without the mental fatigue that comes where there are so many things to be done at once that one knows not where to begin.

Often where one maid is kept, too much is expected of her, even by the house-mother. With the advent of a maid, the dishes multiply and time is spent in dish washing that should be given to the larger affairs of the house-keeping. For the mother or one maid the washing of dishes must be regulated to

make the work an incident and not the event of the day. We are not protesting against a change of plates, or forks, etc., for the dessert; but extra dishes for vegetables, the plate underneath the plate, both handled and therefore to be washed, much glass-ware that requires careful washing and polishing, all tend to prolong the time at the sink. Such work may be increased at will, when some one is hired for this special purpose, or when the daughter of the family is willing to take the responsibility of it. For the mother or the one maid, day in and day out, more necessary duties must eliminate some of the niceties of table service. We should not be "more nice than wise."

We believe in work; it is the refuge and the safeguard of the race: but there must be times for relaxation and repose, and, that this be possible for each member of the family, there must be a division of labor. If one individual be a drone, some one else is obliged to work for him. We wish to emphasize the necessity of systematic training, in the doing of these daily duties, of the young people in a family. Let each child be held responsible for a certain amount of work each day. It will not burden the normal child, but will give satisfaction and a feeling of being of use in the world. No better time than this, the vacation season, can be found for putting in practice the idea herein suggested.

We are admonished by many innovations that times have changed. The fact that graduates from Colleges of Home Economics are taught to see the subject in "its broad relations, both to science and to practice," and that every graduate is expected "to have a fair working knowledge of the house-

hold arts" and be able to cook a meal or make a dress, has given the practice of the so-called homely arts an impetus that will do much for the betterment of the race. Cooking and sewing have had a renaissance. To be able to cook well is a desideratum to be desired, and rivalry in pleasing and artistic tea-rooms, "cake and cooky shops" and places for the sale of cooked food is abroad in the land. We look to see this same pleasing rivalry displayed in dressmaking rooms and laundries, where fine work can be essayed. These private and small enterprises, which might grow into larger ones, should furnish a generous return for the time and money invested and an increase in the happiness of those employed as well as of those whom they serve. All of these ventures are at once a source of independence to the serving and the served, and give an opportunity for self-direction that argues well for their permanency.

Earthen dishes for cooking, which conserve heat and answer for serving

as well as cooking, are to be commended at all seasons; but in hot weather, when it is eminently desirable to limit heat and work, they are more than ever a source of pleasure and comfort. Not so very long ago all such ware was imported, and the duty, added to the first cost, placed it in the list of luxuries, but now the dainty contours of all these casseroles, ramekins, terrines, au gratin dishes, etc., are duplicated in American ware, and at a price that puts the goods within the reach of all. In the seasonable recipes for this issue, terrine of chicken and ham, green corn au gratin in ramekins, and pears Béatrice are cooked in Guernsey earthen ware. An extremely useful dish in this ware is the mixing bowl in which Kugelhopf kuchen, ready for shaping, is shown. Nothing daintier for mixing purposes than this bowl of smooth and highly polished interior can be imagined; from such a surface any mixture can be rinsed with ease, and thus the labor of dish washing is lessened, which is a strong point in favor of any utensil.

The Task We Love

By L. M. Thornton

Here's to the task we love,
 Whatever that task may be,
 To till the soil, in the shop to toil,
 To sail o'er the chartless sea.
 For the work seems light and the guerdon
 bright,
 If to heart and hand 'tis a sure delight.

Here's to the task we love,
 Wherever it lead our feet,
 Through stress and strife or the simple life,
 For still are its victories sweet.
 And we never tire, if our hearts desire
 Flame in its dross-consuming fire.

Here's to the task we love,
 The task God set us to do.
 And we shall not pale nor faint nor quail
 And for us there's no such word as fail,
 If we follow, with purpose true,
 The creed He writes, and the star He lights
 To guide our soul to the distant heights.



A Group of Choice Spanish and Mexican Recipes

By Mrs. L. Rice

Baked Tripe, Spanish

BOIL four pounds of fresh tripe until tender; drain and sprinkle with salt and pepper, and arrange in a well-buttered dish. Pour over it one quart of chopped tomatoes, one large onion, sliced very thin, one-half a cup of chopped parsley, and skin of one large red pepper, minced fine, one-half a cup of chopped olives and one teaspoonful of tabasco sauce. Pour over all one-half a cup of melted butter and bake one hour.

This is equal to finest fish and is certainly delicious.

Chili Con Carne, Spanish

To prepare the chili used in this dish: from two pods of dried red chili peppers take out all the seeds and discard them. Soak the pods in warm water until soft, then scrape pulp from the skins into the water, discarding the skins and saving the pulp and water. Cut two pounds of round steak into small pieces and cook in hot frying pan, in pork drippings, until well browned; add three or four tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until browned, then add one clove of garlic, in which two gashes have been cut, and chili water, of which there should be about one pint; let simmer until meat is tender (about two hours), adding hot water if needed.

When done the sauce should be of good consistency; add salt to taste.

String Beans, Spanish

Take two pounds of green string beans and chop fine. Put one tablespoonful of bacon drippings in a frying pan and one onion, cut fine, half a dry red pepper, cut fine; let onion and pepper fry brown, then add three ripe

tomatoes, cut fine, and stir in one tablespoonful of flour; then add one quart of cold water; then the chopped beans, with salt and pepper to taste, and let the beans cook until tender; keep adding water as needed, so as not to let them get too dry.

Spaghetti à la Mexicana

Fry three large pork chops brown. Fry three minced onions and two cloves of garlic in pork drippings. Put the chops and onions into a granite kettle with two cans of tomatoes and two green chili pepper pods (remove the seeds), one tablespoonful, each, of dry chili powder, brown sugar, tarragon vinegar and sage, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and celery salt, table salt to suit; let simmer slowly until pork chops fall to pieces; strain through coarse colander. This sauce should be of the consistency of thick cream, without adding any thickening.

Boil one-half a package of spaghetti in large kettle of salted boiling water; do not break into short pieces, but drop ends into the water and gradually immerse the whole stick. Keep the water boiling rapidly, adding boiling water as it boils down; do not cover; let boil forty-five minutes, drain in colander and pour one quart of cold water through to blanch.

Put the spaghetti into the tomato sauce and set on stove where it will keep hot, but not boil, for fifteen minutes. Arrange in a deep platter and sprinkle top with grated Parmesan cheese.

Serve with grated cheese and stuffed olives. If care is taken in preparing this dish you will be rewarded with something certainly delicious, and a typical Mexican dish.

Rice, Spanish

Put two frying pans on the stove, and in each put one teaspoonful of bacon fat. Take one onion and four green chilis, chop very fine, salt; put this in one frying pan and cook until done without browning. In the other pan, put one cup of rice, washed and dried; stir and let cook a light brown; add the onion and chilis and one cup of tomato; fill frying pan with boiling water and let cook until rice is dry.

Ice Cream à la Mexicana

Put two cups of granulated sugar in saucepan over fire and stir constantly until it is melted; add two cups of English walnut meats and pour into shallow, buttered pan to harden. When perfectly cold, grate or chop fine. Crumble two dozen macaroons into fine crumbs, then toast in hot oven a few minutes. Now make a rich, boiled custard, of yolks of four eggs, one-half a cup of sugar and two cups of cream, then pour over the stiff-beaten whites of two eggs and let cool. To one quart of cream add one-third a cup of sugar and beat until thoroughly mixed, add to the custard, and

flavor with vanilla or maraschino, then freeze. When half frozen add the macaroon crumbs and half of the grated walnut mixture and finish freezing. Let ripen two or three hours. Sprinkle remaining grated walnuts over the cream when serving. This is the typical ice cream of Mexico, just as it is served there.

Caramels à la Mexicana

Put one cup of granulated sugar in an iron skillet and stir constantly over a slow fire until the sugar is melted. As soon as the sugar becomes syrup, add one cup of rich milk or cream,* and stir until sugar is dissolved. Add, next, one cup, each, of granulated and light brown sugar and boil steadily until mixture forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Take from the fire, add one cup of coarse chopped nut meats and stir to creamy consistency. Pour into shallow pans, lined with paraffine paper, spread smoothly about half an inch in thickness and mark into squares while warm.

* Dissolve the caramel in half a cup of boiling water, then add the cream or milk; by this means the liability of the milk or cream to curdle is lessened. — EDITOR.

The Nursery

By E. R. Parker

IT is frequently a matter of surprise to foreigners that in the average American home, which is otherwise so well equipped, little or no attention is given to the nursery, and it is to this neglect they trace many of the shortcomings of our little ones.

It may be that the busy mother, who has to perform the duties of nursemaid and perhaps look after her household at the same time, sees little

reason for having a room specially dedicated to the use of the children; but when one considers the necessity of regularity in the feeding, bathing, sleeping, and every other particular of the infant's daily life, such a need becomes apparent, with the arrival of the first baby. Select a room in a secluded part of the house, and one which receives all the sunshine possible, for the nursery. Fresh air should be

admitted at all times, but in such a manner as to avoid drafts. For the use of the young infant, limit the furnishings to bare necessities, and have the floor and walls hard finished. It is not well to have plumbing of any kind in the room, nor should it be directly connected with the bathroom. Regulate the temperature carefully, letting it range between 75 and 80 degrees Fahr. during the first week; after that it may be kept at 75 degrees until the child is three months old, and then gradually lowered to 70 degrees or even 65, at night. Needless to say the metal crib is the most important furnishing; it should be fitted with a soft hair mattress and a thin pillow, though some persons prefer to use no pillow at all. Under no circumstances should the baby sleep with its mother, and eminent physicians now agree that it is more or less injurious for a child to sleep in the room with an adult. Dr. Cotton, the distinguished specialist for children, recommends, as additional furnishings for the infant's room, a flexible rubber bathtub, a bath thermometer, wall thermometer, scales and a double ewer and soap dish on a low table surrounded by a high folding screen.

As the child grows older it will require the addition of low chairs, tables, etc., in the nursery; these should be simple and substantial. Do not fit up the nursery with broken or cast-off articles of furniture from other parts of the house. Few mothers realize what a deep impression these early surroundings make upon the child, and how nervous, sensitive children may be made to endure positive suffering from contact with unsightly objects.

A window seat, that will also serve as a convenient receptacle for toys, may be made by having the top hinged on a low wooden box, and covering the box with some suitable dark material. Do not make the mistake of giving children a quantity of toys at one

time; such a practice has the bad effect of dulling their sense of enjoyment and making them tire easily of their playthings. If fond relations insist upon trying to shower all the dolls and books and drums in town on them for one Christmas or birthday celebration, try putting some of them away and keeping them for rainy days or the trying period of convalescence. Toys which will excite the imagination and leave something to their own ingenuity are to be preferred to those that are complete in themselves. Among the former are paints, brushes and outline pictures, games, dolls with patterns and material for clothing, stone building blocks, which come in different sizes and shapes with designs for building.

Decorate the walls with stencil designs or a few good pictures, which should be chosen with reference to the child's age. Few persons are aware that until a child is three years old he cannot distinguish clearly between green, gray and blue, hence decorations containing these colors are lost upon him, and the reason for his love of red and yellow is apparent. The Perkins pictures, issued by the Prang Educational Company, are justly popular for nursery walls, and photographs of the masterpieces can be purchased quite reasonably. A small bookcase should also be given an honored place in the nursery, for older children, and nothing but books of the very best from a literary standpoint, well printed on good paper and substantially bound, should find their way to its shelves. Cheap toy books from the five and ten cent counters, many of which are poorly bound, grotesquely illustrated and insipid in contents, had better be kept away from the children. I would rather give them one good book a year than an armful of poor ones. Some children do not enjoy being read to, but all of them love a story, and, with a little tact on the part of the mother, it is but a step from the story she tells

to the one she reads, and she can easily cultivate a taste for good reading, for, after all, she is the genius that shapes and molds, and without whom the most ideal nursery is but a dreary place. We are told that even the songs she sings to the babe at her breast have

an occult influence over its future life. What a power and privilege, then, are hers to guide the little groping hands and watch the unfolding mind; and surely she should spare neither time nor trouble in the accomplishment of such a task!

Practical Home Dietetics

By Minnie Genevieve Morse

II. The Rôle of Diet in Reducing and Increasing Weight

IN addition to the natural and proper inclination to make the best of oneself, there is scientific reason in the stout woman's desire to reduce her weight, and the painfully thin woman's wish to take on a few more pounds of flesh; health itself is at its best when the body maintains its normal proportions, without serious loss or gain. Any considerable variation from the normal standard shows a disturbance in the balance of nutrition; either the vital fire is being fed too generously, and the excess of fuel, instead of being turned into heat and energy, is accumulating in the tissues, to be a burden to the organism and, perhaps in time, cause disease, or else the expenditure of force is greater than the supply of fuel, the bodily tissues are drawn upon to aid in feeding the fire, and all the systems of the body suffer from the insufficiency of nourishment. Stout people become increasingly disinclined to either physical or mental exertion; they are apt to suffer from indigestion and constipation, rheumatic troubles and shortness of breath; and, when a condition of actual obesity is reached, a fatty degeneration of one or more of the vital organs is liable. The insufficiently nourished person, on the other hand, is usually anæmic and nervous, the

weak and faulty performance of many of the bodily functions testifying to the lack of proper nutrition.

With regard to the matter of physical attractiveness, the advantage of proper proportion between the weight and the height is obvious. The too-thin woman has fewer difficulties to contend with than her too-stout sister, in fulfilling fashion's requirements, for her figure can be modified to a far greater extent by the dressmaker's art. But the face and hands cannot be filled out correspondingly, and the thin woman early takes on lines and wrinkles, usually looking much older than a plumper woman of the same age.

Proper balance between the intake of food and the outgo of energy is thus necessary, both for the maintenance of good health and for the preservation of one's fair share of natural comeliness. The generally-accepted standard of weight in proportion to height which a woman should maintain, in order to fulfil these requirements, is as follows: Five feet one inch, 120 pounds; five feet two inches, 126 pounds; five feet three inches, 133 pounds; five feet four inches, 136 pounds; five feet five inches, 142 pounds; five feet six inches, 145 pounds; five feet seven inches, 149 pounds; five feet eight inches, 155

pounds; five feet nine inches, 162 pounds; five feet ten inches, 169 pounds.

The purposes for which food is taken into the body are two: the rebuilding of the bodily tissues, which are constantly consumed by physical and mental activities, and the production of heat and energy. During the period of growth, the body necessarily demands a large amount of tissue-building material, and it is natural and reasonable that a growing child should have a large appetite, and be ready to eat at all times of day. If, however, a person who has come to maturity continues to eat as heartily as in early life, more food is taken into the body than is required after the growing period is ended, a heavy strain is put upon the organs which remove waste products from the system, and there is likely to be a deposition of fat in the tissues. Another factor in producing these results is the fact that the adult usually leads a far less active life, physically, than the growing child, so that less food is needed for transformation into energy, as well as for the purpose of body-building.

This is even more true now than it was a few generations ago; the higher standard of luxury in the modern manner of life, labor-saving devices of every kind, and improved transportation facilities, which have almost reduced out-door exercise to a matter of country-club athletics, are among the reasons for the present-day lack of physical activity among both men and women. It must not be forgotten, however, that our high-pressure modern life also favors the existence of a class, who, instead of feeding their vital fires too generously, are inadequately nourished; among the contributing factors in this case are improper food, hasty and unattractively served meals, unhygienic ways of living, and the heavy, nervous strain that makes havoc of so many lives, in one way or another.

Considering first the case of the

woman who is above the normal standard of weight, it may be said in the beginning that there are few stout people who cannot safely, and without resorting to any dubious measures, reduce their weight sufficiently to improve not only their appearance, but their comfort and general vigor as well. Such results are not produced in a moment, however, and patience, perseverance and a considerable exercise of will-power may be necessary.

Any decided deviation from one's usual manner of life should not be undertaken without the advice of a competent physician. Constitutions have been wrecked, and even lives lost, by such tampering with nature's laws. Exercise and diet are the two great aids in reducing weight, but either, by being carried to extremes, or attempted under unsuitable conditions, may do more harm than good. One procedure which cannot be too strongly condemned is the use of the various "anti-fat" preparations, which are among the patent medicines that have afflicted a credulous world; such "remedies" are worse than useless, as they may do actual harm by upsetting the digestion, or otherwise disturbing nutrition, while it is beyond the power of any drug to control such a complex process as that of the balance between waste and repair in the human body. If the desired effect is actually produced, it is by a lowering of the general health.

Many systems of exercises have been recommended for reducing flesh, especially about the waist and hips, and, when used in moderation, and with a physician's assurance that none of the organs of the body will be injured by their use, the following out of such a system will not only aid in reducing the weight, but will improve circulation and nutrition, and increase the general bodily vigor. The exercises usually recommended consist principally of reaching, stretching and bend-

ing movements, but breathing exercises are also useful, as deep breathing aids in burning up fat. Stair climbing, with the body erect and only the ball of the foot placed on each step, is also highly recommended, and for reducing the fat on the hips the "standing run" is especially valuable. Tennis, golf, bicycling, and horseback riding, all aid in keeping down weight. Walking is, however, the exercise *par excellence* for stout people; not a slow and languid saunter, but a brisk pace, and a steadily increasing distance. Hill climbing, when there is no danger of overtaking the heart, is even more effective than walking on a level.

A noted physician, who has successfully reduced many stout patients, lately made the statement that many fat people were willing to take any sort of treatment that was ordered for them, if only their diet was not restricted. It is upon restriction of diet, however, that the chief dependence must be placed, in the reduction of weight; exercise produces a more rapid burning up of fat in the body, but superfluous fat cannot be stored up, if the material for it is not supplied to the system. Many famous systems of reduction by restricted diet have been given to the world, but most of them are so severe that they should only be used under the direction of a physician. All of these systems require a reduction of the total amount of food taken, a restriction of the quantity of fluid allowed, and a more or less strict avoidance of those food substances which are most readily turned into fat in the body. Most of them also provide for light lunches in the middle of the morning and afternoon, as these additional meals tend to lessen the appetite at the heavier meals of the day.

The fat-making foods include sugars, starches, fat meats, butter and oil. It is not safe to deprive the body entirely of these groups of food sub-

stances, since proper nutrition depends upon a wholesomely balanced diet, but the amount of them taken by the average person can be very greatly cut down without any danger to health. It is not unusual for a single meal to include a cream soup, bread and butter, potatoes, macaroni, a starchy vegetable, such as beans, a salad dressed with oil, and a rice or cornstarch pudding, — a list of articles which, as may readily be seen, contains a much larger amount of fat-making food than is required by the actual needs of the body.

The woman who is in earnest to reduce her weight, then, should eat at each meal as little of the sweet or starchy articles of food and of the fats and oils as is compatible with health. Soup is best omitted altogether, not only because the cream soups and purées contain much fat-making material, but also because as little fluid as possible should be taken with meals. Among fish, salmon, bluefish and eels contain more fat than the other varieties of sea food. Fat meats and all forms of pork should be avoided. The potato is eaten so universally, appearing upon our tables at almost every meal, that its omission from the diet often seems a severe deprivation; however, it is one of the starchiest of foods, and should be cut entirely out of a menu planned for the reduction of weight. Most of the other vegetables grown below ground are also undesirable for the stout person; this class includes turnips, carrots, parsnips and beets, — not, however, onions or radishes. Peas and beans also contain a good deal of starch. It is almost impossible to eliminate bread-stuffs from the diet, yet much indulgence in the "bread and butter habit" is fatal to the woman who desires to grow thin. Bread has least flesh-forming power when thoroughly toasted; whole-wheat bread contains less starch than that made of the ordinary white flour, while gluten

bread contains still less, and is the most desirable form for the stout person's use. Macaroni and spaghetti, rice, and the breakfast cereals are all included in the list of very starchy foods, and should, therefore, be avoided. Sweets of every sort — cakes, pies, puddings, ice cream, confectionery, chocolate, jam and preserves — are forbidden to one who is engaged in a flesh-reducing campaign. Very little butter should be eaten; no mayonnaise dressing or olive oil in any form, no cream, and not much milk, — none at all with meals.

The list of articles allowed includes almost all kinds of fresh fish; lean meats and chicken; eggs; bread in small quantities, when stale or toasted; all fresh, green vegetables, such as spinach, lettuce, celery, asparagus and tomatoes; and nearly all kinds of fresh fruits, except bananas, which are largely made up of starch. Fruits stewed without sugar are also permitted. This is neither a starvation diet nor prison fare, but it does mean a monotonous bill of fare, and considerable will-power is required to follow such a regimen for a long period. Where a reducing diet is adopted without the advice of a physician, it is a safer plan to eat smaller portions of the flesh-forming foods than one is accustomed to, than to cut them out of the menu altogether.

Drinking liquids with meals is conducive to increase in weight: not more than one small cup of tea or coffee, or one small glass of water, should be taken with a meal. Water should, however, be taken between meals; it is dangerous to cut the amount of water taken in twenty-four hours down to a small quantity, as a deficiency of water in the system is liable to prevent the kidneys from doing their proper work. Chocolate and cocoa are fattening. Beer and ale are well known to have flesh-forming properties, and all alcoholic beverages are better avoided.

Napping after meals aids in putting on flesh, and should not be indulged in. Standing for twenty minutes or half an hour after meals is a help in preventing the deposition of fat about the hips and abdomen, the erect position promoting a more equal distribution of the products of nutrition.

Any tendency to constipation is to be prevented. Laxative fruits and vegetables, such as oranges, apples, spinach and lettuce, will be helpful here, as will a glass of cold water taken on rising in the morning.

The dietetic treatment of excessive thinness usually appears to one who is engaged in trying to reduce her weight as liberty to indulge in all the good things of this life. However, it is sometimes more difficult to build up a thin person than to reduce a stout one; restriction of diet and persistence in active exercise are practically certain to cause a loss of weight, while many factors, besides a too-slender diet, may be at the bottom of the thin woman's condition. Diseases of many different organs, a run-down nervous condition, too much hard work and too little rest, improper food, and disorders of the digestive tract are among the causes that may produce malnutrition, and the first measure adopted by the painfully thin person should be a frank talk with her family physician, as the diet required may not be that intended especially for increasing weight, but one that shall improve nutrition by remedying the defective working of some organ or system of the body.

It is practically hopeless to attempt to build up a patient when the proper conditions cannot be secured; where there is no possibility of relief from a severe physical, mental or nervous strain, where a sufficient amount of sleep is impossible, or where there can be no escape from an unhygienic way of life, the wisest dietetic measures will accomplish as much as can be expected.

of them, if they merely enable the body to hold its own without further loss of weight and strength.

Under favoring circumstances, however, the sugars, starches, fats and oils, which the stout person must avoid, are the food substances from which the thin person may expect the most beneficial results. Foods difficult of digestion should be excluded from the menu, as an attack of indigestion might mean a considerable set-back, but many of the most nourishing and fat-producing articles of food are readily digested and assimilated, though they should not, of course, be used to the exclusion of other kinds of food.

A quart or two of milk a day, when taken in addition to the regular meals, will often work wonders; the cream should be stirred into it, not removed, and a raw egg may be beaten into an occasional glassful. Butter should be spread with a generous hand, salad dressings should contain as much oil as is practicable, and a tablespoonful of pure olive oil, taken after each meal, will be an effective aid, and also promote the free action of the bowels, that is so great a help in bringing about a condition of general good health.

Properly - made bread, potatoes, starchy vegetables, like beans and peas and corn, macaroni and spaghetti, rice, and the whole array of well-made breakfast cereals, with a generous supply of sugar and cream, should be well represented in the thin person's diet. Cream sauces should be used frequently with meat, fish or vegetables, and cream soups and purées are to be preferred to bouillons and other thin soups. Ice cream, milk puddings, and other nourishing desserts

may have a place in the menu, as may all sorts of sweet fruits, chocolate and cocoa, honey, maple sugar and syrup, and even simple and pure confectionery. There are few articles of food that are forbidden to the woman who desires to increase her weight, except those which put a strain upon the digestion. A luncheon in the middle of the morning and one in the afternoon, with a glass of hot milk before retiring, assist very greatly in the building-up process, while a nap, or at least a quiet rest, after the midday meal, enables the system to put to the best uses the fuel which has been supplied to it. Long hours of sleep, avoidance of hurry and tension, regular hours for meals and pleasant surroundings, and conversation at mealtimes, are all aids in overcoming the tendency to excessive thinness.

With regard to both the stout and thin, it may be said that while the quantity and kind of food which is put into the body is unquestionably the greatest factor in maintaining a proper balance between its waste and repair, its income and outgo of energy, it is necessary to take a common-sense view of all the circumstances of each individual case: to make sure that there is no organ of the body whose functions are improperly performed; to avoid alike the temptation, on the one hand, to decreased activity, and, on the other, the tendency to over-exertion; to lead a well-balanced and hygienic life; and to practise, not only with regard to the pleasures of the table, but in everything that pertains to both physical and mental health, that wise choice and accustomed self control that are the mark of the highest type of humanity.

When thou dost tell another's jest, therein
Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need:
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sin.
He pares his apple that will cleanly feed.

— *George Herbert.*



HOME IDEAS AND ECONOMIES

Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

A Handy Laundry Bag

A CONVENIENT laundry bag for use in each sleeping apartment is easily made of a square piece of stout material of desired size, hemmed round the edge, and having a two-inch strap of the material securely sewed to each corner.

When the four straps are slipped over a closet hook, a handy bag is formed, easily accessible at four different places, and easily emptied of every article by simply dropping one of the corners. Such bags are pretty, made in colors to correspond with the room in which they are used. When desiring to carry the soiled clothes to the laundry in the receptacle in which they are gathered, these square bags will be found much easier to handle than the long ones.

Assisting Memory

One of the great helps in my house-keeping is a small blackboard on my kitchen wall.

Any special plan, anything about the house that I discover requires attention, or any list of materials desired, are noted on this board. I then dismiss the matter from my mind. Each morning I look it over carefully, erasing anything that has been disposed of or passed by, place on it any new record necessary, and note the special duties of the day or week. In this way I am reminded of the many duties of my housekeeping without being unduly burdened with them.

If more conscientious housewives would try this plan, I think there would be fewer nervous women. It is the carrying of the multitudinous duties of housekeeping in the memory long before they are actually performed that proves so burdensome.

An Improvised Coat Closet

In a house having no hall or place to hang the coats and hats in common use, I recently saw a very clever improvised closet. The frame was made of wood and stained oak; it was about five feet high, and fitted into a corner back of the dining-room door, being about four feet across the front and three feet deep. Over this frame green burlap was tacked smoothly with fancy brass-headed nails. The entire front opened out like a door. The top was covered to make it dust-proof, and a piece of stout canvas formed the floor. Around the inside stout cleats were attached to the framework, into which hooks were placed for the clothing.

In another house similarly restricted one corner of the dining-room was made equally convenient, but not so well protected from the dust, by placing on the wall several racks for the clothing. To hide this a large screen was placed about it, also having hooks upon the back.

Neither arrangement in any way disfigured the room, and a great deal of running up and down stairs was saved.

A. M. A.

Pickles Without Heat

PACK sound, clean vegetables in a stone jar, a layer of vegetables and salt; do not be sparing with the salt. Let these remain at least two days. Rinse *well* in cold water. Press out carefully all the water. Cover with vinegar, let stand over night, then press this vinegar out. Put the vegetables in a jar and pour over it the following: Two quarts good cider vinegar, three pounds brown sugar (light), a good handful, each, of whole cloves and cinnamon bark, one-half pound celery seed, one-half ounce tumeric, one-eighth pound ground mustard, one-half pound white mustard seed. Dissolve sugar, mustard and tumeric well, pour over vegetables, let stand over a week before beginning to eat. Cabbage, onions and cucumbers are the vegetables used. Be sure the cabbage is white and firm; split the cucumbers and slice the onions. This is not heated or cooked.

Be sure the seasoned vinegar covers the vegetables. S. J. E.

* * *

I FIND lard pails very convenient receptacles for dry supplies like rice, beans, etc. I choose those whose covers come off easily, and paste paper, on which the name of the contents is written, on each one. The pails are so much easier to handle than the glass jars, and they are also less apt to become broken.

Many people do not seem to know of the effectiveness of banana skins in cleaning tan leather suit cases and similar articles. Rub the leather well with the inside of the skin, then wipe off any excess of moisture with a dry cloth, finishing with a good polishing with the same.

I had read of kerosene being a splendid remedy for burns, but had

never tried it. A short time ago, however, I found the soda can empty when most needed, and had to resort to the kerosene. On immersing my finger in the liquid, so that the burned portion was submerged, I found the pain quickly disappeared. Not a sign of a blister arose, and the burn healed much more quickly than those treated in the other way had done. Now we use kerosene exclusively for this purpose.

C. F. S.

* * *

IN these days of high prices, when home-makers are striving to feed their families well, at as low cost as possible, it is often the saving of little things that keeps down the provision bill. One should know how to combine left overs so they may realize the best results both in the amount of money saved and the amount of nourishment given. Save the liquor in which a ham has been cooked. The fat from the top may be used for sautéing potatoes or pressed sliced cereals, or with scrambled eggs, and lends a delicious flavor when so used. The cooled liquor forms a "jelly" rich in extractives. There are frequently pieces of bread left that are in good condition. These pieces of bread, also left-over buttered toast, may be used to thicken pea soup; and the bone from the ham, cracked so that the marrow may slip out, and also the "jelly" from the cold ham liquor may be used to flavor the soup. If the ham is very salt, care must be taken not to add too much "jelly." It is best to add the "jelly" about one-half an hour before the soup is done.

Some exquisite centerpieces from outdoor flowers are made of marsh marigolds and ferns, or buttercups and ferns, in cut glass or carved Parian marble; of violets, purple and white, in a silver bowl, and apple blossoms, in polished copper.

Following is a dessert recipe much enjoyed in my own family:

Rhubarb Sponge

Clean and cut in one-half inch pieces one pound of rose rhubarb. Do not remove the skin. Stew until quite tender in one-fourth a cup of boiling water, just enough to start the steam. Soften one ounce of granulated gelatine in one-third a cup of cold water. Strain the cooked rhubarb, pressing out all the juice, and add enough boiling water, if necessary, to make three cups. Mix one and three-fourths cups of sugar and one-half a teaspoonful of ground ginger. Stir in the rhubarb juice, and add to the gelatine, stirring until the gelatine and sugar are dissolved. Add the grated rind and strained juice of one lemon and set the mixture to chill. When it begins to thicken, add the stiff-beaten whites of three eggs and beat till stiff. Mold. Serve with beaten and sweetened cream. Cut nuts or macaroon crumbs may be passed with this dessert. M. T. R.

* * *

Tempting a Delicate Child to Eat

EVERY mother knows how hard it is to get children to eat at times, especially when they first begin to take solid foods, or when they are convalescent, while there are some children who seem to have a natural and persistent aversion toward whatever is nourishing and particularly good for them. Mothers are sometimes at their wits' end to know what to prepare, and almost sick with discouragement when wholesome, necessary foods are persistently refused.

Sometimes a little ingenuity and an appeal to the child's imagination or eye will induce him to eat a good-sized meal when, at first, he rejected everything.

There are many simple ways of doing this, and the mother will find any number of her own by experimenting.

It is an old custom to cut a slice of bread into slips, naming them for members of the family or friends, but it is a procedure which seems to fascinate most little ones and make the bread more palatable. They get so interested in the various characters, represented by the slips of bread, that it disappears before they realize it.

Slices of bread and butter can be cut into various shapes, such as diamonds, squares, circles, etc., also to represent animals, dogs, cats and horses. The shapes may be crude and mystifying to behold, but children are not critical, and generally accept these representations with approval and credulity.

Often quite a good-sized meal can be coaxed down by putting it into the doll's dishes, filling the tiny cups with milk and putting little squares of bread on the small plates. One child was known to eat a good-sized meal in this way when he absolutely refused the food in other form.

Another way is to provide a pretty china plate with a picture on it, and tell the child to eat the contents so that he will see the picture.

Sometimes an interesting story can be told—with the proviso that the child "eat his dinner" or the mother will not tell the story. He will get interested in the story and forget how much he is eating until it is all gone.

One little boy persistently refused rice, which the physician had ordered for him and his mother had tried in every way to make him eat. One day she conceived the idea of forming the rice into a small mound like an Eskimo hut, smoothing it around to make it an exact reproduction. On the top she placed a small square of butter, which she called the chimney. It happened that the little boy had been much interested in pictures of Eskimo children and their homes, and it appealed to his imagination at once. The mother then buttered a slice of

bread and cut it into strips — some large and some small — which she called the family who lived in the hut — father, mother, girls, boys and baby. For this she had the satisfaction of seeing the little fellow eat two good slices of bread and the whole saucer of rice — a thing he had never done before — and with enjoyment.

These are but a few devices. Any mother can supplement them with successful ones of her own, and she will find that by the use of a little imagination and ingenuity a child can be tempted to eat almost any kind of desirable and necessary food, and enjoy it.

A. G. M.

* * *

IN order to preserve weathered oak furniture and keep it fresh, rub it with floor wax, Johnston's or some other wax for hard floors. Do this once or twice a year.

Instead of throwing away the flour left after rolling meat for frying, save it and use again for similar purpose.

Cut a groove around the handle of the broom about three inches from the end. Make a cap with a draw string of some dark soft material and fasten this over the end of the broom. Then when the end of the broom rests against the wall there will be no marred places on the walls. This idea is especially good where one has white walls.

J. R. W.

* * *

There is nothing that equals the boiled icing, and by boiling the sugar and water without stirring until it spins threads when run off a spoon or fork, then turning this syrup on the whites of the eggs, which have been whipped dry, then beaten until cold, one will have a delicious covering.

Menu for Church Supper

GIVEN in May, but suitable for other months — about 200 covers.

Cold Tongue
Creamed Potatoes
Lobster Salad
Rolls

Jelly
Coffee
Pineapple Ice
Cake

Cost of materials:

8 cans tongue @ \$0.62½ . . .	\$5.00
100 lbs. lobster @ .16 . . .	16.00
1½ doz. lettuce @ .90 . . .	1.35

Salad Dressing:

2 cans oil	\$1.80	
2 qts. milk16	
Box mustard30	
1 qt. vinegar07	
2 doz. eggs64	2.97

½ bushel potatoes		
400 rolls		3.34

4 lbs. coffee	1.52	
2 qts cream	1.20	
1 can milk60	
6 eggs16	3.48
20 glasses jelly donated.		

Pineapple Ice, 4½ gal.:

12 cans pineapple	2.40	
6 lemons10	
Sugar65	
Freezing	2.50	
Dipping	1.00	6.65

Served only 150

1 box domino sugar	\$0.48	
1 can milk for potatoes60	
2 lbs. flour10	
1 lb. crackers (scant)13	
Parsley10	
5 lbs. print butter	2.10	
1½ lbs. tub butter52	
Ice15	
Help	7.00	
22 loaves cake (2 left), donated.		
Laundry	3.00	
Express25	
Soap, etc.20	
		14.63

\$53.42

Recipe for Pineapple Ice

12 cans of grated pine	6 quarts of sugar
apple	6 lemons
6 quarts of water	

Boil the water and sugar fifteen minutes, add the pineapple, let boil five minutes; when cold strain, add lemon juice and freeze as usual.

B. N. W.

Goin' to School

By Laura R. Talbot

At a progressive porch party the young women sharpened their wits with the following:

I

ALPHABET

"If an alphabetical servility must still be urged."

—Milton.

1. A river in Scotland.
2. A printer's measure.
3. Owned by the Chinaman.

Answers

1. D (Dee).
2. M (em).
3. Q (queue).

II

GEOGRAPHY

"In despite o' geography."

—Butler.

FIND THE ISLANDS

1. Eat a ——— when you are hungry.
2. The cat caught my ———.
3. Jack had a ——— pony given him.

Answers

1. Sandwich.
2. Canary.
3. Shetland.

III

GRAMMAR

"Who climbs the grammar tree distinctly knows

Where noun and verb and participle grows."

—Dryden.

1. What the convicted prisoner receives.
2. What does the cat have?
3. Four-sevenths of a flower is what part of speech?

Answers

1. Sentence.
2. Clause (claws).
3. Verb-ena.

IV

PHYSIOLOGY

"For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make."

—Spenser.

1. What humorist is a vital organ?
2. What is sometimes found in a closet?
3. What did Adam lose?

Answers

1. Heart (Harte).
2. Skeleton.
3. Rib.

The "scholars" were now dismissed for fifteen minutes' recess, while EDUCATOR CRACKERS were served. An old-fashioned hand bell called them to order.

V

ARITHMETIC

"This endless addition of numbers."

—Locke.

1. Think of a number,
Double it,
Add ten,
Divide by two,
Add five,
Multiply by four,
Subtract forty,
Divide by number first thought of,
Add nineteen,
And what do you have?
2. Not round and part of a plant.
3. Subtract nine from six.

Answers

1. Twenty-three.
2. Square root.
3. S SIX
IX
S

VI

HISTORY

"For aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history."

—Shakespeare.

1. What fruit do we always find in history?
2. What fowls are associated with the Pilgrim Fathers?
3. What happened to America in 1492?

Answers

1. Dates.
2. Plymouth Rocks.
3. Discovered.

VII

CURRENT EVENTS

"For 'tis a chronicle of day by day."

—Shakespeare.

1. What large gun is often heard in Washington?
2. What kitchen divinity has been declared a fraud?
3. What European ruler was interested in "The Congo"?

Answers

1. Cannon (Joseph G.).
2. Cook (Dr. Frederick.)
3. King Leopold.

Refreshments were next served in school lunch boxes. Candy, in boxes representing books, was given as prizes.



QUERIES AND ANSWERS



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Steet, Boston, Mass.

In answer to inquiry 1590 I send my recipe which I have used for years.

Blitz Kuchen

7 round tablespoon-fuls butter	4 eggs
7 heaping teaspoon-fuls sugar	Grated rind of 1 lemon
A heaping pint of flour	$\frac{1}{4}$ pound chopped almonds
Pinch of baking powder	2 tablespoonfuls sugar
Pinch of salt	Ground cinnamon to taste

Butter and sugar are stirred to a cream. Add eggs without beating same, lemon and salt; stir well, then add flour mixed with baking powder; mix well and spread very thin on buttered tins. Sprinkle before baking with the almonds and two tablespoonfuls sugar mixed with the cinnamon. Bake in moderately hot oven to a medium brown. Cut in diamond shapes immediately on taking from the oven and while on tins. Remove quickly from tins.

MRS. WM. WINTER.

Your correspondent, who presents Query No. 1590, in the April magazine, has the German incorrect in her question. The recipe called for is undoubtedly Blitz Kuchen or Quick Coffee Cake. I enclose my recipe, which makes a delicious cake.

Blitz Kuchen

$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of salt
1 cup of sugar	1 cup of milk
2 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder	2 eggs
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour	4 tablespoonfuls of crushed nuts

Sift sugar, baking powder, flour and salt into bowl. Add butter, and work into dry ingredients as in making pie crust. Beat eggs and add with milk. Add enough more flour to make a rather stiff batter. Spread about one-half inch deep in buttered pans. Sprinkle top with granulated sugar and nuts. Bake about one-half hour in moderate oven.

ANNE C. RANKIN,
Supt. Dom. Science Wausau Pub. Schools.

QUERY 1623.—"Recipe for a very rich Chocolate Ice Cream. A cream eaten lately, which we wish to duplicate, was almost as dark in color and as rich as a chocolate sauce or chocolate frosting."

Rich, Dark-Colored Chocolate Ice Cream

Melt six ounces of chocolate over hot water (in a double boiler), add one cup of sugar and half a cup of boiling water and stir and cook directly over the fire until smooth and boiling. Scald three cups of milk; stir into the milk two tablespoonfuls of flour

smoothed with milk to pour; stir until the milk thickens, then add the chocolate mixture; cover and let cook fifteen minutes. Beat the yolks of three or four eggs; add half a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a cup of sugar; beat again and stir into the hot mixture; stir until the egg is cooked a little; add one cup of rich cream and strain into the can of the freezer. When cold add one table-spoonful and a half of vanilla extract and freeze as usual.

QUERY 1624.—Please publish a Time Table for cooking different vegetables, and for cooking meats, both well and rare done. Under meats, include fowl, game and fish, well done.

Time Table for Cooking Vegetables

Asparagus	20 to 25 minutes
Beans, String or Shell	1 to 3 hours
Beets, new	1 to 2 hours
Beets, old	4 to 6 hours
Beet Greens	1 hour or longer
Brussels Sprouts	15 to 20 minutes
Cabbage	30 to 80 minutes
Carrots	1 hour or longer
Cauliflower	20 to 30 minutes
Celery	2 hours or longer
Corn	5 to 15 minutes (actual boiling)
Macaroni	20 to 60 minutes
Onions	45 minutes to 2 hours
Oyster Plant	45 to 60 minutes
Parsnips	30 to 45 minutes
Peas	about 20 minutes
Potatoes, white	20 to 30 minutes
Potatoes, sweet	15 to 25 minutes
Rice	20 to 30 minutes
Squash	20 to 30 minutes
Spinach	15 to 20 minutes
Tomatoes, stewed	15 to 20 minutes
Turnips	30 to 45 minutes
Coffee	3 to 5 minutes

Time Table for Baking Meat and Fish

Beef, ribs or loin, rare, per pound,	8 to 10 minutes
Beef, ribs or loin, well done, per pound,	12 to 16 minutes
Beef, ribs, rolled, rare	12 to 15 minutes
Beef, ribs, rolled, well done, 15 to 18 minutes	
Beef, fillet, rare, 20 to 30 minutes (hot oven)	
Beef, fillet, well done	1 hour
Mutton, leg, rare, per pound	10 minutes
Mutton, leg, well done, per pound,	14 minutes
Mutton, forequarter, stuffed, per pound,	15 to 25 minutes

Lamb, well done, per pound, 15 to 20 minutes	
Veal, well done, per pound, 18 to 22 minutes	
Pork, well done, per pound	20 minutes
Venison, rare, per pound	10 minutes
Chicken, per pound	15 to 20 minutes
Turkey, 8 to 10 pounds	3 hours
Goose, 8 to 10 pounds	2 hours or more
Duck, domestic	1 hour or more
Duck, wild, 15 to 30 minutes (very hot oven)	
Grouse	about 30 minutes
Small Birds	15 to 20 minutes
Pigeons, potted or en casserole.	3 to 6 hours
Ham	4 to 6 hours
Fish, whole	45 minutes or longer
Small Fish and Fillets	about 20 minutes
Baked Beans with Pork	6 to 8 hours

Time Table for Broiling Meat and Fish

Steak, 1 inch thick	4 to 10 minutes
Steak, 1½ inches thick	8 to 15 minutes
Lamb or Mutton Chops	6 to 10 minutes
Spring Chicken	20 to 30 minutes
Squabs	10 to 12 minutes
Shad, Bluefish, etc.	15 to 30 minutes
Slices of Fish	12 to 15 minutes
Small Fish	5 to 12 minutes

Boiling Meat and Fish

Fresh Beef	4 to 6 hours
Corned Beef, rib or flank	4 to 7 hours
Corned Beef, fancy brisket	5 to 8 hours
Corned Tongue	3 to 4 hours
Leg or Shoulder of Mutton	3½ to 5 hours
Leg or Shoulder of Lamb	2 to 3 hours
Turkey, per pound	15 to 18 minutes
Fowl, 4 to 5 pounds	2 to 4 hours
Chicken, 3 pounds	1 to 1½ hours
Ham	4 to 6 hours
Lobster	25 to 30 minutes
Codfish and Haddock, per pound, 6 minutes	
Halibut, whole or thick piece, per pound,	15 minutes
Salmon, whole or thick piece, 10 to 15 minutes	
Clams and Oysters	3 to 5 minutes

QUERY 1625.—"Recipe for Tomato Aspic for salads and a well-seasoned Cream of Corn Soup."

Tomato (Aspic?) Jelly

Let two cups of canned tomato, a sprig of summer savory, sprig of parsley, a slice of onion, half a stalk of celery, and a piece of green or red pepper pod simmer together fifteen or twenty minutes, then strain the whole through a fine sieve; add one-fourth a two-ounce package of gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water, and salt as needed, and turn into molds to harden.

Tomato Jelly, Macedoine Style, for Salad

1½ cups of canned tomato	½ a cup of cold water
1 slice of onion	½ a cup of cooked string beans
¼ a clove of garlic	3 olives
¼ a pepper pod	1 teaspoonful of capers
½ a teaspoonful of salt	1 truffle
¼ a "soup bag"	Cooked yolks of 2 eggs
¼ a package of gelatine	

Let the first six ingredients simmer, together, about fifteen minutes, then add the gelatine that has been softened in the cold water; stir over ice water until the mixture begins to thicken, then add the beans and olives, cut in fine bits, the capers, the truffle or its equivalent in trimmings, chopped fine, the yolks sifted, or the equivalent of the yolks in chopped chicken tongue or ham. Mix thoroughly and turn into molds. Serve with lettuce and mayonnaise dressing.

Tomato Aspic

To a pint of rich and highly-flavored beef, chicken or veal broth add a cup of cooked tomatoes, with salt and pepper as needed, also one-third a package of gelatine softened in one-third a cup of cold water and the crushed shells and slightly beaten whites of two eggs; stir constantly over the fire till boiling; let boil three minutes; then draw to a cooler place to settle; skim and strain through a napkin wrung out of boiling water; turn into molds and let chill.

Good Flavored Cream of Corn Soup

A good flavored corn soup may be made of two parts milk flavored with a little onion and parsley, thickened with flour and one part corn purée; but a richer flavored soup results when chicken or veal broth is combined with the milk and a little cream, half to a whole cup to two quarts of soup is used.

Recipe for Cream of Corn Soup

Score the kernels in each row with a sharp knife and with the back of the knife press out all of the pulp. Melt three (level) tablespoonfuls of butter, in it cook two slices of onion and two branches of parsley until the onion is softened and yellowed; add three tablespoonfuls of flour, a dash of black pepper and half a teaspoonful of salt; stir and cook until frothy, then add three cups of milk and stir until boiling; add the corn pulp and let boil five minutes. Add more seasoning if needed. Vary by the use of broth or cream.

QUERY 1626.—"Recipe for a very appetizing dish consisting of a poached egg set above a round of toast and another of ham with a yellow sauce over the whole. Also a recipe for Sponge Cake for Jelly Roll. One given in the magazine was a failure."

Eggs Benedict

Split and toast the required number of English muffins. Have ready poached eggs and some very thin rounds of broiled ham, one of each for each half muffin. Dip the edges of the toasted muffins in boiling, salted water, and spread lightly with butter; set a slice of hot ham above the toast and the poached egg above the ham and pour Hollandaise sauce over the whole.

Hollandaise Sauce

For six eggs, beat half a cup of butter to a cream, then beat in, one at a time, the yolks of four eggs, with a dash of salt and of pepper; add half a cup of boiling water and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and cook over hot water, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens.

Sponge Cake for Jelly Roll

We should be glad to know which recipe for sponge cake published in this magazine did not turn out success-

fully. We have given recipes for many grades of sponge cake, but all have been used by us repeatedly with good results. Any recipe for good sponge cake may be used for a jelly roll, but some formulas will give a dry and others a moist cake. The first of the following recipes is for a small, inexpensive cake.

Recipes for Sponge Cake for Jelly Roll

I

2 eggs	2½ level teaspoonfuls
1 cup of sugar	of baking powder
1 cup of flour	1 teaspoonful of vanilla extract
¼ a teaspoonful of salt	¾ a cup of hot milk

Beat the eggs without separating the whites and yolks; beat in the sugar, fold in the flour, salt and baking powder, sifted together, then beat in the milk. Bake in a shallow pan. Turn upon a cloth, trim off the edges, spread with jelly and roll. The cake must be rolled while hot.

II

5 eggs	2 tablespoonfuls of
1 cup of sugar	lemon juice or
1 cup of flour	1 rounding teaspoon-
Grated rind of 1 lemon	ful of baking powder

Beat the whites and yolks separately, and gradually beat the sugar into the yolks; add the lemon juice and rind and fold in the whites and flour. By this recipe the cake is good only when the ingredients are put together properly. Beating and folding are the motions needed. One not understanding how to mix a *true* sponge cake should omit the lemon juice and use the baking powder. The recipe for Swedish sponge cake, frequently given in these pages, makes a good cake for a jelly roll.

Bar-le-Duc Currants

The preserve known by the above caption can be made at home, but, as the process of removing the seeds from the currants is tedious, most people prefer buying to making this preserve. We have had good success with the following recipe: Take selected currants of large size, one by one, and with tiny embroidery scissors carefully cut the skin on one side, making a slit one-fourth an inch or less in length. Through this with a sharp needle remove the seeds, one at a time, to preserve the shape of the currant. Take the weight of the currants in strained honey, and when hot add the currants. Let simmer two or three minutes, then seal as jelly. If the juice of the currants liquefy the honey too much, carefully skim out the currants and reduce the syrup at a gentle simmer to the desired consistency, then replace the currants and store as above.

The above recipe gives a confection equal to that put up in France. The following recipe, which entails less work, gives a nice preserve.

Currants, Bar-le-Duc

Get the largest size currants, red or white, and stem them without breaking. To each pound allow three pounds of sugar. Take some ordinary currants and bruise them while warm until you have a pint of juice. Put half a cup of this into a porcelain kettle and add three pounds of sugar. Bring slowly to a boil and skim very carefully. After boiling five minutes drop in very carefully one pound of the large currants and let simmer four minutes. Take them out without breaking them, and boil the syrup down five minutes, or longer if not very thick; as the currants are sometimes less juicy than at others, a few minutes more will be needed at one time than another. When thick, skim well and strain through a hot cloth over the fruit. Put into little

QUERY 1627.—"Recipe for Currants, Bar-le-duc."

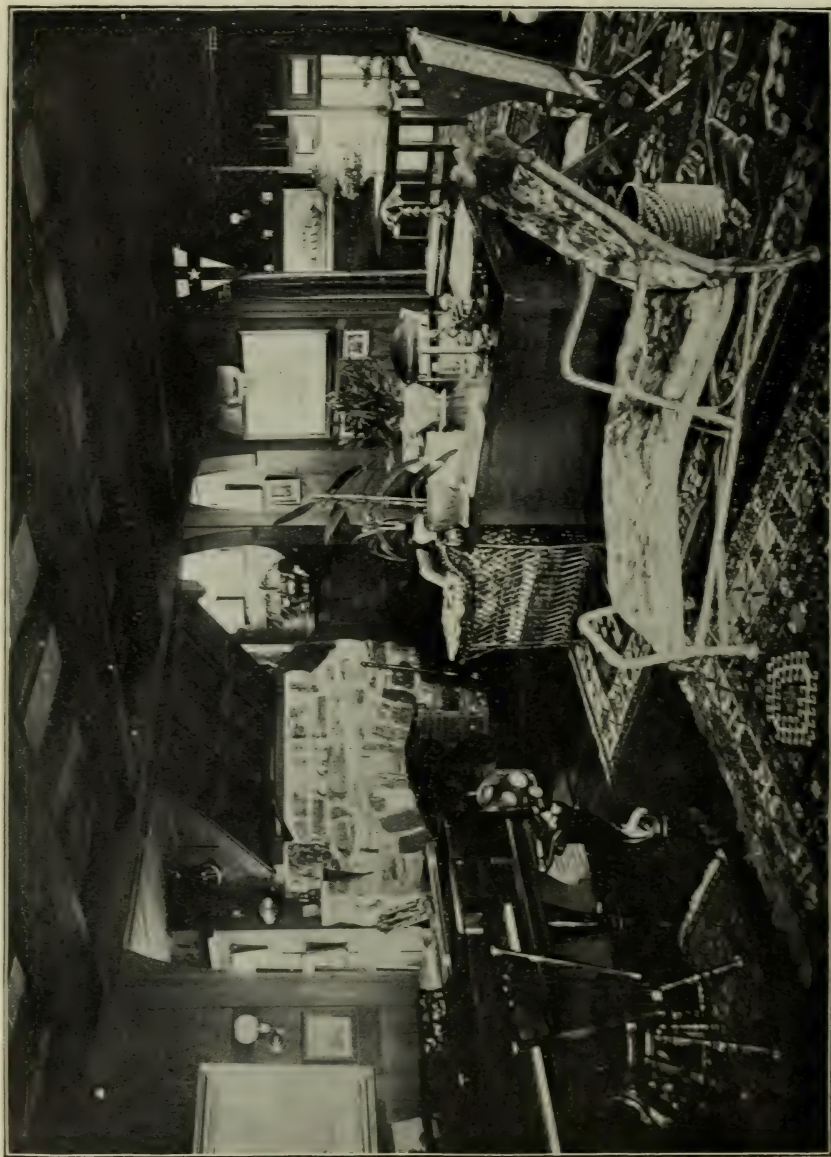
Menus for October Banquets

I

Cocktail of Broiled Live Lobster
Dressed Cucumber Sandwiches
Consommé à la Royal
Fish Croquettes, Sauce Tartare
Grenadins of Beef Tenderloin, Mushroom Sauce
French Fried Potato Balls
String Beans
Truffled Partridge Breasts, Supreme
Perigueux Sauce
Tomato Cream Glacé
Fruit Cup
Assorted Cakes
Coffee

II

Tiny Sardine Eclairs
Consommé with Egg Balls
Oysters Scalloped in Shells
Philadelphia Relish in Lemon Cups
Beaten Biscuit
Sweetbread-and-Chicken Patties (Brown Sauce)
Boned Loin of Lamb, Roasted, Mint Sauce
Mashed Potatoes, Vienna Fashion
Scalloped Egg Plant
Pineapple Fritters, Claret Sauce
Gnocchi à la Romaine
Romaine or Celery Salad
Deviled Crusts
Nesselrode Parfait
Lady Fingers
Coffee



A MODEL OF SIMPLICITY WITH HARMONY OF DETAIL AND PROPORTION

The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XV

OCTOBER, 1910

No. 3



SPLIT BOULDERS VERY PLEASING

The Use of Stone in Fireplaces

By Mary H. Northend

FOR the porch, the studio, the den or the bungalow the stone fireplace, with its fire-frame lined with iron or with fire brick, is the type best suited. Its sturdy, rustic finish

harmonizes admirably with the informal environment that generally characterizes these apartments, and its presence creates an atmosphere of character and stability that no other type of fire-

place, however beautiful, could aid to produce.

As in other architectural features, however, great restraint must be exercised in the use of the stone fireplace. In the first place it must be carefully arranged. Huddled in a corner of a room, it loses much of the character which is its chief charm, and it conveys the impression of having been put there for the reason that a fireplace was desired, and that was the only spot available for its location. If there isn't plenty of room for the fireplace, omit it. The best location is in the center of the end wall. Here, in full view of all parts of the room, it becomes in reality the heart of the apartment, and its mission is fulfilled. Its rugged picturesqueness is set forth in all its beauty, and it breathes an atmosphere of comfort and cheer that would never be possible from a corner location.

Then, too, care must be taken in arranging the stones. The term "stone" is here broadly applied to split stone, fieldstone, cobblestone and boulder. First of all, the type of stone must be selected. Sometimes a combination of two or more kinds is used, and not infrequently a certain type is combined with brick. The effect of stone, at all times, is massive, and even when used in conjunction with brick this effect is but slightly lessened. All stones vary in form, size and coloring. This last characteristic is fortunate, since variety of tint adds much to the value of fireplace material. By careful selection of specimens beautiful results may be obtained, having a wide color range, yet entire harmony.

Since a stone fireplace is massive, it should have dignity of proportion. The mantel shelf should be inconspicuous, and highly restrained in the mat-



COBBLESTONES CAREFULLY SELECTED AND ARTISTICALLY COMBINED, INTERIOR OF BUNGALOW



LIVING-ROOM IN BUNGALOW. WHY DRAPE THIS MANTEL?

ter of bric-a-brac, although a den is allowed more license in this respect than other apartments. The surroundings, too, should be harmonious, if the best results are to be obtained. Mission furniture and fire-sets of bronze or wrought iron are in the height of good taste. With a hearth of tile or brick, no fender is necessary. It is better to dispense with one, for the fender is an invention of too recent date to match the stone fireplace, and belongs rather to the Colonial period. When we hark back to the Stone Age the plainest possible setting will be found to be the most harmonious.

Split stone, of uniform proportions, constitutes a dignified fireplace. When used in conjunction with a tiled hearth, the result is most pleasing. When employed, however, considerable restraint must be exercised in the entire finish and furnishings of the room in which it is placed. Plain woodwork and wall hangings of unobtrusive coloring should be chosen. Bric-a-brac on the stone mantel should be sparingly used, and above all things the mantel should

never be hidden by a shelf drape. It is not possible to spoil good lines, but it is entirely within the province of many a house owner to hide them very successfully.

Cobblestone and brick form a pleasing combination, especially when the brick is used for the facings and hearth. It is possible to have the cobblestones of a nearly uniform texture and of different colorings, varying in tint from the cold, bluish grays to the warm, red purples. In laying the stones a little care will produce symmetry, thus tending to afford a satisfying sense of solidity. Decide on a certain color scheme, use specimens of the same shape and size, and the result will be a most effective fireplace, far more symmetrical in outline than is usual in this type. Of course the cobblestones should be of rather small size.

Cobblestones of various sizes arranged without any studied effect may be contrived into an artistic fireplace suitable for the living-room of a bungalow, or a den. One such, in the main room of a summer camp, is square in

shape, and is carried quite up through the chimney-breast, with a simple wooden shelf to serve as mantelpiece. Cosy, built-in seats flank it on either side, and the result is a fireplace well suited to its surroundings.

A certain style of room is required to suit the stone fireplace, which befits the primitive simplicity of a bungalow or the Bohemian touch found in den or studio. A room Colonial in character requires a brick fireplace. Stonework is harmonious only in a room that has a tone of Mission severity, and a finish of woodwork or textile that simulates woodwork. Therefore the Colonial room shown in our illustration, is incongruous. The room in itself is admirable, as is the stone fireplace; but they do not belong together.

With care an effective combining of split stone and brick may be brought

about. The uneven finish of the split stone contrasted with the smooth surface of the brick is most pleasing, and this combination is at present much employed for studios and dens. When used in conjunction with a smooth stone hearth and a rough stone edge, set in as mantel shelf, the effect is strikingly artistic.

Fieldstone and wood are sometimes combined, though rarely with as satisfying results as two kinds of stone. The wood, being less stable in appearance, seems to depend upon the stone for support, and the stone, in consequence, loses its own individuality in serving the wood. The combination is not unpleasing; in fact, in some few cases it is artistic, but as a rule this combination had best be avoided.

Fieldstone employed alone can be contrived into a most effective fire-



A WELL-PLANNED FIREPLACE. THE ROOM IS COLONIAL AND NOT IN HARMONY

place, as is shown in one of our illustrations. Here the proportions are pleasing, the stone is of fine variety in coloring, and it is well put together. Yet it is doubtful if the owner takes full comfort in this fireplace, for from the appearance of the smoky exterior the draft must be poor, and a poor draft is the one unpardonable offence in a fireplace. A smoking fireplace, although it may be handsomely designed, is a never-ending source of discomfort and dissatisfaction.

In this case the fireplace may have too straight a flue, so that the down draft affects the fire. A slight slant to a flue is better than a perfectly vertical course, although a flue might better not slant more than sixty degrees.

Or it may be that a high bank, topped with tall trees, standing near the house and in the direction from which the prevailing winds are accustomed to blow, is acting as a wind-break, and forcing the smoke back into the room. In this case the chimney should be run up higher.

Sometimes, when wood is burned, the chimney becomes clogged with soot, unless the flue is lined, throughout the whole distance, with a terracotta flue lining, to which nothing will stick on account of its smoothness.

Sometimes the throat of the chimney is too narrow, but more frequently it is too wide. Many architects and masons seem to think that a wide throat insures a good draft, when it is really no help, but often a hindrance. The narrowing of the throat tends to raise the temperature of the escaping smoke and gases, which hastens their upward movement, according to the well-known law that heated air rises.



FIREPLACE OF FIELDSTONE WITH SMOKY CHIMNEY

The proper slope of the sides, and also of the back, has much to do with carrying off the smoke, particularly when a new fire is first lighted. It is quite important that the back should not be drawn forward with any degree of sharpness until it is very near the top, or an occasional puff of smoke will find its way into the room on this account. One thing is certain, and that is that no chimney ever smokes because it is uncovered. A properly constructed fireplace and flue need no cap upon the chimney, because it should draw the better for being open and unobstructed.

A distinctive idea of recent date is the fireplace upon the veranda. This novelty probably originated in the introduction of the open fire into the sun-parlor or enclosed veranda for winter use. When the glass enclosure

was removed, upon the arrival of warm weather, the fireplace was still in evidence, and was called into requisition upon chilly evenings. Our illustration shows one of these porch fireplaces worked out in stone to match the porch parapet, but topped with brick, in order to raise it to a height sufficient to insure a good draft.

When introduced without proper understanding of its environment, the porch fireplace may become a mere unrelated addition to the exterior of a

dwelling. In order to acquire a perfect setting, it should be built of stone similar to that in the walls of the house, and should fit unobtrusively into the lower story, preferably with neither wooden supports nor shelf. A fireplace of this type gains much in expression if built upon a roofless, open porch, or upon a terrace against the house, with a floor that is tiled or cemented. Becoming thus a part of the main structure, it can no longer be regarded as a mere afterthought.



STONE FIREPLACE ON VERANDA AT FERNCROFT

October

By Ruth Raymond

The happy birds have flown away
And silent is each passing day;
The skies have lost their melting blue,
And all the verdant hills we knew
Have turned to autumn's listless brown.

While tiny balls of thistle-down
Go sailing lightly here and there
Like fairy boats upon the air;
As through the groves the breezes sigh
Earth bids the summer time, good-by.

Though the Sea Roar

By Helen Forrest

I FOUND Margaret the morning I reached Mentone; to be accurate, it was just about four hours after I came into the town on the night train from Genoa. As I left the hotel I had struck into the Public Gardens, with its flower beds that look like colored rugs thrown down on the grass, and started for the sea wall where the waves were showing unusually high above the defences, and I had lighted my pipe as an aid to thought. I had crossed the Atlantic, and had come to Mentone to find Margaret, coming against her express command, and, frankly speaking, I hesitated about searching the hotel register for her name; I felt puzzled as to my next move—how should I find her?

I turned a corner, came into full view of the bay, stopped short, and knocked my pipe against the diamond-shaped bark of an old palm tree. My heart lost a beat, then set furiously to work, for there outlined against the unreal blue of the sky, looking out on the foaming water, stood Margaret, slim and straight, in a long coat that I remembered, a dull blue veil tied over a hat that she must have bought on this side. Her face was turned half toward me, and one tress of her bronze-colored hair had blown loose from hat and veil and was ruffled by the fresh breeze.

I closed out the stock of violets offered me by an old flower-woman, and with this propitiatory offering in my hands I crossed a square of flaring sun, knocking off my glasses against a projecting branch of the before-mentioned palm tree. I was just a little dazed at the way Fate had played into my hands.

It was more luck than I deserved; I think that I should have criticised another man who had left business and

home to follow a girl who had distinctly wished to be left in peace; but there is no one like Margaret, hence I argue that no other man had my excuse.

As I stopped beside her and she saw me there was a second between her shock of surprise and her immediate getting herself in hand, when, if I had not learned humility in knowing Margaret, I should have said that I was rather more than welcome.

"Bob!" she exclaimed, "why, Bob, where did you come from, and what in the world brought you here, of all places!" She stopped with a little gasp of pleasure to bury her face in the violets I had put into her hands.

I answered her questions truthfully, and in order. I couldn't tell her what I had told the few who knew of my hastily determined departure, that it was a matter of business, though Heaven knows that the business was serious enough: "I came in on the *Carmania* yesterday, out from Genoa last evening; I came here to find you."

"But how did you know that I was here?"

Again I answered truthfully: "Mary Bemis told me a couple of weeks ago; she said you wrote her from here about some hospital committee."

Here Margaret gave me a bit of encouragement with her eyes, and she spoke stiffly — she does not like Mary Bemis: "Oh, you had been up to see her."

And moderating my pleasure in this turn of the questions I answered stolidly, "No, she gave me a lift in her Mercedes."

Margaret's fingers on her right hand were working busily in their neat Dent covering. I knew her little ways—she was doing a brief mathematical problem, and I came to her assistance, glad

that college had not broken her of this little well-remembered habit.

"Yes, that was fifteen days ago; it took me two days to get things in order at the office, twelve days to cross — that Cunarder did not hurry herself. I reached Genoa yesterday, and here I am."

"Oh, Bob," she spoke rather pathetically, "what made you?"

I didn't answer, I was trying to understand the expression in her eyes (she says they are Alice-blue), and the new violet veil matched them to perfection. This look wasn't the one with which she had refused me at the end of the Junior year at Wellesley; it was a different expression from that which met me across her tea table two days before she sailed, now six months ago, when she had answered me again. She had been a little tearful at her first refusal; last autumn it came very sweetly, but with the cursed independence they learn at those girls' colleges: "Bob, I truly believe it might be you if it were to be any one, but I don't want to be married, I don't need any man." I pushed the question a little too far across that flower-decked table where, if I remember correctly, no tea was drunk that day. I can still see the amber-filled cups with the island of lemon slice, for in answer to a suggestion I dared to make she told me point-blank not to follow her. I didn't intend to at that time, but I really could not know how empty the town would seem without her. Margaret hadn't even written me, so great was her belief in the absence cure.

I had had too much pride to inquire, so the Bemis girl, who, to my mind, is something of a cat in a well-bred way, had been an unintentional providence. I more than suspect that her information as to Margaret's stay in Mentone had been given to me to see how I would take it. At all events, I had lost no time in acting on what I had heard.

Now I am not what is termed a sentimental man, but I confess that Margaret's sudden nearness to me after those lonely months, the perfume of violets in her hands, perhaps, too, the sweetness of the sunshine, and the glory of the spring after the winter I had left behind, — all these went to my head.

"Margaret" I asked, "who was it who first proposed to mark a day with a white stone? I'd like to put some sort of thank tablet upon that wall, just here where I found you standing in the sunshine."

Margaret knows my danger signals, and she flushed to her wavy, bronze hair, then turned on me her blue eyes, alight with mischief.

"Look behind you, Bob, this place is already marked!" I turned and read a sign, — a small placard fastened upon the sea wall:

"Promenades

a Anes

Marie Riccoli"

Marie herself, clever and dark-eyed, knitted in the sun, while on the road just beyond stood a capable Italian girl with a hat like an inverted straw plate, marshaling before us the donkeys aforesaid, gay with red harness and saddles, and waiting for customers. The fourth donkey made a queer honking noise, caught, it would seem, from an auto horn.

A white flanneled youth, swarthy in his tropic coloring and carrying a white parasol, cast a languishing look at my companion as he passed. I glared over the expression of an admiration which I of all men ought to recognize with charity. The danger moment of sentiment was passed, and we went to join Margaret's mother, resting in a seat that gave the widest sea view.

She met me with encouraging cordiality, did Mrs. Matthewson. She expressed no great surprise at my sudden arrival, but furled her decorous,

violet parasol, and made polite inquiries after the health of my brother's wife, the youthful bit of matronhood who is my sole feminine connection, and who had pneumonia when the Matthewsons sailed last fall. I assured her that Gladys was quite well, but if I were to describe my latest impression of that pleasing young person, I would say that she was not only well, but wise; unspeakable wisdom had looked from her eyes when I disclosed the fact that I was about to sail.

"This is our farewell look at Mentone," Margaret's mother volunteered. "We're leaving for Genoa at eleven." It was good in her to express her pleasure that I was leaving by the same train; when I am hopeful as to my future domestic relations, I rather congratulate myself on Margaret's mother, but this time I felt it wise not to meet the daughter's eyes.

So it was as a family party we took the train for Genoa, bundling out at Ventimiglia for customs. We waited, side by side, at the dingy counter, and for the second time in two days my suit case and bag lay remorselessly open to the fruitless search for "tabac," ever hunted of the custom-house officials.

My revenge for the donkey sign was at hand. My beloved had stood with her head politely averted while my effects, not even unpacked at Mentone, were disclosed, but she turned, startled by two English words which I emphasized pointedly in the current of my labored French. "Family portraits," I told the officer as he opened a folding photograph case showing Margaret — Margaret in cap and gown, Margaret in an adorable creation built for her first big dance, and, best of all in my eyes, Margaret sweet and girlish, in shirtwaist garb of last summer. She flashed on me the look I watch for and rarely see, then turned away hastily to her own luggage, now being unstrapped for this, the most exacting of customs.

Margaret's fine unconsciousness was a little ruffled as we regained our compartment, and our restored luggage thundered into the racks above our heads. She even looked distinctly nervous when it became apparent that her mother was going to sleep. I handed out observations intended to be reassuring, but in my heart I welcomed the change from the cheerful and hopeless good-fellowship which for the past year had marked her attitude towards me.

It was at Bordighera, the place with the Roman tower, that the Englishwoman got in. I can't say that I shared the evident relief that Margaret evidently felt in this lady's advent. I resented her presence, her gentle voice, her accent so marked that it was almost a brogue, her neat, whitish gray hair, and equally good gray face, to which, with terrible cleverness, she had matched up her gray gown, hat, long veil and gloves. Margaret went so far as to address our companion. Their talk ebbed and flowed, while I fell into a morbid sort of reverie which covered the question of Margaret's desire not to talk with me, and which finally decided against the theory that some dressmaking fiend had, in spite, matched up the gray lady and her chilling garments, when I became aware of the altered tones of Margaret's voice. Now her voice is good, and she knows it,—clear, sweet and low toned,—but, under the influence of the British accents near her, she was unconsciously bringing out her best Boston-Wellesley pronunciation; ringing strange, new cadencies on familiar words as she breathed in throaty accents her account of the "shocking delay of our hand luggage at customs." My delight caused me to drop the Baedeker I had not been reading, and Margaret turned, met my eyes and looked guilty, then annoyed, lastly smiled frankly at her own folly and finished in her natural inflection.

It was just this side of San Reno that the Englishwoman became alert.

"Oh, just here," she murmured; and stepping on firm, flat-heeled boots out into the corridor she gazed out of the window, then beckoned to Margaret. "I think that this will interest you — a sad sight!"

I hadn't been invited, so sat pretending to read, really watching my heart's problem. How sweet and unattainable she seemed, how fair the throat showed above the blue coat collar, how the sunlight made her bronze hair shine. But her world was full without me—how many years more would it take me to learn my lesson!

At this point Margaret turned. Such a look as she gave me, a little frightened, almost appealing, wholly compelling — it started me to my feet, and I joined them at the window.

"There you may see a fragment of the wall;" the stranger pointed a gray glove finger to a helpless mass of masonry over which the waves dashed, retreating discolored with dissolving cement. "You see they are building a temporary road to the left of that small inn; some friends of mine attempted to motor through here yesterday, and were compelled to return to San Reno."

The leisurely Italian express was giving us an awesome panorama, — bright sunshine beating on the ruins of a sea wall; here a curious effect of a gate, only an arch spanning a gaping breach through which playful white waves dashed joyfully, availing themselves of their new playground, and curling almost to the rails of the track. A sunny stone house of some pretensions had sunk on one side, as if quietly kneeling, its foundations sapped by the intruding water.

"Those houses have been abandoned," went on the sweet voice. "The police required it; the walls being, as you see, quite unsafe. You know this region has so frequently been desolated; the people are too sadly familiar

with such warnings; they fear an earthquake, the sea is so angry."

A temporary road was building beyond the abandoned houses that had once faced the royal highway that the ocean now claimed. Cheerful Italian workmen were dumping heavy loads of stone. I remember the first load was drawn by three horses, fastened one before the other, each decorated with red worsted tassels. It seemed to me that the new road already in progress might well be named "Death to Tires."

The illustrated lecture we were listening to seemed to me demoralizing, and I broke in, hoping to impart a more cheerful tone to the monologue: "After all, are not these small tidal waves of rather ordinary and brief occurrence?"

"By no means!" answered our friend severely, "most extraordinary. It was perhaps eleven-thirty, the night before last," she went on, not to be done out of her dramatic recital, "when people were awakened by a most terrifying slamming of window shutters and the roaring of the sea; the theory is that a submarine earthquake has taken place."

Margaret was listening silently, her face white, her eyes startled. A girl friend of hers at college had been one of the survivors of the Messina earthquake, and the recital of its horrors had made Margaret declare that she would never again go to Italy.

I touched her arm, I couldn't stand her terror. "Come in and sit down Margaret," I ventured, and led the way to our compartment, but she stood by the window watching the sea wall crumbling at her feet.

The breath of a good cigar punctuated my musing, and a wrathful masculine voice, lowered a little in deference to ladies its owner was passing, came out of the corridor.

"I'm going to cut this region. I choose some other form of death than being buried in a mud bank." A

burly man, actually pale with fright, stopped at the window where Margaret stood, and pulled his companion's arm. "Look at that water, it's rising all the time."

There was a rustle of feminine garments at the door. Margaret rushed by her sleeping mother straight to me, coming so close in her blessed fright that I felt her sweet breath on my cheek. "Bob! Bob!" she whispered, "did you hear what that man said about the water rising? Do you suppose there will be an earthquake?"

I count it as one of the brave deeds of my life that I did not put my arms around Margaret, though I found this new, tremulous phase most dangerously attractive. I only took her hand, and told her that any danger from this particular disturbance must now be over, that the sea seemed to me much

quieter than yesterday, that the high water was doubtless the result of a storm at sea, that she was going to Florence, and that I believed that there had never been an earthquake there. I had talked against time, pulling her gently down to a seat beside me. She sat very quiet, and at last looked up.

"Bob, you are such a comfort!"

"Margaret!" I said, and my voice was no longer steady, "what strength and comfort there is in me are all yours, if you only wanted me."

Her mother slept peacefully. At the corridor window the gentle Englishwoman still gazed delightedly at the signs of destruction. Then I felt Margaret's hand in mine, and the voice I love best in the world answered me, almost in a whisper: "Stay with me always, Bob, I need you."

Summer's Passing

By Alix Thorn

A glint of crimson in the woodland arches,
A mellow sheen upon the steep hillside;
Shy asters blooming by the dusty highway,
And goldenrod^agleam in meadows wide.

White feathery milkweed, bursting from her
prison,
Blue hills outlined against a bluer sky.
While sturdy brakes within the rocky pasture
Take russet hues, as sunny days go by.

Cool winds sweep forth from mystic forest spaces,
Gay squirrels chatter on the mossy wall, —
'Tis Summer passing, sure 'tis Autumn coming,
And all my heart responds unto her call.

Petty Economies

By Kate Gannett Wells

UNTIL it has become second nature one grows tired of being economical, and then comes the fear that one may be getting mean and that little economies, neces-

sary as one had supposed, are changing into petty needless evils. Then it is well to remember that the former are vital, related to circumstances, but the latter to meanness of heart. Saving

scraps for a purpose, for patchwork bedquilts or soft soap, ironing out paper bags, is all right, while saving just for the sake of saving, counting empty oyster shells, to see if there are more than there were raw oysters for dinner, is confusing to honesty of purpose. Another bad thing about saving is that it gets to be such an inveterate habit that one cannot forego it as one grows thin in body and mind practising it.

The great truth in all economy is to live according to one's means, not grudging unto another the outlay one cannot afford herself. To keep economy noble, it must be a means to an end, not an end in itself.

Economy will probably exist as long as there are people, though its character will constantly change. We do not today save our basting threads; we buy our sheets already hemmed; it is often cheaper to purchase our underwear, made, than to make it ourselves; but we do still busy ourselves with hand-made rugs and embroidered table linen. Thus is it that the difference between petty and little economies lies in the need of their present vitality, remembering always that fussiness in house-keeping is really extravagance.

Economy of time is not always as important as economy in food. Yet the modern excuse for the æsthetics of food, their pretty table dressing, is no excuse when one has to do it all herself, at expense of scanty strength of body.

The economical purchasing and preparation of food should go, dish by dish, with economy of time in its preparation. The carrots, turnips, radishes, lemons, cut into fanciful sections, are not real aids to appetite. A friend, who on a very limited income sets a better table than do most persons who have plenty, and who is more generous to others than even to herself, says that she has found the secret of true economy to consist in learning to do without things. She literally never wants what she cannot get or can get only by dis-

proportionate use of strength compared with time. So she often seems to be at leisure, because she has time for books and looking at the sunsets. Another woman, who does all her indoor and most of her outdoor work, complained because a neighbor did no outdoor work, had no care of cows, pigs and garden. That was work; but to sit at the window in the morning and sew, occasionally lifting one's eyes to see what was going on across the road, instead of keeping on one's feet all day long, was sheer idleness and careless housekeeping. Criteria of industry differ. Some people still seem to think that the proof of past industry consists in being worn out when night comes and dying early, while modern doctors say one must be eternally busy about something, if only a fad, in order to keep well. Both opinions are extremes, but each one of us has to learn by experience rather than by precept. Another friend, generous by dint of constant economy, puts her very old dresses, too old to give away to anyone, into the ash barrel, foreseeing that when its contents are looked over by the women who haunt the dump heap, one of them will rejoice over the find of a waist and skirt.

A coal hod, oftener a pail, of cinders tells the story of a housekeeping life. What are clinkers to one person is good coal to another. When a baby is bathed in a dustpan, it may be because his father has to pay taxes for water, so much water must not be used. If lambs' hearts are served with potted pigeons, it is because the hostess has not enough self-respect to serve an ordinary stew to her guests. Alas for her, some one is sure to notice the absence of tiny legs on the hearts!

The vision in economy is ennobling when it foretells a high-school education for one's child, but not when it means a dress of coarse, cheap material, tucked, embroidered, laundered by the tired hands of a weary mother. Again

is the vision pathetic when it conveys a lurking sense of the beautiful. Strips of newspaper cut into roughly scalloped edges as fringe for the shelves of a kitchen closet (though flies may light on the unscreened food) hints that the housewife is trying to idealize the economy that presses upon her. A biscuit lounge cushion, each square of stuff puffed out to represent well-risen biscuit, speaks again of the craving for beauty, even if its outcome tells of cookery. If unthinkingly laughed at by the city boarder, it, yet, is the pride of the village housekeeper, and may win a prize at some fair!

If economy were not too often considered as the equivalent of drudgery, marriages might be more numerous. If a workman would promise never to sit down to table in his shirt sleeves, a girl might be more willing to cook for him. Her clean apron should be the accompaniment of his rusty coat. Economy is delightful when it brings helpful results, deepened affection and broadened mind. It is unwelcome when it entails spite, jealousy, vulgarity. Unfortunately women are apt to lose their sense of proportion in regard to themselves, and have not enough self-dignity and consideration for the future, to keep themselves well by eating as good food as they give to their children and men folks. Many a baby in a playground will be drinking tea out of a beer bottle or munching a heavily buttered piece of bread while its mother eats the crust and goes thirsty. The baby does not know any better, but the mother should see to it that the infant does not grow up to be a selfish son, the spend-

thrift husband of some pretty, sickly girl.

It is not always economy for a woman to walk to her work when her man goes by trolley. Where does the money come from which pays for countless daily trolley rides?

Pitiably mean, however, is the woman who refuses trolley fare to her worker by the day or her seamstress, feeds them scantily and keeps them at top speed of their ability up to the limit of their time; and thricefold mean is the woman who delays paying her dressmaker, who in return cannot pay off her girls, who, then, cannot pay their room rent and table board bill, and who perforce wear leaky shoes, get cold, work on and live on promises of payment when — the boss employer gets paid.

Let no one boast of her economy who cannot separate the little from the petty economies. Let no one imagine that she need not take heed unto her thoughts because she is laboring under stress of practical economies, for all the more must one be really generous in thought when one cannot be by purse. Always does the Nemesis of false economy bring loss of friends, loss of interest in life, in causes, in books, while true economy makes one rich in sympathy, keen to comfort with appreciation those who are struggling with the hard facts of life, and trustful of the patience and the longing for the beautiful that are hidden in all the striving for something better. It is not the actual wealth of others that economy craves, but the ability to create by economy enough to make happy those whom we love.



A Souvenir Enforced

By Leslie Davis

MRS. BIRCHARD looked up from her embroidery. "Henry," she announced, "I have been thinking about giving a ladies' luncheon."

"Well," responded her husband, encouragingly, "that would be nice."

"Yes," she pursued, meditatively, "teas are pleasant and card parties are exciting, but I don't think one really enjoys anything more than an informal luncheon. I believe I'll invite eleven, that will make twelve of us, and twelve is such an easy number to serve, a dozen of everything just goes around. Now when would you have it? How would Tuesday do, the fourth?"

Judge Birchard placed a black six on a red seven in his game of solitaire, then he looked up with a laugh. "It seems to me, Bertha," he remarked, slyly, "that the fourth will just about be somebody's birthday."

His wife beamed upon him.

"Henry Birchard, your are the best husband! How do you remember? It's the rarest of virtues. If you only knew how some women have to hint and maneuver in order to have any notice taken of their anniversaries! They are forced to be quite shameless about it. Yes, it will be my birthday, but no one will know it, unless it is Sally Palmer; old school friends have dreadful memories. You see, Henry, I want to have the luncheon soon, because I have an uncertain feeling about this Anna of ours; I am so afraid she will leave, and she does serve beautifully. I needn't worry about faithful old Maggie, she will cook everything perfectly."

While the cards were being shuffled, Judge Birchard looked over at his wife inquiringly. "If I am satisfactory as a husband and Anna and Maggie are equal to their parts, why that

anxious pucker in your forehead?" he asked.

"Oh, it's really nothing, Henry, nothing at all; but I do wish I were more original! You see, every hostess tries to have something a little different, a souvenir, or anything of that sort, and I have racked my brain, but I simply cannot think of a thing that hasn't been done before."

The Judge rose and looked down upon her affectionately. "I wouldn't worry about that, Bertha," he reassured her. "Give them a good luncheon, and I don't think they will miss the something different. Well, I have to go down town now, I agreed to meet Markham at the club."

But he did not go directly to the club. Instead he made straight for the glittering counters of Mann & Company, his resource in the annual struggle to find a suitable token with which to celebrate Bertha's natal day.

"A little something for my wife," he confided to the friendly salesman, who had assisted in the yearly rite many times previous.

"Ah, yes. Let me see. Mrs. Birchard is pretty well provided with the usual table silver, I believe. Here now is something a trifle out of the ordinary; small individual skewers in silver. How would they do?"

"Just the thing!" The Judge was delighted to have found his gift so easily. Bertha would be charmed, and she could use the skewers for the first time in her birds on Tuesday. A master stroke!

"There is a small space for engraving," the clerk suggested, amiably. "The initials, as I remember, are B. L. B.?"

Judge Birchard hesitated. "I have always had the date on her presents,"

he considered. "As the place is so small, how would it do to omit the letters and simply put on the date?"

"Certainly, only a matter of choice;" and that concern so easily adjusted, the Judge went complacently on to his club.

Perhaps no entertainment, however successful ultimately, ever glided smoothly toward completion without a hitch. In the morning of the appointed Tuesday, Mrs. Birchard was summoned to the telephone at the call of her friend, Mrs. Palmer.

"Oh, Bertha, I am so sorry, but I cannot come to your luncheon after all! Cousin Amelia has come down from Piedmont to spend the day with me."

"Sally! What a shame! Let me think a minute. Why, of course you must come and bring Cousin Amelia with you!"

"That is perfectly sweet of you, Bertha, but have you considered? She would make thirteen at the table."

"So she would." Then after a pause, "Well, what if she does? I don't believe there is any one left on earth so benighted that she would object to sitting thirteen. I'll tell you what I'll do, Sally, I'll call each one up and ask her and let you know the result."

A series of telephone talks elicited the agreeable information that none of the guests would feel uneasy in the least, so the matter was arranged and at the appointed hour the visitors, emancipated from superstition, greeted each other and Cousin Amelia at Mrs. Birchard's hospitable board.

It was a delightful luncheon. Gay bits of spirited chatter and waves of airy laughter filled the dining-room, while one delicious dish succeeded another, prepared by the gifted Maggie and served by the irreproachable Anna.

It was with pardonable pride that in due time Mrs. Birchard surveyed a row of plates, each adorned with a round, brown bird held firmly together

by a little, shining, silver skewer. Only a very keen observer would have noticed that the hostess's bird was unspiced.

Smilingly she watched her guests; each face reflected her own pleasure. A murmur of admiration went up from around the table; then — oh, could she believe her ears?

"What a perfectly original way of presenting souvenirs!" her left-hand neighbor was exclaiming.

"Isn't it?" another guest chimed in. "Mrs. Birchard, you are too clever!"

"They have the date on! How cunning! It is the prettiest memento I have had all this autumn," declared a third. "I am going to pull mine out at once so that I will not forget to take it; you'd all better do the same," she advised gayly, and the others agreed and followed suit.

"How did you happen to think of giving them?" asked Cousin Amelia mildly.

Mrs. Birchard heard as in a nightmare. They were appropriating her birthday present and she was powerless even to speak! She *must* say something, she thought, and managed a feeble smile.

"The idea came to me quite suddenly," she answered at last, and they all nodded brightly at her and went on talking happily.

After this delightful incident the luncheon progressed as successfully as before. Suddenly Mrs. Palmer's voice came floating down the table.

"You needn't think I have forgotten it, Bertha; this is your birthday!"

Another animated chorus. "Really? How delightful! Why didn't you tell us, we could have brought you a present!"

"What did you receive? do tell us!" asked Cousin Amelia pleasantly.

Insult to injury! What had she received, indeed!

Mrs. Birchard pulled herself up quickly and answered truthfully and

proudly, "My boy at Harvard sent me a tea caddy and Elizabeth at Laselle made me a jabot of Irish crochet between study hours."

"How nice! And the Judge?"

A shadow passed over Mrs. Birchard's face, quickly noticed by the tactful Sally Palmer.

"Oh, men never remember birthdays, that is too much to expect," she interrupted, gayly. "How is Elizabeth getting along, Bertha?"

But Mrs. Birchard's loyal soul rebelled and would not accept the offered diversion. "My husband *did* remember," she volunteered, stoutly. "He gave me — something!" and with this desperate answer she rose and led the way into the drawing-room. The luncheon was over.

After the guests had gone happily away and their hostess found time and a breathing space in which to adjust herself to the odd turn which affairs

had taken, her eyes began to dance, and when Judge Birchard reached home a little later she ran eagerly to meet him, wearing the happy smile he liked to see. More, she was radiant.

"Well!" he exclaimed delightedly, "did the luncheon go so well?"

"It was perfect! Everything was lovely!" Then she hesitated a moment. "Henry, you mustn't mind *too* much, but the skewers —"

"George! Didn't they skew?"

"Yes, but the ladies thought they were souvenirs and took them all away! Henry, do you think it is bad luck to sit thirteen at table? It was very hard to have to give up those skewers, and yet they made the most wonderful souvenirs. Still I was *very* fond of them. Do you suppose that some time I could have —"

"Hm," meditated the Judge, "I think it is bad luck for me when *you* sit thirteen at table."

Oasis

By Helen Coale Crew

Above the crowded city roofs I see
One far-off tree,
High-lifted, cool, above the flickering heat
That dims the street;
A gracious greenness to the wearied eye
Blinded by brazen sky;
Or, leaf-bereft, a web-like tracery
That holds for me
The passing cloud, the ruddy sunset bars,
The little silver stars;
Yea, even the moon herself, a golden boat
Now caught, and now afloat!

O Tree, what thoughts are thine when salty
breeze
Blows from the seas;
Or when sirocco whispers warm to thee
The desert's mystery;
Or when, impelled by spring's glad bourgeoning,
Birds to the northward wing,
Bearing from southern lands the warmth
and glow
Of gardens all ablow.

By day thou art a tree, but in the night
When stars are bright,
A spirit thou, soft murmuring to the sky
A myriad leafy sigh.
And Druid-like, I bow, I worship thee,
Thou Spirit of my Tree!

"An Autumn Specter"

By Fairfax T. Proudfit

First Paper

"AN ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Never was a proverb more applicable to the season and the case than this one is to typhoid fever. Hand in hand with the beauties of the autumn season walks that grim specter, typhoid.

It matters little that we leave our comfortable homes in the city to seek health and recreation in the cool breezes and peaceful shadows of shore and hillside, the typhoid germ is no respecter of person or place, and finds lodgment in the crystal depths of the mountain spring, the wells and brooks of the country, as well as in the milk and water supply of the city. The innocent and succulent bivalve, likewise, harbors a horde of these insidious little germs, which lie in wait for the unwary eater of uncooked sea food, and brings him in ignominy to hospital and sick-room.

The assertion of "non-belief in germs" has fostered more epidemics than any other known cause; for it is this stubborn refusal to believe, and the refusal to take the prescribed precautions against the spread of infection, that keeps it alive and passes it on, perhaps, to more enlightened but still unfortunate victims. There are no officially required precautions laid down by city and State health departments for the prevention of the spread of this dread disease as there is in case of other infectious diseases, *i.e.*, scarlet fever, diphtheria and smallpox. It is, therefore, most requisite and necessary that all those who have an interest in public welfare should be doubly vigilant in performing all those prophylactic measures with which science has provided us, that we may protect our-

selves, our dear ones, and "the stranger that is within our gates."

In the treatment of typhoid fever it is well to follow the three "P's": "Proper sanitation," "proper hygienic conditions" and "proper food." To those who would avoid contracting the disease, let us say, watch the water supply, and know for sure that the milk you drink is above suspicion. In country districts where the sanitary conditions are far from what we would have them, the danger lies chiefly in the lack of proper disinfection. How often whole communities have been infected through the carelessness or lack of knowledge on the part of the one who has attended a case of typhoid fever!

The bed linen or personal linen of the patient may have been allowed to pass directly into the common laundry bag, or the spoons, glasses, dishes, etc., from which food has been administered to the sick one, have become mixed with those used by the family. It is in just these little and seemingly unimportant details that the danger lies, and herein the danger must be watched for and guarded against.

If there has been a case of typhoid fever in the neighborhood, find out whether the nurse in charge was conscientious and used proper precautions as to disinfecting all the water used about the patient and sick-room, and was particularly careful about thoroughly disinfecting all the dejecta from the patient, or whether she simply emptied everything upon the ground, thinking, if she thought at all, that nature would take care of it. This is one of the principal ways in which springs and wells become contaminated;

the bacilli seep through the earth with the moisture, or are washed down by the rains into the streams, etc., making them as dangerous to drink of as any other poisoned draught. Cows, drinking from these infected streams, wells or springs, pass the infection on by way of apparently pure and delicious milk and cream. Thus you see it pays to know the source of your water and milk supply, and if there should be anything doubtful about either, take the precaution to boil it; it may not retain the same delightful flavor, but it will be much safer so treated.

After fever is once contracted, for sometimes it is contracted in spite of precautions, prophylactic measures must be taken, to protect the household, but the patient must be treated for the disease. This treatment lies chiefly, first, in making her comfortable by keeping her as fresh as water and clean linen will make her; and, secondly, keeping her strength up to the best of our ability through proper kinds of food.

Typhoid fever leaves in its wake exhaustion so complete and emaciation so great that it is the constant study of scientists the world over to do something to modify, at least, the prevailing conditions. Every physician has his own individual ideas as to proper feeding in typhoid fever, and no rigid laws can be laid down to cover all cases; but a general knowledge as to the prevailing conditions and a diet to guide the inexperienced can do much toward making our dear ones more comfortable and save them from some of the sufferings attending a prolonged convalescence.

The question then is, what is typhoid fever? and how shall we feed it?

The definition is, "An acute infectious disease, excited by special bacilli, characterized by definite lesions in Peyer's patches, mesenteric glands and spleen." It is manifested by fever, headache, abdominal distention and tenderness and more or less

diarrhœa. The attack is generally preceded by headache, vague pains, sometimes nosebleed. A rose-colored rash appears on the abdomen about the fifth day, rarely later than the ninth day. The temperature rises gradually to its highest point, in from two to three weeks, and remains, as a rule, at that elevation, *i.e.*, from 103°-104°, from one to three weeks, with marked daily remissions from one to three degrees in the afternoons. With young children the rise of fever may be abrupt, and slight abnormal remissions indicate a protracted case. As the time advances the temperature becomes more irregular, sometimes being higher in the morning than in the afternoon. When the temperature drops suddenly, intestinal perforation or hemorrhage is indicated.

The intestinal tract is the "seat of war," in typhoid fever. Peyer's patches are nothing more than ulcers, or sores, which cover the inside lining of the whole intestinal tract, descending even into the lower bowel. As these ulcers burrow deeply into the walls of the intestines, it is important to know just what foods to give the patient, so that all possible pressure may be avoided, and the weakened surfaces be allowed to heal as quickly and as expeditiously as possible. The listless and, at times, unconscious condition of the patient makes the monotony of the diet pass unnoticed, as a rule, which is well, as the foods allowable are not so many as to give any great variety.

Some physicians give a semi-solid diet instead of a fluid one, allowing soft toast and soft-cooked eggs; but these experiments must not be tried without the consent of the physician in charge, one who is willing to shoulder the responsibility of such procedure. Small quantities, given often, are almost the invariable rule in the feeding of typhoid fever; too much food not only overtaxes the weakened digestive apparatus, giving rise to acute indigestion,

but it likewise disgusts the patient with all food, causing every interval of feeding to be looked upon as a bugbear.

In using the milk diet, it has often been found advisable to add a teaspoonful or more of whiskey or brandy to each feeding; it helps digest the milk and furnishes a needed stimulation to the desperately ill patient. Broths at times totally disagree; this is, as a rule, from personal idiosyncrasy, in which case other liquid foods must be substituted for them.

The following list gives a fair idea of the fluid diets, the "milk diet," and the mixed fluid diet. The convalescent diet must only be instituted after the fever has been off entirely for from

five to six days, in mild cases, to ten days or two weeks, in those of great severity. Relapses are often much worse than the initial attack, and over-feeding at the beginning of convalescence has been the cause of many deaths. The appetite at this period is, as a rule, ravenous and can in no wise be taken as a guide to the patient's needs. To "make haste slowly," as the old proverb tells us, is much the safer and saner way of treating our invalid.

[In her next paper for our November issue the author gives in detail explicit formulas for preparing and serving a milk diet, a mixed fluid diet, and a convalescent diet in typhoid cases. The article will be very valuable for present use or future reference. — EDITOR.]

Grapes

By L. M. Thornton

Their pungent odor fills the air
 With spicy perfume subtly sweet.
 Their satin cheeks, so smooth and fair,
 Look good enough to kiss — or eat.
 I spy them hidden 'neath the shade
 Of emerald leaf and curling spire,
 And there my truant feet are staid;
 And there I linger to admire.

To feast my eyes, and feast my tongue,
 To revel in their chalice wine;
 Oh, eyes grow bright and hearts grow young,
 Beneath the grape's fruit-burdened vine,
 Where autumn skies are darkly blue
 And crickets chirp, and droning bees
 Whisper that kindly fairies brew
 Life's memories, out of days like these.

Autumn

By Lalia Mitchell

When maple leaves begin to show
 A tint of crimson at their tips;
 When clover meadows umber grow
 And somber-hued the pheasant slips
 Through copse and hedge, the truth is plain,
 We near the end of summer's reign.

When chestnut burrs have prickly grown
 And apples ripen on the trees,
 When crickets chirp their monotone
 And heavy-winged the laggard bees
 Fly hiveward, then we know at last
 The golden summer time is past.

When wild grapes redden in the sun,
 And milkweeds spill their snowy down;
 When field mice through the stubble run,
 And sumacs wear their crimson crown;
 When birds in flocks at even meet,
 Then autumn comes on flying feet.

THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics
JANET MCKENZIE HILL, Editor

PUBLISHED TEN TIMES A YEAR

Publication Office:

372 BOYLSTON STREET BOSTON, MASS.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 10c
FOREIGN POSTAGE; TO CANADA, 20c PER YEAR
TO OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES, 40c PER YEAR

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Entered at Boston Post-office as second-class matter

Homecoming

Oh! the joy of the traveler, homeward bound,

As he speeds over land and sea,
While his fancy flies faster than wheels go round

To the place where he longs to be.

Oh! the leap of the heart as he comes at last
To the home at the journey's end,

And the memories crowd on him thick and fast

Till the past and the present blend.

Oh! the gladness of soul to behold once more
All the faces he loves so well,

And rejoice with the friends he has known before

In the tidings they have to tell.

Oh! how blessed the home is no heart may know

That never has longed for its rest;
And only the exile returning can show
That the absent ones love it best.

THE NEIGHBORLY SPIRIT

PEOPLE who live in small villages cannot understand how it is that city folks have no "neighbors." In country towns, where everybody knows everybody, a neighborhood brings families into relations of close intimacy. Their tastes and pursuits may not be at all congenial, but one accepts neighbors as chosen by Providence, like parents and relations, and so makes the best of them. In this community life borrowing and lending are a part of the regular scheme. There is no sense of obligation in an even exchange of favors. In times of emergency, neighborly friends vie with each other in acts of kindness. To return from a prolonged absence and find your table loaded with good things from others' baking, to have your washing done for you if you are ill, to be nursed through sickness, and comforted in bereavement, are matters of common experience in village life. Where paid service is difficult or impossible to obtain, the labor of love is freely offered.

The facilities of city life make all such amenities superfluous. There is no excuse for borrowing sugar and flour, with a grocery around the corner or a telephone in the hall. Almost every kind of paid service is available for emergencies. Cooked food and ready-made clothing can be had literally at a moment's notice, and all the commodities of life are within ready reach. In consequence, the city dweller develops a spirit of easy independence which makes him entirely indifferent to his neighbors. He asks nothing and offers nothing. He knows absolutely nothing about adjacent families. The word "neighbor" is practically eliminated from his vocabulary.

In a certain measure such conditions have immense advantages over the customs of village life. The domestic routine is more methodical, and the

household machinery runs more smoothly. One is saved many of the annoyances of the country neighborhood,—the frequent interruptions which interfere with systematic work, and the prying eyes and inquisitive tongue of the gossip.

There is a kind of freedom in living where "nobody knows and nobody cares" what you do.

But, after all, human life is planned on the basis of interdependence, and human nature cries out for companionship. Civilization cannot altogether stamp out the social instincts, and there are times when the most hardened urbanite suffers the pangs of loneliness. Returning from a summer outing in the country, the cold stare of his city fellows fairly freezes up the springs of human friendliness which his rural neighbors had opened so freely. One cannot always be running to and fro on visits to distant friends. Many days must eventually be spent alone, when a friendly nod from a neighboring window or a pleasant greeting from a passer-by would be a welcome break in the monotony.

There are of course serious objections to rushing into intimacies with people of whose antecedents you know nothing. The most worldly wise are often deceived in their estimates of people. Unfortunate complications may result from being over-confiding with strangers. It is impossible and undesirable to transplant village neighborhood life into a city atmosphere. No thinking person would propose such an absurdity. But because we cannot exactly duplicate a custom, there is no reason why we should not perpetuate the spirit it expresses. The neighborly spirit may and ought to flourish on any soil. It is a spirit of simple human fellowship. It need not mean intimacy; it is merely a spirit of kindness. It keeps the happy medium between intrusiveness and indifference. Many stories are told of people who live side by side for a long

time without even knowing each other's names, only to discover, by some sudden chance, that they have the dearest interests in common. Such delays in a mutually agreeable acquaintance would not be possible if the neighborly spirit were properly cultivated. The exchange of some simple neighborly civilities would make an opportunity for people to find each other out.

This, then, is a plea for the revival of a neighborly spirit to suit the conditions of a large community life. Its basis is in the common interests of the street or square. It does not require the exchange of formal calls or social favors. A neighborly relation sufficient to enable people to address each other by name in daily salutation, and to consult each other in matters of practical concern, would do nobody any harm, and might work a great deal of good. Such a spirit should, in a measure, break down the barriers of artificial convention, and enable people living in proximity to regard each other as fellow human beings.

DO NOT HURRY

IT is no cause for surprise with us when we read in the daily papers of great churches and public buildings which are begun and finished in the course of a year or two. We are used to these twentieth-century miracles. But when we visit the great cities of the Old World and look with wonder on cathedrals and palaces which were erected long ago, we are told that these monuments of art were centuries in the building. Generation succeeded generation while they were in process, so that the finished work represents the cumulative thought and effort of a countless number of individuals. Our modern spirit is entirely opposed to this slow, old-fashioned way. We are impatient of any delay in the continuous progress of every undertaking. We are proud of the splendid modern appliances which scientists

have invented to make quick work possible.

But the spirit of hurry costs us a heavy price. It is responsible for the great American disease of nervous prostration. It shortens our lives and fills them with small worries. It spoils the enjoyment of work. Many tasks which ought to be agreeable become distasteful simply because we rush through them mechanically. The old-fashioned housewife who thoroughly enjoyed a morning's baking is quite out of date. When our main object is to get through, how can we have any love for the work itself? Hurry also injures the beauty of the finished product: the little finishing touches which take time and loving labor are altogether lost in much that we do. Any task that we undertake will be more enjoyable, more durable and more successful if we take the proper amount of time for it. Isn't it worth while to be a little old-fashioned sometimes, and see what will come of it, if we substitute a painstaking spirit for the spirit of hurry?

A KITCHEN MOTTO

A THOUGHTFUL housekeeper in a suburb of Boston has hung over her kitchen sink a framed copy of one of Robert Louis Stevenson's prayers. "The petty round of irritating concerns and duties," to which he referred, seemed to her a particularly appropriate phrase for the domestic routine. His petition for help to perform them "with laughter and kind faces" is a good tonic with which to roll up one's sleeves and plunge in. "Give us to go blithely on our business," prayed the brave poet, stricken as he was with mortal disease; and the housekeeper echoes the prayer, however weary she may be. The idea is worth imitating. The vogue of the motto is widespread. Stationers and art dealers furnish an attractive selection which find their way into many offices and homes. The fashion of introducing

them into the kitchen is one every woman will appreciate. E. M. H.

"Business men throughout the world are beginning to see that war not only destroys a vast amount of property and robs the world of many valuable lives, but that also, on the whole and in the long run, it makes business less profitable the world over. The United States under the direction of Congress are now spending about a billion dollars a year. It has repeatedly been stated that seven hundred million dollars of this money is spent in preparations for war and in payment of the cost of war in the past. That leaves us three hundred million dollars a year to be spent for the improvement of the country and the benefit of the millions of laboring men whose fortunes would be greatly improved if we had great sums of money to spend for national internal improvements."

"Every human being has a right to earn a living, and, preliminary to the task of earning a livelihood, every human being has a right to be made fit for honorable and self-supporting toil. Any one, rich or poor, who begins active life with the consciousness that those who have controlled education and development up to that time have failed to furnish for him such preparation has a just grievance. The children of the rich have even more cause for complaint if they find themselves in such a predicament, because they have a double disability of ignorance and a training which has unfitted them for the rough-and-tumble of life. The poor boy may not have been well trained, but at least he is accustomed to meeting obstacles and overcoming them. Individual initiative and personal adventure in search of a working place and vocation are much more interesting than any ready-made program of occupation and progress."

—*The Christian Register.*



BONED LEG OF LAMB, ROASTED, KOHLRABI CUPS WITH
VEGETABLE MACEDOINE

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Cocktail of Broiled Live Lobster

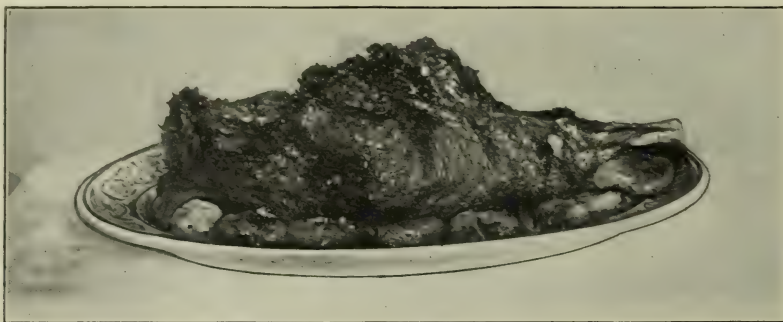
WHILE broiled lobster is specified for this cocktail, the dish may be prepared from lobster steamed or boiled. Of course fresh-cooked lobster is preferable to canned, but choice canned lobster may be used. Set cocktail glasses, each containing three or four tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup of best quality, in the center of small plates; on each plate set three or four heart leaves of lettuce, a choice mouthful of lobster on each leaf and one on the top of the catsup in the glass. With an oyster fork the lobster is dipped into the catsup and eaten. Serve as an appetizer at luncheon or dinner. Salt, paprika, horseradish, lemon juice, tabasco sauce or other seasoning may be added at discretion to the catsup.

Lima Bean Soup (To Serve Five or Six)

Cover one cup of dried Lima beans with cold water and let stand overnight; drain, rinse in water and set to cook in about a quart of cold water. Let cook until tender, adding water as needed, to avoid burning. When the beans are partly cooked, slice a small onion and let it cook in three or four tablespoonfuls of fat, taken from the top of a dish of soup stock, until softened and browned a little, then add to the beans. Press the cooked beans through a sieve — a gravy strainer set in one piece of a double boiler and a wooden pestle are the best utensils for the purpose. There will be about a pint of purée. Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook one-fourth a cup of flour, one teaspoon-

ful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper, then add the purée and stir until boiling. Finish with three or four cups of "second broth" — broth made from remnants of roasts, steaks, etc. The neck, feet and giblets of a fowl give

choke-bottom fashion, cooked tender and filled with a highly seasoned macedoine of vegetables. Set the vegetable cups on sections of cooked carrot, from which the centers have been taken (with an apple corer),



ROAST LEG OF LAMB, FRANCONIA

a good flavor to such broth. Milk may be used in place of the broth, when Cream of Lima Bean Soup results. The broth should be, when made, flavored with soup vegetables and herbs.

Boned Leg of Lamb, Roasted

Have the shank end of a leg of lamb sawed off at the point where the flesh ends; slip the point of a thin, sharp knife in between the skin and flesh and the bone and loosen them from the bone all around and as far up as possible. Beginning at the other end cut and push the flesh from the bone, down to the point where the flesh was detached from the bone at the shank end, then draw out the bone from above. Mix together a cup of crumbs from the center of a stale loaf of bread, one-third a cup of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of powdered thyme (or green thyme, chopped fine), one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of pepper and salt; press this into the open space in the meat and sew the meat to enclose it. Prepare and roast as in the succeeding recipe, cooking, however, a little longer — perhaps fifteen minutes. Dispose on a hot platter. Surround with the upper portion of kohlrabi, cut arti-

that the kohlrabi may stand level. String beans, flageolet, and carrots, cut in small rounds, were used in the macedoine. Prepare a brown tomato sauce (using the drippings in the baking pan) to serve with the meat.

Roast Leg of Lamb, Franconia

Trim off superfluous fat, wipe carefully with a damp cloth, rub over with salt, pepper and flour and set to bake in a hot oven. Baste with hot fat and dredge with flour each fifteen minutes; reduce the heat after half an hour, and let cook about one hour and a half. When the lamb is half cooked, have ready a dozen potatoes, cooked ten minutes and rinsed in cold water, and a dozen onions that have been cooked one hour and rinsed in cold water. Dispose these about the meat in the baking-pan. Baste the vegetables when basting the meat. Send the vegetables to the table on the platter with the meat.

Breaded Mutton Cutlets

Have eight lamb chops cut from the ribs; scrape the bones and trim the chops, French fashion. Broil the chops, leaving them a trifle underdone

and let become cold. Have ready a sauce made of one tablespoonful of butter, four tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper and one cup of cream: into this stir half a cup of cooked ham, chopped fine. When the chops are cold and the sauce is cool but not too firm, season the chops with salt and pepper, and cover both sides with sauce. Let stand on a buttered plate till firm, then "egg-and-crumb" and fry in deep fat till nicely browned. Serve with

Cuban Sauce

Cook two tablespoonfuls of chopped ham in one-fourth a cup of butter; when the ham is well browned, add one-fourth a cup of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt and stir until frothy; then add one cup and a half of stock or water and one cup of tomato ketchup or chilli sauce and stir until boiling; let simmer ten minutes, strain and serve.

Kohlrabi au Gratin

Often the upper part of kohlrabi will cook tender very quickly while the

lower half does not become tender even with long cooking. Pare the upper half of each "globe" and let cook in boiling water until tender: add salt a few



KOHLRABI AU GRATIN

moments before the cooking is completed. Dispose the vegetable in an au gratin dish, pour over a pint (to serve eight) of cream sauce, enriched with the beaten yolks of two eggs, sprinkle with grated cheese and set into the oven to melt the cheese. Serve as the principal hot dish at luncheon or supper.

Summer Squash, Fried

Pare young, summer squash and cut in slices less than half an inch thick: season with salt and pepper and dip in fritter batter. Let fry, in a frying pan, in hot salt pork or bacon fat or in deep fat, as is most convenient.



SUMMER SQUASH, FRIED

Fritter Batter

Sift together three-fourths a cup of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt; break in one egg, add milk gradually

taining a teaspoonful of salt boiling over the fire. Drop the batter by teaspoonfuls into the water and let boil gently for about ten minutes; then remove to a cloth with a skimmer and set in buttered earthen dishes; pour over tomato sauce to cover (about a cup and a half will be needed) and sprinkle with grated cheese. Set the dishes in the oven to melt the cheese. Serve as the hot dish at supper or luncheon. Serve at the same time a green vegetable salad, or a dish of apple sauce. The salad is preferable. Two or three tablespoonfuls of



GNOCCHIS ITALIENNE

and beat to a smooth batter. Use in all half a cup of milk. Set aside in a cool place until ready to use.

Gnocchis Italienne

Put half a cup of milk and one-fourth a cup of butter over the fire; when the milk is scalded, sift in half a cup of flour and stir constantly until the mixture becomes a smooth mass, then turn into a mixing bowl; break in one egg, beat thoroughly and, when the egg is smoothly blended with the other ingredients, add the yolk of an egg and again beat the mass until smooth. Have a quart of water con-

tain and add to the mixture with the eggs.

Spanish Toast

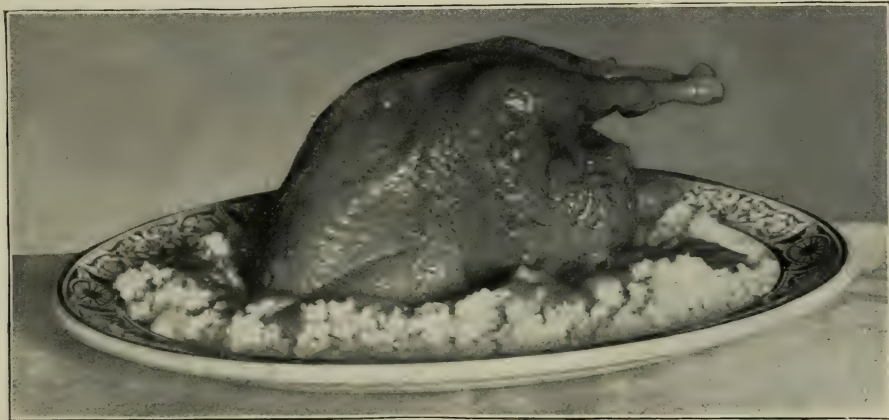
Peel as many good-sized tomatoes as there are persons to be served and cut the tomatoes in pieces; for six tomatoes add three green peppers, cut in thin rings (discard the seeds) or chopped, and a small onion, peeled and sliced thin or chopped. Add also a tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of paprika. Let simmer until smooth and rather thick. Have ready rounds or squares of well-toasted bread; spread



ROMAINE SALAD

the toast with butter, above set a spoonful of the cooked tomato and finish each slice with a carefully poached egg.

little) and stir constantly until boiling; let boil about five minutes; remove from the fire, pour two or three tablespoonfuls on the well-beaten yolks of two



BOILED FOWL, POULETTE SAUCE

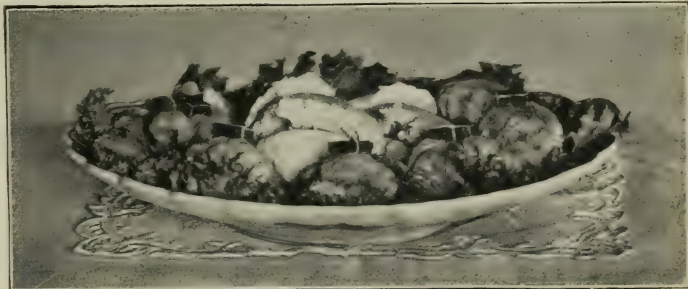
Boiled or Steamed Fowl, Poulette Sauce

Have the fowl (one year) carefully drawn, singed, cleaned and washed; truss as for roasting, rub over the skin with the cut side of a lemon (to keep it white), then tie in a piece of cheesecloth. Have about three cups of water boiling in an agate saucepan or steam kettle; put in the fowl and cover close; let boil vigorously fifteen minutes, then let simmer until tender. It will take from two to four hours. Add more boiling water if needed, but, when the fowl is cooked, the quantity should not exceed one pint. Add half a teaspoonful of salt, when the fowl is nearly cooked. Set the fowl on a hot dish, while making the sauce. Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook one-fourth a cup of flour and half a teaspoonful of paprika; add three-fourths a cup of cream and the pint of broth (add the cream first and stir a

eggs, mix thoroughly and gradually stir into the sauce. Pour the sauce over the chicken and serve at once. Fine-chopped parsley may be sprinkled over the whole. Boiled rice may be served around the chicken or in a separate dish.

Boiled Rice

Put one cup and a half of rice over the fire in about two quarts of cold water. Let heat quickly to the boiling point, stirring meanwhile to keep the rice from sticking to the saucepan. Let boil rapidly two or three minutes, drain, rinse in cold water, drain and return to the saucepan with a teaspoonful of salt and about two quarts of



CAULIFLOWER WITH ASPIC MAYONNAISE

boiling water; let boil vigorously until the grains are tender; drain the rice, let stand at the oven door to dry off, then turn around the chicken or into a separate dish. Use the water in which the rice was cooked for soup.



SIMPLE APPLE CHARLOTTE

Economical Rice Soup

To one pint of liquid, drained from boiled rice, add one cup of tomato purée and one cup of broth. Chicken broth is the best, but any broth will answer. If not already flavored, cook half an onion and two stalks of celery, cut fine, in two or three tablespoonfuls of butter until lightly browned; add the tomato and broth and let simmer ten minutes, then strain into the rice.

Romaine Salad

Discard the outer green leaves and detach the others from the stem. Look over the leaves carefully and wipe with a damp cloth if needed, or if necessary wash quickly in cold water and dry on a cloth. Dispose in a salad bowl and when ready to serve pour on about a

tablespoonful of dressing for each service.

Salad Dressing for Romaine

Rub a soup plate with a clove of garlic, cut in halves; put in half a teaspoonful, each, of salt, white pepper, chilli Colorado (mild Mexican pepper) and curry powder, a teaspoonful of fine-chopped parsley, the grated yellow rind of half a small lemon and a teaspoonful of grated onion. Mix together thoroughly; add four tablespoonfuls of oil and crush the solid ingredients in the oil; add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, mix again and strain over the romaine. This will serve four people.

Cold Cauliflower with Aspic Mayonnaise

Cook the cauliflower as usual in boiling salted water, drain and chill. Serve the flowerets, on heart leaves of lettuce or endive, around a mound of aspic-mayonnaise. Decorate with figures cut from slices of pickled beet.

Aspic Mayonnaise

Make the mayonnaise in the usual manner, using the yolk of one egg, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt, paprika and mustard, one tablespoonful, each, of vinegar and lemon juice and one cup of olive oil. Have the mayonnaise chilled and a cup of aspic jelly of a syrup-like consistency. Gradually beat the aspic into the mayonnaise. When thoroughly chilled and "set" it is ready for use.

Fried Tomatoes with Cheese

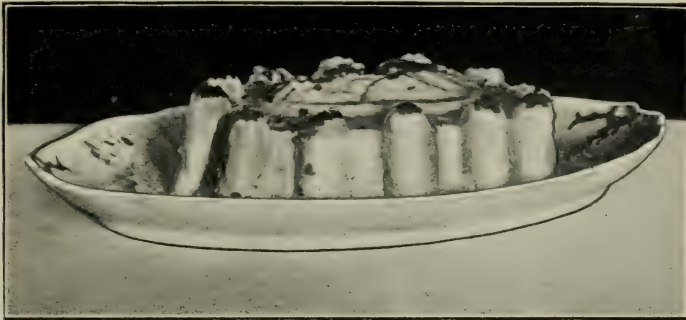
Carefully remove the skin from smooth, firm tomatoes. Cut in thick slices (about three-fourths



CARAMEL CUSTARD

of an inch thick), dip each in crumbs, then in beaten egg and again in sifted crumbs, and sauté in hot fat, first on one side and then on the other; do not

thin slices, and stir and cook to a golden brown color, then add one can of tomatoes, a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper and a teaspoon-



APRICOT BAVARIAN CREAM

turn until the tomato is nicely browned. After turning sprinkle with grated cheese.

Green Peppers, Fried

Cut open the peppers, lengthwise, and remove all seeds and white fibrous portions. Cut in slices, crosswise of the peppers. Cover with cold water, adding a little salt; let stand ten minutes; wipe the slices and let cook in two or more tablespoonfuls of butter melted in a frying pan. When softened and slightly browned spread over or around a broiled steak or dish of chops.

Italian Stew

Heat three tablespoonfuls of olive oil in a stew pan; add an onion, cut in

ful of sugar; when hot add four potatoes, pared and cut in small cubes, parboiled, drained, rinsed in cold water and drained again and let simmer until the potatoes are tender; add one can of peas (carefully drained) and half a can of small button mushrooms and let heat to the boiling point; add such additional seasoning as is needed and serve at once.

Simple Apple Charlotte

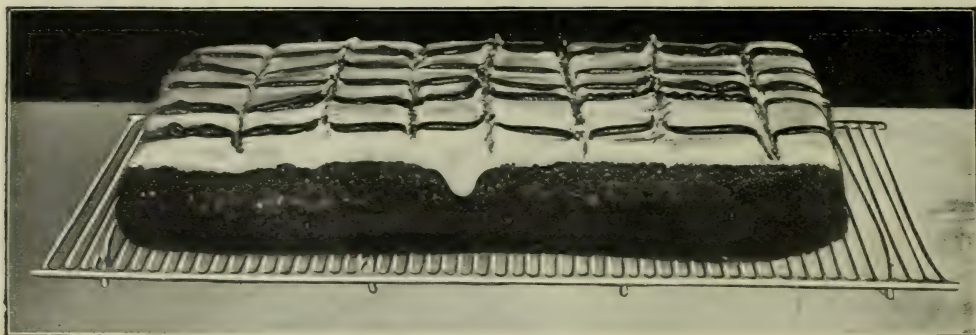
Pare, core and slice about fifteen tart, dry apples; put them over the fire with a cup of sugar and a fourth a cup of butter, cover and let simmer, stirring occasionally until softened, then remove the cover and let simmer till quite dry; meantime cut bread in



MARGUERITES

slices one-fourth an inch thick; trim these to make finger shapes an inch wide and three inches long; fry these in butter, first on one side and then on the other (about twenty-four sippets will be needed). Set these, one overlapping another, in a dish of suitable size and depth; turn the apple into the center and finish with four sippets in the center; these may be pointed at one end, brushed over with white of egg and dipped in fine-chopped pistachio nuts. Serve hot as a dessert dish at luncheon or dinner.

viously sweetened. Soften one tablespoonful and a half of gelatine in one-third a cup of cold water and dissolve by setting the dish of gelatine in boiling water. When dissolved stir into the apricot mixture. Set the whole into a dish of water and bits of ice and stir until the mixture begins to thicken, then fold in one cup and a half of cream, beaten firm. Turn the mixture into a mold and, when chilled and firm, set the mold an instant in warm, not hot, water — the water should reach, on the outside, to the height



MRS. STOKES'S CAKE

Caramel Custard

Cook half a cup of sugar to caramel; add half a cup of water and let simmer to a thick, smooth syrup. Beat four eggs, or, better still, two eggs and four extra yolks; add one-fourth a cup of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt and beat again; add the caramel syrup and two cups of rich milk; mix all together thoroughly and turn into a mold, thoroughly buttered and dredged with granulated sugar. Let bake on several folds of paper and surrounded by boiling water until firm in the center. Serve cold, turned from the mold.

Apricot Bavarian Cream

Press enough cooked apricots, flesh and juice, through a sieve to make one cup and a half; add half a cup of sugar — more if the fruit has not been pre-

viously sweetened. Soften one table-
spoonful and a half of gelatine in one-
third a cup of cold water and dissolve
by setting the dish of gelatine in boiling
water. When dissolved stir into the
apricot mixture. Set the whole into a
dish of water and bits of ice and stir
until the mixture begins to thicken,
then fold in one cup and a half of
cream, beaten firm. Turn the mixture
into a mold and, when chilled and
firm, set the mold an instant in warm,
not hot, water — the water should
reach, on the outside, to the height

Marguerites

Boil one cup of sugar and half a
cup of water to 240 degrees Fahr. or
until it will spin a thread two inches
in length. Add five marshmallows, cut
in small pieces, and let stand on the
back of the range a moment, to melt
the pieces of marshmallow. Pour in a
fine stream on the whites of two eggs,
beaten dry, beating constantly mean-
while. Add two tablespoonfuls of
cocoanut, one cup of chopped walnut
meats and a teaspoonful of vanilla.
Dispose on choice crackers and set
into a moderate oven until the mixture
is lightly colored. Serve in the place
of cake or cookies.

Mrs. Stoke's Cake

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup and three-fourths of sugar; add, alternately, one cup of cold water and three cups of sifted pastry flour, sifted again with three slightly rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Lastly, add the whites of four eggs, beaten dry, and beat the whole thoroughly. Bake in a shallow pan. Make a boiled frosting of one cup of sugar, one-fourth a cup of water and the white of one egg. Tint three or four tablespoonfuls of the frosting with an ounce of melted chocolate. Cover the bottom of the cake with the white frosting, and with pastry bag and tube with small round point form lines of the dark chocolate across the longest way of the cake. At once, before the frosting hardens, draw a silver knife down through the frosting, from the top to the bottom, then turn and draw the knife from the bottom to the top — turn again and draw from the top to the bottom — continue in the same way across the full length of the cake. The spaces between the lines thus formed should be about one inch and a half.

Nesselrode Parfait

Bring to the boiling-point half a cup of syrup from a bottle of preserved chestnuts; pour it in a fine stream upon the yolks of three eggs, beaten light and mixed with one-fourth a cup of sugar and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt; let cook over hot water until thickened slightly; add half a cup of the preserved chestnuts, pressed through a sieve, six or eight of the chestnuts cut in small pieces and half a cup of French fruit, cut small, and sultana raisins. Soak the fruit and chestnuts overnight in maraschino or a thick, sugar syrup. When the chestnut-custard mixture is cold and thick and the mold (quart size) thoroughly chilled and partly packed in equal

measures of ice and salt, fold one cup and three-fourths of cream, beaten solid, into it and turn into the mold, filling it to overflow. Spread paper over the mixture, press the cover down over this and finish the packing. Let stand about three hours.

Lady Fingers

Beat the whites of three eggs dry and the yolks of two eggs until thick and light-colored; gradually beat one-third a cup of powdered sugar and a few grains of salt into the yolks, fold in the whites, then one-fourth a teaspoonful of vanilla and one-third a cup of sifted pastry flour. Shape in portions an inch wide and three inches long, on a paper laid on a baking sheet; dredge with granulated sugar. Bake about ten minutes.

Rocks (Miss Bower)

Beat one cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup and a half of granulated sugar, three eggs, beaten without separating the whites and yolks, then two cups and a half of sifted flour, sifted again with one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and half a teaspoonful of cloves. Lastly, add three-fourths a pound of dates, chopped fine, and one pound of walnuts (weighed in the shell), broken in large pieces. Drop from a teaspoon upon buttered baking sheets, to form rounds a little distance apart. Bake in a quick oven.

White Corn Meal Muffins

Sift together one cup, each, of white flour and white corn meal, two rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a cup of sugar; add one egg (unbeaten), three tablespoonfuls of melted butter and three-fourths a cup of sweet milk. Beat all together vigorously. Bake in a hot, buttered roll pan (iron) about twenty-five minutes.

Menus for a Week in October

"A moderate excess of food is probably harmless, if not actually beneficial. It is not safe to sail too near the wind in matters of diet."—HUTCHISON.

SUNDAY	<p>Breakfast Melons. Corned Beef Hash Pickled Beets. White Corn Meal Muffins Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Lima Bean Soup Breaded Mutton Cutlets, Cuban Sauce Scalloped Potatoes Kohlrabi, Hollandaise Sauce Frozen Rice Pudding, Sliced Peaches, Sugared. Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Gnocchi a la Romaine Lettuce, French Dressing Parker House Rolls (reheated) Marguerites. Tea</p>	<p>Breakfast Gluten Grits, Thin Cream. Broiled Bacon Eggs Fried in Bacon Fat Parker House Rolls (kept in refrigerator overnight, baked in morning) Peach Butter</p> <p>Dinner Steamed Fowl. Boiled Rice Yellow Sauce. Boiled Cauliflower Romaine, French Dressing Cottage Pudding, Peach Hard Sauce Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Rice Croquettes, Cheese Sauce Sifted Apple Sauce Peanut Cookies. Tea</p>	WEDNESDAY
MONDAY	<p>Breakfast Baked Sweet Apples, Thin Cream Broiled Bacon, White Hashed Potatoes Eggs Cooked in Shell Buttered Toast. Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Cream-of-Kornlet Soup Flank of Lamb, Boiled and Browned in Fat. French Fried Potatoes Mayonnaise of Sliced Tomatoes Simple Apple Charlotte Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Cold Corned Beef, Sliced Thin Potato Salad. Hot Baking Powder Biscuit New Clover Honey. Tea</p>	<p>Breakfast Remnants of Fowl, Creamed, on Toast Tomatoes Fried with Cheese Doughnuts. Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Fore Quarter of Lamb, Steamed Steamed Potatoes Mashed Turnips Sliced Tomatoes Baked Tapioca Custard Pudding, Vanilla Sauce Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Celery Creamed with Cheese Baking Powder Biscuit Stewed Crab Apples. Tea</p>	THURSDAY
TUESDAY	<p>Breakfast E-C-Corn Flakes, Thin Cream Sausage Cakes, Mashed Potatoes Fried Apples White Corn Meal Muffins Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Lima Bean Soup Hamburg Steak, Green Peppers, Fried Kohlrabi, Creamed Apple Dumplings, Hard Sauce Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Succotash Boston Brown Bread Apple Sauce. Cookies. Tea</p>	<p>Breakfast Barley Crystals, Thin Cream Fish Flake Balls, Piccalilli Buttered Toast Waffles, Caramel Syrup Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Baked Black Bass, Bread Dressing Hollandaise Sauce. Mashed Potatoes Tomatoes Scalloped with Onions Apple Pie. Cream Cheese Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Eggs, Poached in Cream, on Toast Pickled Beets. Chocolate Layer Cake Tea. Cocoa</p>	FRIDAY
SATURDAY	<p>Breakfast Corn Meal Mush, Thin Cream Cold Boiled Tongue, Sliced Thin Baked Potatoes, Butter White Mountain Muffins Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Lima Bean Soup Lamb Soufflé, Tomato Sauce Egg Plant, Scalloped Celery Blushing Apples, Orange Sauce, or Baked Apples with Meringue Lemon Queen Cake. Coffee</p> <p>Supper Lettuce and Remnants of Baked Fish, French Dressing Kornlet Custard with Green Peppers Bread and Butter Oatmeal Macaroons. Tea. Cocoa</p>		

Menus for Formal Occasions in October

Luncheons

I

Cream-of-Oyster Soup
Chicken Croquettes
Egg Plant Scalloped with Tomatoes
Mayonnaise of Pineapple and Celery
Coffee Parfait in Glasses
Candied Chestnuts (Marrons Glacé)
Coffee

II

Watermelon Cocktail
Cream-of-Clam-and-Green-Pea Soup
Slices of Hot Roasted Chicken Breast
Potato or Rice Croquettes
Sweet Pickled Peaches
Romaine, French Dressing
Cream Cheese. Toasted Crackers
Ginger Bavarian Cream. Coffee

III

Clam Broth
Breaded Mutton Cutlets,
Cuban Sauce
French Fried Potatoes
Cauliflower au Gratin
Romaine, French Dressing
Apricot Bavarian Cream
Marguerites. Coffee

IV

Watermelon Cones
Escaloped Oysters, Finnelli
Olives. Celery
Terrine of Chicken and Ham, Sliced Thin
Mayonnaise of Tomatoes and Lettuce
Zabione. Little Cakes. Coffee

V

Chicken Soup with Meringue
Breaded Lamb Chops, Fried, Tomato Sauce
Mashed Potatoes, Vienna Style
Oyster Salad. Salad/Rolls
Grape Juice Bombe Glacé
Lemon Queens. Coffee

Chafing Dish Suppers

I

Sardine Eclairs
Chicken à la King. Yeast Rolls
Tomato Jelly, Macedoine Style
Lettuce, French Dressing
Marguerites. Cocoa with Whipped Cream

II

Tomato Soup (reheated)
Kornlet Oysters
Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Olives. Pickles
Pineapple-and-Tapioca Sponge. Tea

III

Hot Cheese Sandwiches
Olives
Vanilla Ice Cream with
Maple Syrup and Chopped Nuts
Chocolate Cake

IV

Oyster Rabbit on Toast
Chicken-and-Celery Salad
Fruit Cup

Hallowe'en Supper

Nut-and-Cabbage Salad in Cabbage Baskets
Boston Brown Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Yeast Doughnuts, Sugared. Coffee
Pop Corn Balls. Apples

Evening Weddings

I

Scalloped Oysters in Shells
Hot Biscuit
Olives. Salted Nuts
Chicken-and-Celery Salad
Coffee. Bride's Cake
Whipped Cream in Meringue Shells

II

Creamed Oysters in Timbale Cases
Olives. Tiny Gherkins
Celery, Chicken and Nut Salad
Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Coupe Bartholdi
Wedding Cake in Boxes

After Breakfast Chat

By Janet M. Hill

"Practice makes toward perfection"

THE following contribution, by Mrs. Lillian Cox Athey, seems eminently worthy of emphasis. It is hoped that it will be given more than one reading and be followed, on the part of our subscribers, by a constant application of the principles enumerated. In this connection another thought comes to us: Young people cannot begin too early in life to familiarize themselves with the products used in the preparation of food. Each child should have an intimate acquaintance with the substances that are building up his body. It is true that one who has never entered a kitchen may learn considerable of the science of food and cookery in a school course of a year or even six months, but such a course is of infinitely more value to one who is conversant somewhat with the products used and with their manipulation. To the absolute novice many valuable points are lost entirely, because the mind is receptive of only just about so much at one time.

In classes of cookery where the pupils are adults, it does not take a keen eye to detect those pupils who have passed their life away from the sight of culinary operations and with no certain knowledge of foodstuffs. Such pupils do not handle utensils with ease, and are apt to burn themselves at the range; they cannot, without undue exertion, keep supplies from the floor, and the table in a neat condition; in fact, they labor at a disadvantage, at every step. The girl who wishes to make a pronounced success as a cooking teacher cannot think of doing it by shirking the actual cooking. Work in a chemical laboratory and a course in psychology, with the theory and art of teaching, are demanded; but these alone will not en-

able one to produce a light, tender omelet or a good loaf of bread. It is said that there must be a line of several generations of doctors before a really good doctor can be turned out. It is equally true of cooks and cooking teachers. Time is a factor in both cases. Let us who are parents see to it that the young people in our homes spend some time each week, at least, in the kitchen. Even "fudge" may have its uses, if it prove the entering wedge to interest in the concerns of the kitchen.

Success or Failure with Recipes

One of the most common experiences of authors and instructors in domestic science is encountering the difficulty which pupils and a very large number of the reading public experience in reading and interpreting recipes. Many of our leading authorities are frequently and unjustly criticised by reason of failures solely due to this cause.

Not infrequently students, especially those in boarding seminaries, being without facilities for putting into immediate practice the work in which they have been instructed, upon their return from the vacation season spent at home, report experiences which, upon investigation, prove to be due simply to failure to follow directions. Indeed it may be said that practically the only failures thus encountered are those which occur by failure to read recipes carefully before beginning to work. They seem to have the idea that, because they have worked out the recipe successfully in the school laboratory, they can do so without giving much attention to the cookbook. The result is failure, of course,

and the student not infrequently loses much good that otherwise would accrue to herself by placing the responsibility upon the instructor, or even upon the author of the cookbook "used," disregarding the years of experience and justly deserved eminence of either or both.

Meeting with an instance, the instructor inquires as to a certain ingredient or process, only to be told, usually with a surprised expression, that it was omitted, though the student "thinks" she has read the recipe carefully. By going over it again it develops that the student did not have a certain ingredient in the house, so she used something else as a substitute, arbitrarily. One student "did not like the taste of soda," so she "used baking powder instead"! And again "it did not sound right"! Possibly the ingredients were combined correctly, but the oven was not at proper temperature, and the student "thought it was all right" but made no test, and being unprovided with an oven thermometer proceeded upon supposition of such character as amounted merely to "trusting to luck."

A good rule for students and for others as well, particularly when engaged upon some new recipe, is to read the directions over carefully at least twice, during the second reading giving attention especially to quantities of ingredients to be used; then begin with the first ingredient and measure each one off carefully before starting to put them together. Next go over the recipe and check each article by placing it at one side as the reading progresses. Then set them in the order they are to go together; get the utensils ready, also the oven if to be used, then begin to do the mixing. By following a recipe thus explicitly, each time it is used, until correct results regularly accompany its employment it will soon become an acquisition; and with such knowledge as a basis one

with experience will be able to indulge in variations if desired or desirable. Beginners, however, should not deviate from the directions.

Of course, it is those who know the least about the art who seem to be the most sure that the author is at fault, or that her way is not so good as that of the reader's ancestors or relatives who had "raised" large families, so they proceed in their own way, and then wonder why the "recipe fails," when in reality it was not the recipe that failed at all. If the student were to study the introductory portions of the cookbook, thereby getting acquainted with and acquiring confidence in the author, many unsatisfactory experiences would be avoided.

It is of the utmost importance to understand the "terminology" of the profession. Thus many do not know what the term "boiling" means, and, likewise, do not know the difference between "sautéing" and "frying," and for such reasons do not properly interpret the authors, who are under the necessity of using all terms according to their exact meanings; guessing or approximating is not practised by reputable writers or instructors. To illustrate: "a thin batter," one that pours from the spoon; "a thick batter," one that drops from the spoon; "a stiff batter," one that may be rolled and shaped lightly. Yet how frequently are such expressions loosely interpreted!

Always give the author or instructor credit for knowing more about the science than yourself and, when you are practising, follow instructions "with fear and trembling," and with a little patience you may soon become an expert in reading recipes correctly. Study your science as does the doctor or the lawyer. It is second to none in importance, and successful achievement therein is attended by a degree of satisfaction, comfort and pleasure fully equal to that of any other vocation.

Lessons in Elementary Cooking

By Mary Chandler Jones

Teacher of Cookery in the Public Schools of Brookline, Mass.

LESSON V

Eggs

IN our study of the food principles as seen in milk, we saw a substance which we called the "muscle-building" food, or proteid. We saw it as the thin skin which formed when the milk was scalded and also as the curd which separated from the whey when the milk soured or was treated with junket tablet. In this lesson we shall study proteid from another source. Notice how it behaves under different conditions and what is the best temperature for cooking it. We shall use the type of albumin found in the white of egg, since that is most pure and free from other food principles.

The eggs of many kinds of birds are used for food in different countries and are similar in composition. We are most familiar with the eggs of the domestic hen.

Examine the egg carefully. Observe first the shell and notice that it is brittle and porous. (Let the pupils consider the effect of this porousness upon the *keeping* of the egg.) Break the egg very carefully, and separate the white and yolk, without breaking the latter. Within the shell we find a thin skin which protects the contents of the egg from too rapid evaporation through the pores of the shell. (Examine this skin and see how paper-like it becomes when dry.)

Within this lining of the shell we find a thick, sticky, transparent, slightly yellowish liquid, called albumin or the white of the egg. The word "albumin" comes from the Latin adjective *albus*, which means white. The uncooked al-

bumin seems not to deserve its name, but when it is cooked or beaten the color changes.

Floating in this white of the egg we find a yellow ball called the yolk, covered, in its turn, by a very delicate membrane, which prevents the white and yolk from mixing. The yolk is further protected by two elastic cords which hold it suspended in the shell and keep it from falling to either end and so being broken. The egg spoils very quickly after the white and yolk are in any way mixed, so that these provisions are necessary.

Let us try some simple experiments with the white of egg, to see how albumin will behave under various conditions. (The white of egg must be slightly beaten or cut through and through with scissors to make it possible to divide it by spoonfuls. Do not make it very frothy.)

Experiments

I. Put one teaspoonful of white of egg into one-half a cup of cold water. Stir and let stand. Notice the little bluish-white sacs in which the albumin was contained. These are called albumin.

II. Strain out the albumin through filter paper or several thicknesses of cheese cloth and notice the clear liquid obtained. (Let the pupils see that if any substance is present in the water it must be in a state of solution.)

III. Drop a little of the slightly beaten, undissolved albumin into hot

water and let the water come to a boil. Notice the hardening and whitening of the albumin, at first, and the toughening as the boiling continues. (Let the pupils compare the consistency of the white of a fried egg.)

IV. Heat the solution obtained in experiment II over hot, not boiling, water. Notice the gradual whitening and thickening of the water. What is present?

V. Put an unbroken egg into water which is just below the boiling point and let it remain at that temperature for thirty minutes. (Notice the bubbles in the water all about the bottom and sides of the pan and on the egg.) Take out the egg and remove the shell, then cut it into halves. Observe the firm, jelly-like condition of the white and the powdery dryness of the yolk.

VI. Cook an egg ten minutes in boiling water; proceed as in experiment V, and compare the conditions found. Which is the better temperature for cooking an egg hard in water?

From these experiments we see that the amount of heat required to cook albumin is not great. We also find that too high a temperature or too long continued heat makes the albumin tough, hard and indigestible. (Let the pupils suggest different ways in which the low heat may be maintained during the process of cooking.) Why is milk cooked in the double boiler instead of being boiled?

A very good idea of the cooking of albumin may be seen in watching a dropped egg in the process of preparation.

Dropped Egg

Butter the inside of a small omelet pan and a muffin ring. Put the muffin ring into the pan and pour one cup of water into the pan. Add one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, and when the water is just below the boiling point pour the egg (carefully broken into a cup) into the muffin ring. The yolk

must be whole and the water must not boil. As the white begins to stiffen a little, pour a little of the hot water gently over the egg, taking care not to break the film of albumin which is over the yolk. When the egg is jelly-like and evenly cooked, gently lift it from the water with a broad-bladed, flexible knife or a skimmer, remove the muffin ring, and serve the egg, hot, on buttered toast.

Creamy Egg

1 egg	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of milk	
1 teaspoonful of butter	
	salt
	Speck of pepper

Scald the milk. Beat the egg slightly with a fork. Add to it the salt and pepper and pour over the scalded milk. Return the whole to the double boiler and let cook gently, with constant stirring, until it is thickened and creamy, but not lumpy. Add the butter and serve, hot, on buttered toast.

Precautions

1. Do not let the water boil in the lower part of the double boiler after the egg is put with the milk. (Why not?)
2. Do not cook the creamy egg too long.
3. If the egg curdles, remove at once from the heat and beat with the egg-beater.

Soft Custard

1 whole egg or the	Speck of salt
yolks of 2	
2 tablespoonfuls of	
sugar	1 cup of milk
	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of
	vanilla

Compare these ingredients with those of the creamy egg recipe and let the pupils make up their own method of combination. The same precautions must be observed. Why? The yolks make a smoother custard than the whole egg. What may be done with the whites?

A simple test for fresh eggs is to place them in cold water enough to cover them and see whether they remain

under water or not. If they lie flat on the bottom, they are very fresh. If they stand on the pointed end, with the larger end uppermost, but all under water, they are also fresh. If they rise to the surface of the water, they may still be fresh enough for many purposes. An egg that floats, however, is old and stale.

Eggs should be kept in a cool, clean place. It is well to form the habit of washing them before putting them

away, when they are first brought into the house. The very clean shells, on account of the albumin that clings to the inside, may be used to clear coffee.

In general, we may see from this lesson that albumin is dissolved in cold water, becomes firm and white with cooking, and toughens with too much heat. When we study the albumins of fish, meat or cheese, we shall see that they behave in a similar way.

The Dove and the Eagle

A Fable

By Alice C. Hyde

THE dove was in need of advice, so she went to the eagle and poured out to him her perplexities. Generally speaking, the eagle was not a very good listener; if there was any talking to be done, he preferred to do it himself, but he received Mrs. Dove with a manner sufficiently warm.

"She's a pleasant little body," he said to himself, "and not bad looking. I wonder what she wants."

Mrs. Dove fluttered down to the branch where the eagle was sitting and indulged in a little preamble before stating the reason of her visit.

"I've had such a time getting here, Mr. Eagle," she began. "It's hard, you know, for a married woman to settle the household affairs for the day and get started at any hour in the morning, but I felt that I must see you."

"Ah!" the eagle let his keen glance rest on her a minute, but he made no further answer.

"Give her time!" he mentally ejaculated.

"It's about my dear children."

"Anything the matter with them?"

"No, but I'm so afraid there will be."

"Have many?"

"Yes, I've six".

"Large families are large responsibilities!" said the eagle sententiously; "six is more than I want."

"It is a large family, and such a great care," and Mrs. Dove ruffled her pretty feathers and sighed. "It's your advice that I want about bringing them up."

"You flatter me, madam."

"I've decided only to have the very best."

"Anything that I can do for you?"

"It's about their diet, so much depends nowadays on diet, don't you think?"

"A very great deal."

"I'm sure the papers are full of nothing else, — when I have time to read them, — and, then, at our club, I've been a club member now for three months. I wish you could come some Wednesday afternoon and talk to us."

"Thank you."

"But that wasn't what I came for, it was just about my own children. Of course I didn't know, until I joined

the club, how old-fashioned my ways were. Association with one's superiors helps so much. Aren't you, pardon me, don't you ever get lonely?"

The eagle's glance swept the horizon. "No."

"But then you have resources; they say that people with resources never are lonely."

"Really, madam, was there any special reason —"

"A very special reason. It's about the children's diet. I've read so much and listened to so many lectures on the subject that I don't know what to do. Of course, I want them to grow up right. And boys are such a problem. Mr. Dove and I were both brought up vegetarians, but we want our children to profit by the opportunities that we never had when we were young. What do you think of meat for a growing family?"

"The only thing I ever fed my son on."

"Thank you so much, that's just what I wanted to know. And often, did you give it to him often?"

"As often as I could get it."

"And not well done?"

"No, raw."

"Thank you so much, it's so im-

portant to be exact in this scientific age. I hope that I haven't bothered you."

"Not at all."

"You see my husband and I talked it over, and we said if our children could only be a little more like eagles. Good morning."

"Good morning."

And Mrs. Dove returned to her brood.

Mr. Dove foresaw difficulty in procuring raw meat for their babes, and murmured much about the increased cost of living, but his wife tactfully soothed him by saying, "My dear, think, with the ability of eagles and the manners of doves, how remarkable our children will be, some day, even if it is a little more work just at first!"

So Mr. Dove strove manfully, and aided by the opportune appearance of a butcher's cart managed to get the raw meat so essential to the bringing up of his children. But, sad to relate, the result was not that desired by their fond mother, for on eating this food her babes became, not eaglets, but very sick little doves.

MORAL. Don't take everybody's advice on diet.

All in All

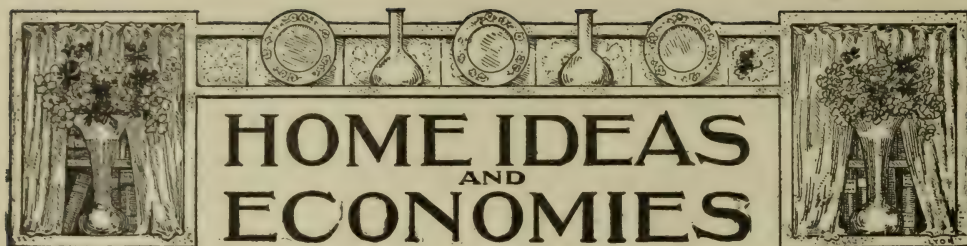
Every atom gives resistance not the universe can break;
Each rose-petal holds perfection angel artists could not make.

As each white wave feels the motion of the moon-led tidal main,
Plato and the seven sages shine in every human brain.

Each true prayer foretastes the glory saints and prophets burn to teach;
In my brother's heart enfolded lies the kingdom Christ would reach.

Under every power and passion stirs the element divine;
If I grasp the moment's meaning, all eternity is mine.

—Theodore C. Williams, "Poems of Belief"
(Houghton Mifflin Company).



HOME IDEAS AND ECONOMIES

Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

My Method

I HEAR so many woeful complaints of the cost of living, the worry of planning meals, and the hard task of preparing them, that I am giving my own method, which may be of assistance to some perplexed housewife. We are three adults, so we manage easier than if there were little ones to cater for. Our tastes differ, so one has what is most relished, and the others the same; that is, we do not prepare sufficient for three of any food that but one is fond of. My husband has bacon, potatoes, an egg, bread, butter and jelly, or jam, with a cereal and milk, and coffee for his breakfast; while my mother and I care for only the cereal, bread with butter, and coffee. For lunch we have a salad, or eggs in some form, fruit, bread and butter, perhaps cake or cookies, and usually water. If we feel a desire for tea or coffee we use it. At dinner we have a little meat, fish or a salad, potatoes, a relish, bread and butter, coffee for two and milk for one; either pie, a pudding or often ice cream. This is during the spring, summer and autumn. In winter we, of course, haven't so many green vegetables or fresh fruit. One pie is sufficient for dessert, leaving a slice for my husband's lunch (this he carries with him). Often there is plenty of salad to allow a glass of it in the lunch basket, the extra slice of cake and so on.

We live very simply, but everything is fresh and well seasoned; the hot

food is *hot*, and the cold is *cold*. We never use potatoes at the same meal we have macaroni, spaghetti or beans, nor do we use a great deal of meat with these. When one has rice he does not need potatoes or any starchy food. With a few lamb chops, or a steak, fried or broiled, mashed or baked potatoes with young onions and tomatoes are nice, and a tapioca pudding or a bowl of fresh peaches and cream is sufficient. Our dinner today is not at all elaborate, yet we find such meals healthful and satisfying, and it is a fair sample of our average dinner.

	Cold Sliced Tongue	
Potato Chips		Cucumber Salad
	Green Corn	
	Cornstarch Pudding with Cream	
	Coffee	Milk
Rye Bread		Butter
TOMORROW'S MENU		
Broiled Steak		Green Chilli
	Mashed Potatoes	
White Bread		Butter
	Devil's Food	Ice Cream
Coffee		Milk

We seldom bake potatoes during the warmer months, as other styles are as "eatable" and need less fire. When we bake bread, cake is baked, also a pie and some cookies, thus the baking is done for the greater part of a week. With this fire we also have a pot roast, and prepare macaroni (which is used cold next day). If one plans a little and has a family who are reasonable human beings, in place of fault-finding nuisances, housekeeping is not such a problem after all. Our bill for the

month, groceries, meat and milk, seldom exceeds twenty-five dollars, — not a great deal for a family of three, considering we have fresh fruits, ice cream, pudding, pies, cakes and the little “extras” that so many seem to think they cannot afford. I am not at all fond of cooking nor of housework, but for the present I must do it, so as it *must* be done it may as well be rightly done; and the work is no harder when a little planning is done and relishable food is prepared than if I slopped along “hit and miss,” mostly miss, with nothing to show for the labor.

E. C. L.

* * *

A Dainty Gift for a Bride.

A BEAUTIFUL gift for a bride from a number of her girl friends is a bed cover made of sheer linen handkerchiefs put together with narrow insertion. One handkerchief is contributed by each girl, and a jolly afternoon is spent in whipping them together.

Of course the handkerchiefs must be of uniform size with plain edges, and each should contain the first initial of the giver. Twenty of these will be required to make the spread.

If there are but three or four intimate friends who want to do this, they may make a beautiful dresser scarf in the same way, finishing it with a frill of lace.

L. M. C.

* * *

An Expedition to Holland

“In the deep where Holland lies.”

— GOLDSMITH.

A SMALL party were informally entertained as follows: The invitations were sent on Dutch picture postals. The hostess appeared as a merry fishwife from Holland. Each guest was given a large white card at the top of which was a small water-color Delft scene, and an envelope containing cut-up pieces of the Dutch

advertising figures found in magazines. Scattered about on the tables were paste pots, and everybody “got busy” to arrange the picture puzzles upon the cards in the shortest possible time.

After these were completed, each guest was then given a market basket containing a plaid crash napkin, blue plate, etc., and went to the dining-room, where they found on the table, frankfurters, sliced Bologna sausage, schweitzer, sauer kraut, rye bread and pretzels. Each one helped herself and ate where she pleased. Hot cocoa, with marshmallows floating on top, was served in steins. The centerpiece was a large cabbage head with the leaves carefully pulled apart, the heart removed and a gourd inserted, on which was painted a face.

After the lunch the hunt began for things hidden throughout the rooms. A “bulletin board” announced that a small canal picture counted 1, a toy windmill 5, a wooden shoe 10, a can of cocoa 25 (the small advertising cans were used), a tulip bulb 50, picture of Queen Wilhelmina 100, and a Dutch pipe 50 off. There were several of each, excepting the picture of the queen and the pipe; of each of these there was but one. It was very funny to see the earnest search for the picture, with the fear of finding the pipe.

The one whose points amounted to the most, and the one who first completed her picture puzzle, each received a potted tulip as prize; the two consolation prizes were cans of OLD DUTCH CLEANSER.

L. R. T.

* * *

Preserved Pears

THE usual way of preparing pears for canning, by cooking them in a syrup, has never been very satisfactory to me, as they are insipid even with the addition of lemon or ginger; but last year I learned a new method, which made so delicious a preserve that I shall never go back to the old way. I

peeled and quartered the fruit in the usual manner, placed it in an earthen jar after measuring it and covered it with half as much sugar as there was fruit. I let it stand overnight, then cooked it in *its own juice*, slowly, for about three hours. A few slices of lemon may be added when filling the jars if desired. I passed on my discovery to various neighbors and friends, all of whom were enthusiastic over it.

E. R. S.

* * *

Preparing for Winter

ONE way in which I have been able to save a great deal in the household expenses is by purchasing a quantity of provisions in the fall for winter use.

Early in the autumn I arrange with some reliable farmer, or farmers, for such things as I desire, to be delivered at some designated time.

In September, I get eggs for winter use, and have experienced no trouble in keeping them until prices come down in the spring. In October, I like to have the butter packed in rather small jars and well covered with a layer of salt; this also keeps well, and is a great saving during the period of high prices in winter.

When the steady cold weather has settled in, we have a fresh dressed pig brought to us. My husband has learned how to cut this, and I spend a busy day cutting and trying out the lard and cutting the sausage meat into strips. We then make our sausage after a tested and favorite recipe, and place the hams and shoulders in a pickle for spring smoking. For this smoking we have an arrangement made of packing boxes that works admirably. For very little labor we have a quantity of lard and meat, which never costs us over an average of ten cents per pound, and very seldom over eight cents, which suits us as no purchased article can.

Later in the winter, when the fresh

pork is eaten, we have a quarter of beef costing from six to eight cents per pound. For keeping the fresh meat we have a strong wooden box placed in a cool corner of the back porch.

If there is more meat than we require, I can it, and find this a great convenience in summer for hasty meals or picnics.

The first year I bought winter supplies in quantity I had some difficulty in judging the amount required, but a little experience has shown what we can consume without waste.

Neat table holders are made of coarse white linen in the form of an envelope, the flap fastened with a small dress snap. Inside is slipped a piece of asbestos.

A woman whose house telephone is necessarily used by many people keeps at hand a bottle of carbolic acid and a box of little squares of clean white cloth. Before using the phone she wets one of the squares with the solution and wipes the mouthpiece. This is an easy thing to do, and may be the means of saving much misfortune.

A most simple yet beautiful way to arrange flowers, having short stems, is to weave over the top of the bowl or vase to contain them a fine feathery vine such as asparagus or smilax. Through the network thrust the flower stems. The green forms a beautiful background and a few flowers may be made to show very advantageously.

A. M. A.

* * *

IN sewing braid on the bottom of a skirt, rip a hole in the hem large enough to insert a calling card. Push this along as you sew the braid, and the stitches will never come through on the outside of the skirt.

Tea, which is to be served cold, can be made early in the day, poured

off the leaves, and kept in the ice chest. I serve mine as if it were hot, weakening each glass from a pitcher of chilled water, and adding the lemon juice from another small pitcher. In this way the clear tea which is left over, having no lemon in it, will keep for several days. Also some guests who fear the effects of tea will accept a glass of lemonade, which you can make equally easily from the same tray.

A bag made of flowered ribbon, about six inches wide, and filled *tight* with rice, hanging near the dressing table, makes the best kind of cushion for hat pins. They are more easily removed than from a dainty flat pin-cushion, and save the latter from large pin holes and rust marks. W. R. P.

* * *

Corn Relish

Cut the corn from two dozen ears; chop rather fine one head of cabbage, four large onions, four green peppers and one red pepper, first discarding the seeds of the peppers. Add one quart of vinegar and set to boil. Mix together three cups of sugar, three-fourths a cup of flour, half a cup of salt, one-fourth a cup of dry mustard and one teaspoonful of tumeric; when well mixed stir in one quart of vinegar and then stir the mixture into the hot vegetables. Let boil half an hour; add two teaspoonfuls of celery seed and store as canned fruit or vegetables.

Fried Apples

Have about one-fourth a cup of hot salt pork or bacon fat in a frying pan. The fat should not be heated enough to discolor it. Turn into it about five tart apples, pared, cored, and cut in slices, and let cook over a moderate fire until softened and slightly browned. Turn the apples with a spatula, occasionally, that the

slices below may not become too brown. The shape of the slices will not be kept and the apple will be browned irregularly.

Peach Sherbet

Boil a quart of water and a pint of sugar twenty minutes; add a teaspoonful of gelatine, softened in three or four tablespoonfuls of cold water, and let become cold; add the juice of one lemon and two oranges and enough pared peaches, pressed through a sieve (a potato ricer is the best utensil for the purpose if the peach stones be first discarded) to make in all two cups of fruit juice. Freeze as usual. Peach juice may replace the orange juice, but the combination is a good one. Use the lemon juice to bring out the flavor of the peaches.

Cold Water Sponge-Cake

Beat three eggs two minutes; add one cup and a half of sugar and beat five minutes; add one cup and a half of flour, one teaspoonful, slightly rounding, of cream of tartar, and half a level teaspoonful of soda sifted together; lastly, add half a cup of cold water and a teaspoonful of lemon extract.

Things Worth Knowing

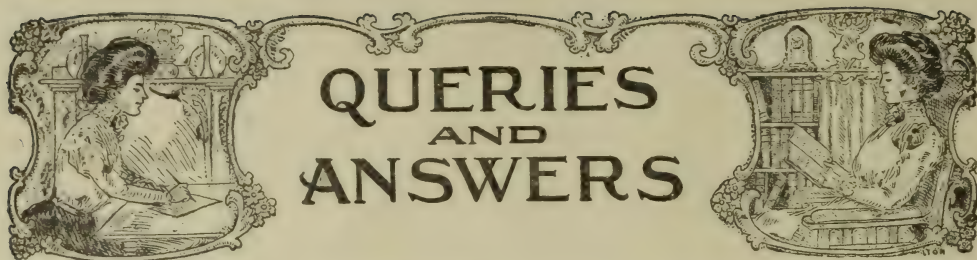
Salt added to starch makes the gloss on linen when it is ironed.

When making up unbleached calico, allow an extra inch to the yard to counterbalance shrinking when washed.

To keep the whites of eggs from falling when being whipped, add a pinch of cream of tartar.

To restore the fragrance to baskets made of sweet scented grass, plunge them into boiling water, removing them almost instantly.

Equal parts of turpentine and ammonia make a good remover of paint from cloth. Soak the spot in the mixture, rub it hard, dip in soapsuds, and rub it again. Almost any paint stain can be removed in this way.



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor, BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1634. — "Recipes for Pie crust with lard, Pie crust with butter, and Lemon Filling."

Recipe for Lard or Butter Pastry

On page 86 of the August-September magazine will be found a recipe for plain pastry. No variety of shortening is specified — any variety may be used. Two cups and a half of flour (ten ounces) and half a cup (four ounces) of shortening are designated. This makes a very plain pastry. Probably half the weight of the flour in shortening would give more general satisfaction. That is, use only two cups of flour to the half cup of shortening. In mixing the paste do not work the shortening into the flour too thoroughly.

Lemon Filling

Sift together two tablespoonfuls and a half of cornstarch, one half a teaspoonful of salt and one cup of sugar until thoroughly mixed; add one cup of boiling water and stir until boiling; remove from the fire and beat in the grated rind and juice of one large or two small lemons, a teaspoonful of butter and one egg, beaten light. Use as a filling between two unbaked crusts. By cooking the mixture, before adding the egg and butter, twenty minutes in

a double boiler, it may be used between crusts baked separately.

Lemon Filling No. 2

3 yolks of eggs	Juice of 2 small
1 cup of sugar	lemons
2 whites of eggs	Grated rind of 1
$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of butter	lemon

Beat the yolks; gradually beat in the sugar, then add the whites, one at a time, unbeaten. Beat the butter to a cream; gradually beat in the egg mixture and the lemon juice and rind. Bake between two crusts, or cook in a double boiler and spread between two crusts baked separately; or bake in one crust and use the two extra whites for a meringue.

QUERY 1635. — "Recipes for Consommé with Flageolet, Lamb Chops, Maintenon, and Bar-le-duc, mentioned in the menus for Formal June Luncheons."

Consommé with Flageolet

Consommé is a soup made of three kinds of meat—beef, veal and chicken—with vegetables and herbs, clarified with whites of eggs and chopped meat, one or both. The flageolet are French beans; these are cooked tender in water and from six to a dozen beans are served in each plate of soup. The recipe for making and clearing consommé is quite lengthy; a good recipe may be found in modern cook books on

general cookery. At least one such book should be found in every kitchen.

Lamb Chops, Maintenon Style

Select chops with a rib bone, and about an inch and a half thick. If, in cutting the chops, two rib bones are present, remove one of them. Scrape the rib bone clean, thus forming French chops. Cut through the back of each chop at the middle and nearly down to the bone, to form a sort of pocket. Have ready a mushroom preparation. Put a teaspoonful or more of this into the pocket of each chop. Press the meat together close, and use part of a wooden toothpick to hold in place. Roll the chops in cooked (browned) ham, grated fine. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, then roll in beaten egg, and then in soft bread crumbs. Sauté the chops in hot, clarified butter about four minutes on each side. Then dispose around a mound of risotto.

Mushroom Preparation for Chops

Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter. Add half a cup of chopped mushrooms (fresh, not canned) and a teaspoonful of grated onion. Stir, and cook five minutes. Then dredge with three tablespoonfuls of flour, a dash of salt and paprika. Stir and cook until the flour is blended with the butter. Then stir in one-half a cup of stock or cream and a teaspoonful of fine-chopped parsley.

Risotto for Lamb Chops

Put a quart of cold water over a cup of rice, and heat quickly to the boiling point. After three minutes drain, rinse in cold water, drain, and dry on a cloth. Melt one-fourth a cup of butter in a saucepan. Put in an onion, cut in halves, half a green pepper, chopped fine, and the rice. Stir and cook until the butter is absorbed. Then add one cup and a half of strained tomato and two and one-half cups of white broth or boiling water. Add also a teaspoon-

ful of salt. Let cook until the liquid is absorbed and the rice is tender. Then stir in a cup of mushroom caps, broken in pieces, and sautéd five minutes in butter, and half a cup of grated Parmesan cheese. When thoroughly mixed and very hot, serve with the chops.

The risotto is not an integral part of this particular dish. It may be replaced with potatoes in some form, as French fried, or some other vegetable.

Recipe for Bar-le-duc

Two recipes for this confection were given on page 112 of the August-September, 1910, magazine.

QUERY 1636. — "Recipe for Watermelon Rind Pickle."

Watermelon Rind Pickle

Pare the rind, cut it in cubes, cover with cold water to which a tablespoonful of salt to each quart of water has been added. Let stand overnight, drain, rinse in cold water and set to cook in boiling water. Let cook until tender, then drain carefully. For each six pounds of rind take one pint of vinegar, three pounds of sugar, a tablespoonful of whole cloves, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon bark, broken in pieces, and two or three pieces of mace; heat to the boiling point, add the rind and let cook very slowly about half an hour. Store in an earthen jar or in glass fruit jars as canned fruit.

QUERY 1637. — "Will the recipe for Mint Jelly given in the June-July magazine keep in glasses through the winter if put up now?"

Regarding Recipes for Mint Jelly

Mint jelly, made by the recipe for "Mint Jelly," with gelatine, will keep but a short time; jelly, made by the recipe for "Mint-apple Jelly," will keep through the winter.

QUERY 1638. — "Recipe for making Grape Juice."

Grape Juice

Wash the grapes, pull them from the stems, put them, covered, over a slow fire to simmer gently and stir occasionally until the grapes are softened throughout, then drain in a bag, pressing out the last of the juice if desired. Rinse fruit jars and covers in boiling water; turn the boiling juice into the jars, set on a hot folded cloth, filling them to overflow; adjust the rubbers, remove the covers from boiling water and fasten the jars secure. Or, fill the jars with the strained juice, set them on a cloth laid over a rack in a steam cooker or canner, surround with lukewarm water and let cook ten minutes after the water boils, then close secure with rubbers and the sterile covers.

QUERY 1639. — "Please explain why tiny flies appear in flour. At first I kept the flour in the bin in the kitchen cabinet; when tiny flies appeared all through a new sack, I bought a tin bin, but I have again had the same trouble. The flour was the best grade carried by my grocer."

Cause of Tiny Flies in Flour

We have had no experience with flies in flour; we have had worms appear in flour after it had been kept some time and have seen them in entire wheat flour when bought from a barrel at the grocers. Will be glad for any information on the subject.

QUERY 1640. — "Does olive oil have the same nutritive value after cooking that it has uncooked? We use olive oil in bread for shortening and also in cooking meats; thus used is its nutritive value lessened?"

Nutritive Value of Cooked Oil

We would be glad to publish the results of any experiments that have been made to show the comparative value to the system of cooked and uncooked fats. It is thought that in the case of fat in meats that cooking at a temperature considerably higher than 212° Fahr. does no mischief and may

be desirable (Mattieu Williams in "Chemistry of Cookery") and olive oil can be heated to a higher temperature than other fats, without dissociation. It is quite another matter with butter.

QUERY 1641. — "How may Green Corn Pudding be served for 200 plates without ramekin dishes? Recipe for Potatoes Duchesse."

Serving Green Corn Pudding in Quantity

Green corn pudding may be baked in any sort of an agate or earthenware baking dish. Oval au gratin dishes of earthenware, large enough to serve a dozen people, cost about fifty cents each. These are probably more suitable to take to the dining-room than any other dish at the same price.

Duchesse Potatoes

To about a pint of hot potato pressed through a potato ricer or sieve add two tablespoonfuls of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, the beaten yolks of two eggs and enough hot milk or cream to moisten as needed. Beat thoroughly. When used for piping the potato must be of a consistency to flow easily through a tube and yet hold its shape perfectly.

QUERY 1642. — "Recipes for Clam and Fish Chowder."

Clam Chowder

("Practical Cooking and Serving")

1 cup of cold water	1 tablespoonful of salt
1 quart of fresh shelled clams	3 cups of milk, scalded
$\frac{1}{4}$ a pound (scant) of salt pork	$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of butter
1 onion, sliced	$\frac{1}{8}$ a cup of flour if desired
1 quart of sliced potatoes	Pepper to taste
	Crackers

Parboil and rinse the potatoes. Pour the cold water over the clams, pick over and rinse in the water to remove bits of shell; strain the water and clam juice through a napkin and in it scald the clams; strain out the clams and keep them hot. In the meantime try out the fat from the pork, cut in bits,

Two Menus for Thanksgiving Dinners

I

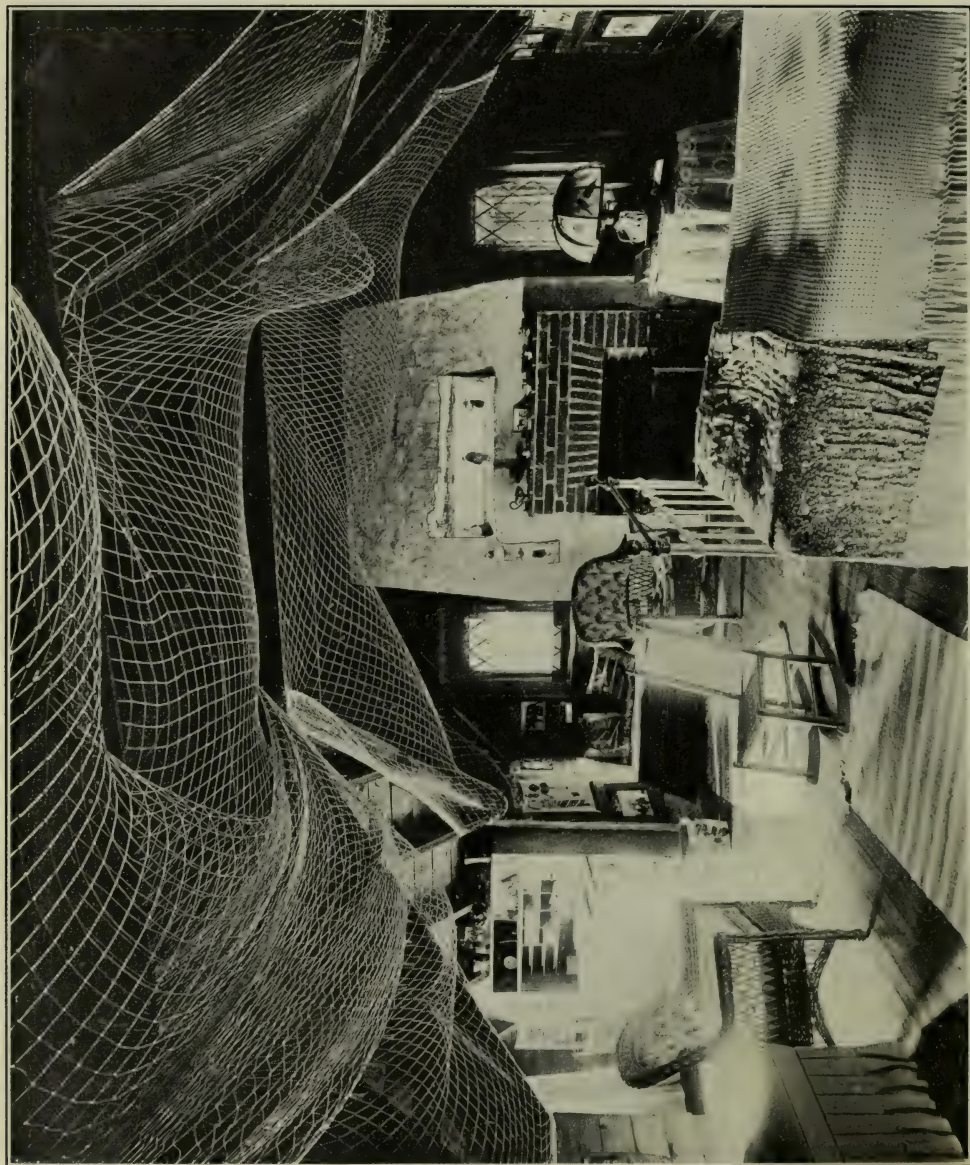
New England

Cream-of-Clam Soup
Fresh Codfish Boiled, Egg Sauce
Gherkins. Olives
Roast Turkey, Cape Cod Cranberry Sauce
Celery. Mashed Potato, Nantaise
Onions in Cream Sauce
Chicken Pie
Sweet Pickled Peaches
Pumpkin Pie
Ice Cream Sundae, Sultana Roll Style
Grapes. Apples
Coffee

II

Southland

Bisque of Crabmeat
Young Guinea Hens, Roasted
Guava Jelly
Rice Croquettes. Candied Sweet Potatoes
French Endive and Cumquat Salad
Banana or Squash Pie
Grapejuice Syllabub or Zabione
Fruit. Nuts
Coffee



GIRL'S CHAMBER IN ATTIC

The

Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XV

NOVEMBER, 1910

No. 4

Some Uses to which the Attic may be put

By Mary H. Northend

THE attic is happily coming to be appreciated at its true worth. Housewives of the present are beginning to realize its adaptability, and are exerting every effort to bring it into its own. The many pleasing results that have already been effected in the transformation of this erstwhile storage space are convincing proofs of its possibilities, and tend to show that tact and ingenuity will work wonders in the reclaiming of this generally wasted space.

Even in old-fashioned houses, where the attic is particularly dark and gloomy, the transition into a pleasant, livable room is possible. Of course, alterations must be made, and some money expended, but the bother of "making over" is worth while, and the expense slight, if a little tact is exercised.

First of all, proper lighting must be provided. In the west gable end insert a group of three windows in Venetian style—one wide double-hung window in the center, and narrow casement windows at each side, opening outward. Arrange these low

enough to allow for an ample window-seat beneath. Provide the windows with tiny panes, with thick wooden muntins; for large panes are entirely out of place in this apartment. Shade the windows with simple curtains of cretonne, silkoline or some similar inexpensive material, hung on narrow brass rods. An attic has no fellowship with elaborate draperies.

Perhaps in the east gable there is a narrow window. Make this over into one of Dutch design, with high window stool and wide sill. Provide it with the same small panes of glass as were used in the Venetian window, and curtain it with the same simple material.

Having made due provision for light, the next consideration is a fireplace. The main chimney always runs up through the attic, and at slight expense it can be opened and a fireplace built. This feature is particularly desirable in this apartment, and the slight cost of its providing is amply repaid by the cheer and good will it breathes forth as its fitful flames throw searching shadows that play in and out among the brown rafters.

If the floor is in poor condition, incapable of taking an oil stain satisfactorily, lay over it a new flooring of maple, and finish with staining or varnish. Leave the sheathing in its plain brown finish, to correspond with the unfinished rafters of the roof.

If the fireplace is in the center of the end wall, as is generally the case, extend seats on either side; or, a seat can be built at one side, and a bookcase at the other side. Sometimes it is possible to arrange two or three bookshelves above a seat space, thus constituting a tiny inglenook effect. Ever so many attractive uses can be made of the space flanking the fireplace, if only a little thought is exercised. Skeleton shelves may also be arranged at either side of the Venetian window, within comfortable reach of the window seat.

Comfortable chairs of the Mission type, as well as a couch and center

table, with perhaps one or two smaller tables, should be provided. Every piece of furniture used here should be plain and substantial. Simplicity is the keynote of this apartment, and all rich, expensive furniture would be wholly out of place.

To relieve the somewhat somber finish of walls, floor and furniture, decide on a color scheme for decoration. Old rose and moss green are a pleasing combination, especially when worked out on a cream-white ground. A pretty cretonne of this coloring is readily procurable, and can be used for window hangings, seat and chair cushions, and couch covering.

A unique use of the attic is to convert it into a combination den and chamber. This was accomplished by two young girls at slight cost. The attic was in an old-fashioned house, and had been unused for years. It ex-



GENTLEMAN'S LOUNGING-ROOM IN ATTIC



ATTIC STUDIO

tended the entire length of the main part, with staircase opening in the center. The first move was to thoroughly clean it, after which proper lighting was provided. The small windows in either gable were enlarged into Dutch effects, and at either side of the fireplace — which was opened up in the main chimney at one end of the attic — tiny casement windows were inserted. The floor was found to be in good condition and was simply stained a dark brown. The sheathing was left in its natural finish.

The next step was to partition off the space under the eaves at the north side, at a point where the rafters were seven feet from the floor, thus providing ample space for trunk room and clothes press. The partition was made of cheap tongue-and-groove pine sheathing, finished with oak stain. The sheathing was continued all the way around the room, against the fur-

ring. At the south side it was kept out from the eaves so as to make a wall space five feet high for additional storage space.

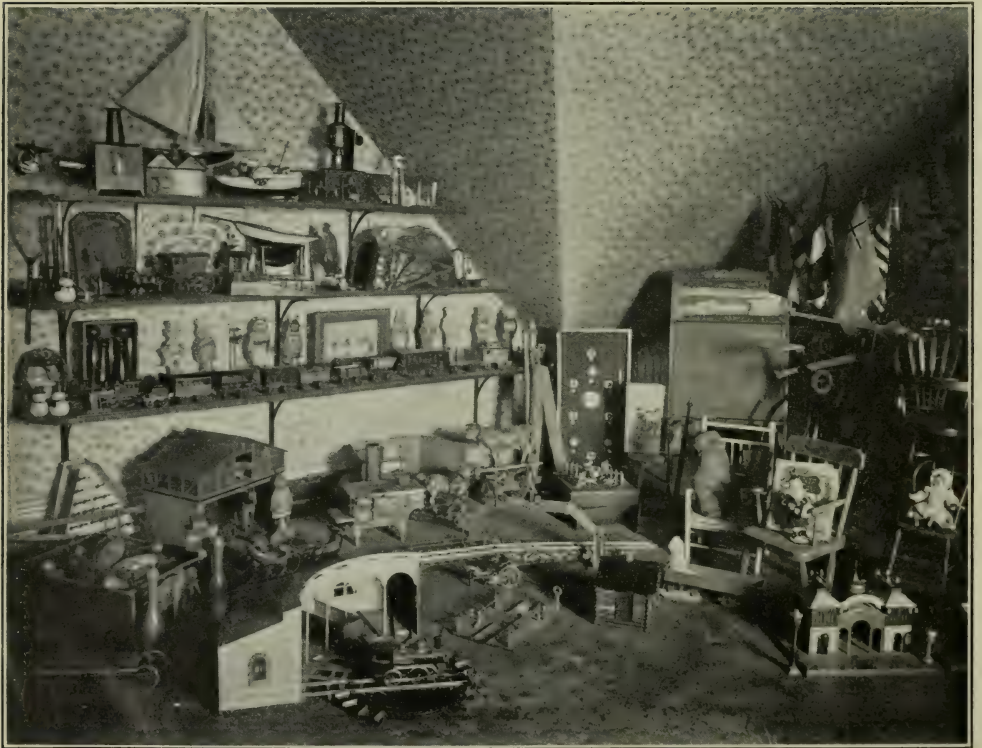
The partition of the closet ran close to the chimney, leaving just room for the comfortable ingle seat that was built. The chimney and the staircase were in line, and to the right of the fireplace a tall, burnt-wood folding screen was arranged, and served to divide the whole floor into two apartments — the larger one in the west gable for den, reception or sitting room, while the smaller one in the east gable made a cozy bedroom.

The windows were shaded by cream-white hangings with stencil borders of scarlet red poppies. The same cream-white material was used as covering for window seat, ingle seat, chair and couch cushions, and the same vivid design of poppies outlined each. On the broad sill below the Dutch windows

scarlet geraniums were arranged and added still another touch of coloring. The furniture used in the den was of old-fashioned design and consisted of odd pieces found in the attic at the time of its reclaiming, as well as some few pieces brought from downstairs. In the chamber an old set of black walnut was made use of. Its somberness was relieved by the window hangings of cream-white with poppy borders. The bureau scarf and table cover were of the same material, and the Vassar box showed a like covering. The attic in its transformed state was most attractive, and readily solved the problem of providing additional room needed.

Another attic was devoted to the uses of two bright boys, who were much interested in the arts-and-crafts movement, but had no place for a workshop. No change was made in the

woodwork; and as the floor was fairly good it was thoroughly oiled and then received no further treatment. This keeps down dust, and makes a surface from which the boys can easily sweep shavings. A large window was inserted in each of the two gables, and a work-bench fitted under each window. This arrangement gives good light for their work. Each boy has fitted up shelves, drawers and cupboards for storing his tools and raw material. They have decorated the walls according to their own taste, for the most part with photographs taken and finished by themselves, for which purpose a small dark-room has been boarded in between the chimneys. These two chimneys, with the heat which rises from the steam-heated rooms below, make the attic warm enough to work in, even during the winter season. It is lighted by electricity, for which the



CHILDREN'S PLAY-ROOM IN ATTIC

boys put up their own wire and made their own batteries.

A certain well-known artist took the entire third floor of a spacious Colonial house for a studio, and worked a transformation that is truly artistic. In the huge old chimney a generous fireplace was opened, and a long, broad mantel shelf built above it. Over the worn floor a new hard pine one was laid and carefully polished. The wood work was left unfinished, but the side walls were hung with burlap in a deep moss green.

The furniture used is of a nondescript character, well in keeping with the situation. There is an old-fashioned sofa, a box-seat for the window, a couch, a divan, a spinning wheel, a Dutch churn and chairs of various styles and sizes. There are muskets, swords, jugs, steins and vases. Of course there are pictures everywhere — on easels, on the wall, on the couches, on the floor; and there are raised platforms beneath the windows, large enough to hold chair and easel, in order to catch different light values upon the painting.

This attic studio is frequently opened to friends, who enjoy an afternoon among the pictures. The tea which is served in this charming retreat seems to have an especial flavor, borrowed perhaps, from its unusual surroundings.

One of the pleasantest studies I have ever seen was a plastered attic room, on the third floor of a two and a



DEN IN ATTIC

half story house. It had but one window, but that was a wide one, facing the southwest. The sunlight streamed in here from ten o'clock in the morning until sunset, and it overlooked a beautiful view in which a little river sang its way through an elm-shaded New England town. This river was so near that one could hear its song. Across the stream, over the tops of cottages immaculate in white paint with green blinds, rose a great green hill, and beyond towered the mountains with their ever-changing shadows.

The sloping roof came down within three feet of the floor upon one side of the room. Skeleton book shelves, stained to match the trim of the room, ran along that side and held about five hundred books. Others occupied shelves above and below the writing-desk, placed just at the right of the window. The study table and com-

portable chair held a central position. The walls and ceiling were covered with a dainty wall paper, in a pattern of blue forget-me-nots and maidenhair, against a cool gray background that matched the pearl-gray woodwork. Pictures were hung all about, wherever

possible. The study complete possessed a charming sense of isolation, so high was it above the ground floor. Noises from the street below were deadened by distance; only the river sang on incessantly, lending its hospitable voice to the quiet of the friendly attic.



HUNTSMAN'S ROOM IN ATTIC

A Young Nurse

By A. T. Frost

She walks blocks and blocks, with her cheeks flushing pink,
 While the breezes ruffle her curls,
 And she's sober, yes, very, responsible too,
 This proudest of proud little girls.
 O'er a carriage she bends, with a matronly air,
 Hums a song that is sweet as can be—
 Sure a wonderful nurse, slow she paces along,
 She has borrowed a baby, you see.

The tennis balls fly in the court by the hedge,
 She's raced there herself, wildly gay,
 But now there is business engrossing on hand,
 The children that want to can play.
 Oh, later, 'tis true, she will romp with the rest,
 She's mischievous, sometimes, they say;
 Far off is tomorrow, uplifted she feels,
 She has borrowed a baby, today.

Take Account of your Blessings

By Mrs. Charles Norman

"THE honor shall be yours to the world's end," so wrote a friend in England to one of the men who, in 1620, landed in Plymouth, Massachusetts, to make a home in the wilderness.

Nearly three hundred years have passed, and, today, when we hear the name "Pilgrim," we repeat, "The honor shall be yours to the world's end, and to the world's end your descendants, who live amid enfeebling luxuries, will need to remind themselves over and over of your sufferings, your thrift, your prudence and your courage."

To go to a new world, across a wide and dangerous sea, a world that had offered no hospitality to earlier comers, to go with the encouragement and support of no one, in no spirit of adventure, no expectation of gain, to give up native land, kindred and friends, to do all for conscience sake,—this would not be possible for an inexperienced, indecisive, frivolous person, unless he were attacked by sudden madness. The Pilgrims had long before counted the cost of their enterprise. They had had abundant discipline in misfortune and sacrifice. Already, for twelve years, they had been self-exiled in Holland. There they were free from persecution; but they saw that their children would not be English, but Dutch. Might they not go to a far-off country and prove to the narrow-minded king of England that religious and civil freedom were not incompatible with true loyalty? For the sake of future generations they undertook it, though the king offered them no protection. To be let alone, to have peace and freedom, was all they desired!

They had studied the various forms of religion both in England and in

Holland. According to Bancroft, they were men "cultivated by extensive observation." Their undertaking was, then, the more heroic, and their orderly, systematic and firm conduct proves that they were by no means ordinary.

We know their oft-repeated history; yet words do not tell, they only hint, the privations and suffering. A little band of dissenting Englishmen, worn out with the many delays and disappointments in starting the voyage, weary almost unto death with two terrible months spent upon a stormy sea, weak from want of good food—such were they when a dishonest pilot landed them upon one of the bleakest and most sterile points in our eastern seaboard. Had it been spring they might soon have recovered their vitality, but it lacked but three days till Christmas, and winter was irrevocably settled upon them. There was no time for parley over the best location for their proposed village. The boat could not be brought to shore, and the men waded through the cold waters to make their first investigations. Snow had to be cleared away before a hut could be located, and the work could only be carried on between storms of sleet and snow. It is not strange that before the second cabin was ready for use, it was needed as a hospital. Then came the lonely, anxious days, when Death was always present, when not only comforts but necessities were wanting. So many died that "the living were scarce able to bury the dead. At the season of greatest distress there were but seven able to render assistance. After sickness, privation and want remained to be encountered. Yet when, in April, the *Mayflower* was dispatched for England, not one returned!" Half

of the original one hundred had been laid in the grave. The struggles of the remaining number cannot be imagined, but it was the spirit in which they bore their struggles that has made their fame undying.

After the first harvest was gathered in, though the conditions of life were still hardly bearable, they reverently set aside a day for thanks. We picture that first Thanksgiving, the simplicity of it, the intense thankfulness for delivery from death, their pathetic joy in being provided with daily bread, their sublime appreciation of God's goodness in giving them liberty and their zeal to show full justice—even hospitality—to the savages who were their only neighbors.

We pause for a long time to contemplate the firm character of those pioneers and to wonder if we, with all our civilization, are worthy of our ancestral honors.

With all their accessions from England, it took the Plymouth colony ten years to reach a population of three hundred. Think what a decade means now! The new world is altered past all belief. The American nation, conceived in liberty, cradled in suffering, bred in the sternest simplicity, has arrived at full and luxuriant maturity! What it means in the way of comforts—who can say? What it may import in loss of character—no one likes to think. The flowers which are used for decoration for one Thanksgiving ball cost more than was required to keep one hundred colonists a year, and the lace upon the petticoats of a dozen ballroom belles would supply blankets for a large hospital or relieve many weary men from the necessity of overtoil. All over this broad country—

and we never realize how broad it is—there are churches whose spires “prick with incredible pinnacles into heaven,” but the building of those splendid edifices cost nothing in the way of sacrifice. From Atlantic to Pacific, in the cities and the thousands of square miles that stretch between, there have been established at gigantic expense, free schools, for which we are thankful to no one. We look upon them as an inalienable right, and so they are; but it was the men and women of the *Mayflower* who purchased this right. They lived for posterity!

Progress is undeniably a good thing, but we wonder, sometimes, if it would not be advantageous to progress backward for a little while. It is hard to say how far our luxuries ought to go, or how moral strength is to be maintained, if our extravagances are not checked.

We cannot sing, as we ought to sing, “Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.”

for we have no realization of what our blessings are, or that anybody ever existed without what we call “necessities.”

It is therefore good to take a backward glance. Every useful man lives in the past and future, as well as the present. It is not only admissible but obligatory for Americans to cherish the memory of their ancestors and to guard religiously every detail of their history. There are wrongs yet to be righted, there are private burdens and public burdens yet to be borne. Can we begin with half the courage, can we hold to our purpose with half the determination, of the Pilgrims, depending solely “upon ourselves and God”?



One Thanksgiving

By Alix Thorn

MISS ELIZABETH'S sober gray eyes were fixed upon a modest water color that hung over the settle in the schoolroom. The picture had evidently been painted by an amateur; just a stretch of gray green shore and blue water, and for a background some tall trees silhouetted against a rather blurry sky. "Those trees look like pointed firs!" she said with a quick sigh. "Oh, it is distinctly unprofitable for me to be thinking of pointed firs when I have twenty-five themes to correct before six o'clock!" and spreading out her papers, she bent her brown head to her appointed task, and so energetically did she apply herself that not once were her eyes raised to the disturbing water color above the settle, with its tall trees and its blurry sky.

At last Miss Elizabeth, weary young teacher and occasional dreamer, her task accomplished, put away her papers in her usual methodical fashion and closed the schoolroom door behind her. She did not at once light the gas in her small corner room high up on the fourth floor, but stood by the one window looking out upon the brightly lighted city street, and the solid line of uninspiring stone fronts that faced her. It was early November; it had been a raw day, and now she saw, outlined against the electric light at the corner, tiny flakes that floated mysteriously down out of the dark dome above, the first breath of winter. Fresh young voices sounded in the hall, and Elizabeth heard one of the older girls explaining to her roommate, "Why, yes, it was last summer; we were on the water most of the time, and along the shore there were the dandiest picnic places; after all, and we've certainly experimented enough, give me Maine."

The slight figure by the window turned away from her idle contemplation of the city night, and, lighting the gas, began hurriedly to make her modest dinner toilet. Yes, she knew now what had been the matter with her all the day — why not own up honestly to herself? She had been simply homesick for summer and Maine, for her playtime in the glorious open. The crude water color, with its suggestion of pointed firs, had merely brought back more vividly a vision of never-to-be-forgotten delights, of a wooded island, balsam covered, set in the blue bay, its friendly sister islands near by, clean shell roads leading past trim homesteads, green grassy meadows and pine-clad slopes, picturesque summer cottages, and white beaches facing the open sea. It was only last summer that she had learned to know and love it all, yet now, when she was tired and forlorn, when nothing seemed much worth while, like a wanderer in far lands, the memory of her island, as she always called it, would come back, with a great rush of comfort.

"Where are you going for Thanksgiving, Miss Campbell," inquired one of the teachers next day, "you will not stay here, will you? It's hopelessly dreary, with every one away."

"I don't know where I shall go," was Miss Elizabeth's reply, "I haven't quite decided." True enough, she did not know. Now that her home was broken up by the death of her aunt, her only living relative, unless she was invited for the holiday, which was extremely unlikely, she must stay at the school, unlovely though the prospect was.

That same evening, Betty Burns, a sweet-faced senior, tapped at her door and announced that she had come for

just a small, wee call, always providing she was desired.

"Of course you're desired, my dear child," said Miss Elizabeth hospitably; "take the wicker chair, and put my pink shawl around you; there isn't a very good heat on."

"Oh, can I look at your snap shots," cried enthusiastic Betty; "can I, they look lovely, such bits of shore, and what pointed trees, fairly sharpened all of them."

Miss Elizabeth flushed very pink, as she was wont to do when she was pleasantly excited, looking the very girl she was. "Oh, Betty," she smiled, "oh, Betty, I must tell you about them; they are all Maine views, all of them, and taken on *my* island."

So, with interested Betty wrapped up cozily in the pink shawl, and lending willing ears to the recital, picture after picture was studied and commented upon; and so well did Miss Elizabeth describe her island, that one could almost feel the balsam-laden wind, and see the island-dotted bay, -- radiant beneath a summer sky.

"And see that comfy farmhouse, with the water below it and the hillside behind it," said Betty. "I want to hear all about it. Why, you have three, yes four photographs of the same house."

"It wasn't very far from the cottage where I boarded," explained Miss Elizabeth happily. "I just happened on it one day, the homiest farmhouse on a hillside overlooking the bay. When I came to know its mistress, I completely fell in love with her, such a dear motherly person, with the sweetest face, completely devoted to her big fisherman husband and her son and daughter. She told me she was born on the island and had always lived there, knowing little enough about the great outside world. "How many times I've played on the dear funny little melodion in the parlor, all the merry tunes I could remember,

as well as hymns. And you should see the braided rugs on all the shining floors, really beautifully blended tones, pinks, browns and dull greens. Great fluted shells on the high mantels, old family china in the corner cupboards, luster and some quaint bits of Staffordshire. Oh, well," with a half-suppressed sigh, "I'll see that red farmhouse and that island when July comes; but," stretching out her arms as if to embrace it all, "it's long, very long to wait, Betty."

"You've made me wish that I, too, could see your especial summer corner," said her visitor as she rose to go. "I can believe it's all satisfying. Good night, good night, you little Miss Campbell."

The busy days passed quickly, as busy days are apt to pass; yet lessons, prescribed exercise and the varied tasks and interests of a girls' school could not altogether stem the happy undercurrent of plans and schemes for the coming recess, and teachers as well as pupils fell under the prevailing spell. And amid the glad anticipation Miss Elizabeth seemed to feel an outsider, walking apart, passively awaiting the holiday that should be such a joyful one. She alone had no home to go back to, no loving welcome awaited *her*; and though she scolded herself sternly, hot tears would fill her eyes on the rare occasions when she allowed herself the luxury of self-pity.

It was the morning of the eighteenth that Miss Elizabeth stood with a group of girls in the hall, awaiting the distribution of the mail.

"Here you are, Miss Campbell," cried a little blonde maiden, "just one letter, but maybe it is an extra interesting one. I have four, and that means joy for me."

Elizabeth Campbell took her letter, and seeking a retired window seat tore open the narrow envelope. "What odd writing!" she mused; "a small, cramped, old-fashioned hand; I cer-

tainly don't recognize it, and written on ruled paper."

But as she read her pale cheeks glowed like roses, and a tender little smile curved her lips. "To *think* that I can spend Thanksgiving on my island, in the red farmhouse — why, it's unbelievable. Dear soul, her own daughter cannot be with them, so she wonders if I will come. *Will* I, will I!" And then the gong summoned teachers and pupils to prayers.

The day before Thanksgiving, late in the afternoon, the island steamer left one passenger with her suit-case on the dock, a slim, fur-coated, bright haired girl, who hurried up to the tall man in a rough coat, who awaited her, smiling all over his good-looking brown face.

"We was expecting you, Miss Campbell," and he beamed down on his young guest. "Mother, she said, 'Do, be on hand for once, 'Lias, for'—these were her very words—'that child ain't used to the island in winter; she's small, and I do believe a good wind might blow her into the bay.'"

"I knew you'd meet me," glowed Elizabeth. "I told myself all the way over that there'd be some one on the pier. Already I love the island in winter, and it *isn't* all changed, just this little dust of snow, for aren't the firs always green?"

Faint stars shone through thin

clouds, a young moon but half disclosed her silver sickle, but the shell road gleamed white under their feet, as they walked briskly along through the wintry dusk. Lights began to twinkle at distant windows, and far out over the dark water a lighthouse sent out its cheerful beacon. A merry whistle sounded as a creaking barn door swung to, then a dog barked shrilly as he heard their approaching footsteps. Now they began to descend the rough road through the pasture, and just below was the farmhouse all ablaze with lights.

"That's ma herself at the door," said Elizabeth's companion, "and," with his deep laugh, "she's been looking out for us for some time, I surmise. Yes, of course, run ahead, *do*, and I'll come on slower with the satchel."

Elizabeth had often pictured it all since receiving the letter, thought of her coming thus, through the November twilight, but how could she have imagined her rush of joy as she was clasped in warm, motherly arms, and drawn into the spicy interior!

"Welcome, dearie, welcome," exclaimed her hostess; and Elizabeth's voice was a trifle shaky as she clung to her lady of the island, and said,

"Why, I can't tell you how beautiful it is to have my Thanksgiving here with you, and on my island, my dear island."

A "Chair of Manners"

By Kate Gannett Wells

WHY is it that courtesy often seems more difficult of attainment than the getting of understanding? Is it true, as F. Hopkinson Smith is reported to have said, that our young men leave college so ignorant of good manners that a

"chair of manners" should be established, by which boys might learn the requisite technical duties of courtesy; to a hostess for instance, failure in them proving one "as far and perhaps farther from being a gentleman as would eating pie with a knife at her table"?

Alas! girls are quite as deficient in these conventional courtesies as boys. Some fail to answer an invitation promptly, others may reply, at once, but do not know how to arrange the spacing of such a note and write it right along until it is ended. Some lean their elbows on the dinner table, others hold their knives and forks mid-air while passing their plates. Some are rough and ready with their hostess, others totally ignore her. A boy may take the trouble to rise the first time a lady comes into a room, but he considers it a useless farce to keep on doing so every time she enters.

Very minor mistakes are these and other details of lack in high breeding compared with want of kindness of heart, arising very likely, it should be acknowledged, from sheer carelessness; being in a hurry; not wanting to fuss and not seeing that persistent, consistent courtesy is more than temporary politeness. For courtesy is a composite of sympathy of heart, tact of brain and grace of body. It takes time to think and feel, if not to speak and move.

Yet there is no one invariable type of manners to be acquired by imitation, nor should good manners ever be confused with their counterfeit, mannerism, which is superficial, thinking of how one appears rather than of what one can do for another. Besides, in trying to acquire a particular style in manners, one is apt to make them perfunctory, a disabled presentment of one's better self.

George Ticknor, a man of distinguished and consistent courtesy, the historian of Spanish literature, at whose house were met the most important men and women of Europe as well as of this country, was once asked if he did not get tired of always being courteous to his wife, his daughters, his friends, his acquaintances. "Why," he replied, "if I did, I should not deserve to have them;" and then more

soberly he added, "I owe it to my Maker to be courteous to all whom He has made." William Thackeray's daughter wrote of her father: "He was never familiar, though perfectly simple and natural. His courtesy was not put on like a Sunday suit and laid by when the company went away, it was always the same whether for a dinner by ourselves or for a great entertainment."

All the same a dress suit for dinner may not always be as available as the recognition of each other's right to courtesy of manner. It is so soothing not to be maltreated, nor regarded with indifference, nor snubbed. It is so gratifying to have other people think we are somebodies. It is so encouraging to fancy we can manage other people. Yet it takes a combination of virtues and interests to realize that we can thus succeed only by the exercise of self-control; by not putting ourselves forward; by making others appear well; by seeing all points of view, even if we can coincide with but one; and always, agreeing or disagreeing, by being sympathetic; not leisurely or spasmodically sympathetic, but warmly, gracefully, appreciatively sympathetic, without being roughshod in expression of it. We want a "wholesale soul, even if we do a retail business."

Very serviceable is such high, noble courtesy in adjusting the familiarities of marriage, the variations in temper and temperament among relatives and the social jars in domestic service. Perhaps it is only by such courtesy that households can escape the annoyances of specialized service that is taking the place of general housework, which when not incompetent was economical and comforting. But if domestic aristocracy lies in relegating maids exclusively to their work and their days out, there may come, already is, in the market women's union labor for household service. Nor will it be a long stretch from union maids to recognition of legal compensation for injuries re-

ceived or disease contracted in the performance of household work. Maids can have measles and break their wrists as well as children. Sanitary regulations, imperative for the family, should also be compulsory for the benefit of the maids. Overtime work, the bane in domestic service, should be compensated on the same broad principles by which a mother's work, freely accepted, is never done. It is only by courteous appreciation of perpetual labor and of the impracticability of an eight-hour law for maids that we can still keep our individual homes and have our breakfasts and dinners as late as we please. It is more than the spirit of justice which should be meted out to those who work for us and who, it is assumed, must not lose their tempers, even if we lose ours. Our homes are homes for them only when they feel at home all over the house.

This high type of courtesy concerns not manners alone, but the modes in which we array ourselves. It is almost irreverent to wear a hobble dress to church. It is as bad form to wear the "intimate," revealing dress of long lines in sinuous draperies, as it is

execrable to wear it at any time. The present reintroduction of the scarf may be unconsciously due to the extreme décolleté dress which long ago Napoleon so disapproved that Josephine made the shawl become a distinctive fashion of his Empire, saying, "It is part of myself, I suffer when taking it off, I feel undressed without it." But then, her hundreds of shawls varied in price from 600 to 800 pounds!

After all, neither dress nor manners can be effectively prescribed from any college chair of manners or from any guidebook to etiquette. Nor is it sufficient help that they be formulated by a sincere heart, because sincere persons are apt to hurt our feelings and to say how they would act were they in our place, when, if they were, they would feel just as we do. Nevertheless, the professional chair of manners, might aid in acquiring that invincible etiquette of high breeding which is but the adaptation of one's best self to the best selves of others, the outward form of such adaptation, girded with grace, proceeding from sympathy and the sincerity that is not aggressive.

Chestnuting Time

Oh, this is prime, chestnuting time
Has come at last, and so,
While fields are white with gleaming rime,
Into the woods I go,
A basket on my arm to bear
The treasures that I gain.
Oh, who would harbor thoughts of care,
And who deem life in vain,
While merrily the crickets call,
And cheerily the chestnuts fall?

I climb the hill, I breathe my fill
Of pungent woodsy air,
An antidote for every ill
From grief to blank despair.
How thick they lie beneath the trees,
How plump and brown they seem!
A toothsome dainty each of these,
Oh, Life's a gourmand's dream!
While merrily the crickets call,
And cheerily the chestnuts fall.

I've waited long, with courage strong,
Through Summer's drought and heat,
I've heard the robin's springtime song,
I've watched the ripening wheat.
And now I claim my well-won right
To spend the glorious day
As suits me best, and then at night
To bear my spoils away.
While merrily the crickets call,
And cheerily the chestnuts fall.

L. M.

Innocents Abroad

A True Account of How Four Girls Went to Europe

By H. D. Wilson

WHEN people heard that Jane, Joan, Marietta and I were going abroad together they looked rather dubious. None of us were many years past twenty; we were going to stay three months; and each had just five hundred dollars. Some said, "Won't it be rather disagreeable without an older person?" Others said, "Isn't it lovely you can go all alone like that?" meaning just the opposite; and others merely regarded us with a curious and doubtful eye. But we were undeterred by the lack of enthusiasm in our friends and went cheerfully forward with our simple preparations; that is, Jane, Joan and I did. Marietta was engaged, and had periods when she emptied her trunk and bags and declared she couldn't think of going. But these soon passed and she became excited once more over making muslin cases for everything she was going to take, for her comb, her brush, her money, and so forth. She must have made at least twenty of them.

Hoping that our experiences may prove useful to other girls who might take such a trip, I am going to tell something of our preparations. We had three trunks. Two of these we left in Liverpool in care of the steamship company. They were filled with steamer rugs, sweaters and heavy coats. The other trunk we took with us, leaving it at different places and sending it on ahead while we traveled with suitcases and bags. Marietta and Jane each had a suit-case. Joan and I had decided to combine, and sallying out one day, bought what the salesman assured us was the only thing for European travel, a large, shiny black affair about twice as big as a suit-case

and holding four times as much. Besides this we took a small hand-bag between us. The shiny black thing was soon dubbed "the elephant," for, as Joan and I are both rather small, it proved horribly awkward when there was a train to be run for and no porter on the spot. I think it was in the Edinburgh station that Joan caused great consternation among the porters by calling out wildly that the elephant had been left in the carriage. I believe they thought we were a small and select traveling circus. We have decided that next time we will each take a wicker suit-case, no hand-bags, and if possible no trunk besides the steamer trunks.

As to clothes, the starting point was a plain well-made tailored suit to be worn every day and all day. For these, we found a firm gray cloth most satisfactory. Jane had a Panama hat, which got very rakish before the journey was ended; Joan and I, three-cornered riding hats, and Marietta a simple toque. We decided on the toque for Marietta, because it made her look older. A trimmed hat is absolutely impossible, for it becomes wilted and faded within a month. Each took a light dress, but we did not wear them once, not even when we went to the opera in Paris. Of course these outfits were planned with a view to the kind of a trip we were going to take,—to avoid big cities, to get into the byways of travel and to be out of doors as much as possible. We took high stout boots for tramping and lighter oxfords for the railroad journeys. The high boots proved very useful on shipboard, where we had many cold, windy days.

Jane and Joan felt that appearances

were much against them. They are very small, and, try as they would to look aged, they were both taken for seventeen. In our division of labor we had to take this fact into account. Marietta was given the position of figurehead and chaperon, on account of her dignity of appearance and the toque. She did the talking, for which she was carefully coached beforehand, for she was so interested in the mails and letter-writing that she never knew where we were going from one day to the next. Joan, having a head for mathematics, kept the accounts; the luggage fell to my care, and Jane, Joan and I together arranged the routes and bought the tickets. Our money was in the form of American express checks, in ten and twenty dollar denominations. These are convenient and can be cashed at Cook's, at any large bank, and at hotels. At first we put part of our money into a common fund, from which railroad fares and hotel bills were paid. But we found that this complicated matters somewhat, because we didn't always want to eat exactly the same things, and we felt more independent, if each one controlled her own pocketbook.

At first money loomed large upon the horizon, to the exclusion of some of the beauties of landscapes. We sailed from Montreal, on the steamship *Megantic* of the Dominion Line, for which we bought second-class passage at fifty dollars. We had one large stateroom with four berths and were quite comfortable, as the boat was a perfectly new one with all the latest improvements. The fact that we were not allowed on the first-class deck only interested us, and we spent many hours on our upper deck looking over at the rich aristocrats coming from their sumptuous meals and parading up and down with slow dignity. We uttered many socialistic and even anarchistic sentiments and thrilled at the thought of being of "the mass." "The mass," by the way, consisted for the most part

of teachers, clergymen and modest husbands and wives with large families. The number of children was remarkable. Joan spent a great deal of time in the stateroom covering sheets of paper with figures. After much computation she announced that we had nothing to worry about as far as money was concerned; that we were perfectly safe as long as we kept within the limit of five dollars a day. We all agreed that would be easy, for we had heard a great deal about the cheapness of living in England.

Before we started we joined the Women's Rest Tour Association. This Association gives a list of lodgings in all European countries, which have been tried by members of the society and found to be comfortable and inexpensive. When we first landed, to hunt up lodgings in strange cities was confusing, and so in Scotland we went to the station hotels. These hotels are owned by the railroads, and are connected with the large stations in the various cities. They are very good and comparatively reasonable as to rates. Most of them charge eight shillings for the night and plain breakfast, or four shillings a day, with meals as extras.

The week in Scotland was the most expensive of our trip. We went through the Trossachs and the lakes, where stop-offs are arranged so that dinners costing four shillings sixpence must be eaten whether one likes it or not. We came up to our full average of five dollars a day during that time. But we had some heavenly days, when we stayed at a quaint little inn at the head of Loch Katrine. The weather was glorious; the air, fresh and sweet with heather, fairly swept us along in our walks over the moors, where we met no living thing except a few straggling sheep. Even the poetry of the "Lady of the Lake" became readable as we floated on the clear water beneath the shadow of Ben Lomond.

Jane forgot to worry about the cost of boat hire as she dabbled her hand in the ripples and heard how

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade."

But Jane is a very frugal and thrifty person and soon began to object to our extravagance, so we turned to our list and from that time on made our choice of lodgings from it. We paid from five to eight shillings a day for pension prices and from three to five for the night and plain breakfast. Our luck varied of course. In Grasmere we lived for two weeks at a charming little hotel and had delicious meals for seven shillings a day. While here we spent a couple of pounds — ten dollars — on a three days' coaching trip; and Marietta horrified us by coming home one day and announcing that she had spent twenty dollars for linens at the Flax Home Industry shop. I was compelled to buy a copy of Wordsworth's poems and then one of Coleridge's. The poetry seemed to soak in as it never had at college, where a certain number of pages had to be gone over in an hour. One of the nicest things to me about our stay in Grasmere was the sense of reality and nearness which it gave me of Wordsworth and all those who were grouped about him. Dorothy Wordsworth was, to me, even more alive than her brother. I could almost see her slender, boyish figure and gypsy-like face, with its wild black eyes, and she walked beside me over many paths well known to her, but new and fascinating to me. Their little white cottage was embowered in great luxuriant sweet peas. I have one of them now.

To offset this pleasant Grasmere experience, we stayed at a little farmhouse near Oare, Devonshire, in the Lorna Doone country. The people were simple, hospitable farmers, but it rained for three days; our fare consisted

mainly of Devonshire cream, and as I slept over the dairy, I felt as though I had been soaked in it. Although we had two beautiful walks on the moors above the ocean, we were glad enough when we could get a little rickety farm-cart and one horse to carry us and our trunk away from the scene of John Ridd's adventures. This place, by the way, was not on the Rest Tour list. Our lodging at Clovelly was, and we found ourselves most comfortably situated for five shillings a day. We had our own little private dining-room and, though there was no bathroom, our good landlady came trotting upstairs at any hour to fill absurd tin baths with hot water. Clovelly is a little fishing village, one cobbled street going steeply down to the sea, lined with quaint white houses. Many years ago it was a pirate stronghold and the street a rushing stream, but now the people are simple kindly folk, as sweet and genial as their long summer days. We tasted of sea bathing here. Joan and I had brought our bathing suits; the others had not. So we made quick changes in our rocky retreat along the shore. Jane and Marietta found wet bathing suits not at all comfortable and would make shrieking dashes for the water and happiness.

We found the little English tea-shops a boon. They were so quaint and clean, and for a very small amount of money one could get a really delicious meal. We missed them sadly after we had crossed the channel, although inexpensive comfort still came our way. At Bruges we found a delightful little inn on the "Market of the Eggs" where we paid four francs a day. The floors were sanded, and every Saturday morning the peasants came from far and near with baskets of eggs, which they sold at stalls set up in front of the place. This scene met our eyes one early morning, after a night of Inferno, when none of us had slept a wink because of the bells in Longfellow's won-

derful belfry. I shall never read that poem again with any comfort.

At Cologne we planned and bought Cook's tickets for the rest of our trip. This did away with the difficulty of gathering, in a foreign language, information as to routes and fares. Joan and Jane spoke German, but our French was mostly lacking; perhaps that is the reason why we conceived such an intense hatred for French porters and railway officials. These tickets cost fifty-four dollars and took us down the Rhine to Coblenz, Berne, Geneva, Paris, Calais, Canterbury and London.

Jane, Joan and I had been very careful about buying things, and were shocked at Marietta's extravagance in purchases of embroidered linen and post-cards. I bought pictures and good ones, wherever we went, and I am very glad of it now. But when we reached Cologne we decided that our money was holding out wonderfully well, so we had a shopping orgy. We bought the most exquisite leather things at ridiculous prices, and some silver. When we reached Switzerland, Marietta began buying the hand-made lace. Every time she went out she returned with a yard of some new pattern. Jane, interested in sociology, often went with her, in order to examine the little homes where all the feminine portion of the family, from the tottering grandmother to the baby, sat bent over their lace-making, fingers moving with marvelous rapidity.

In the Lauterbrunnen valley, where we stayed for ten days, we struck another marvel of cheapness and luxury. We had four little rooms opening on a balcony, which looked towards the graceful Staubach falls. Here we ate our breakfast of rolls, honey and coffee, as we watched the morning sunshine upon the white glory of the Jungfrau. We had the most elaborate course meals at noon and night—and all this for seven francs a day. A franc is twenty cents. Lauterbrunnen made famous

pedestrians of Jane, Joan and me. Marietta preferred sitting upon the balcony, dreaming, reading—and writing letters. But there were so many wonderful things to see and such a spice of excitement in not knowing just where we were going, that we spent the days climbing and tramping. At Zermatt, Joan and I tried to explore the end of the Gorner glacier, and only great blue chasms in the ice, with water trickling weirdly and treacherously beneath, drove us back. Jane saw no reason why she should not climb the Matterhorn, and grew quite provoked when I told her it was impossible. Finding argument useless, I merely advised her to try a small mountain first. She did, and came back at dinner-time dead tired, after going a third of the way. She never mentioned the Matterhorn again. Distances and powers of endurance are deceptive in that high altitude, one feels so light and strong. We all loved Switzerland, but the people, especially the mountain dwellers in the Lauterbrunnen and about Zermatt, were a thin, dark-skinned race, with fierce faces and strange, silent ways. They rather frightened us.

We had intended leaving Paris out of our itinerary, but we were there for three days. We parted with what seemed to us large sums of money, for we went to the opera, bought scarfs and silks at Liberty's store, and stayed at a hotel where we paid eighteen francs a day for our rooms. We felt excited and wildly extravagant during the whole time. It was here that Jane covered herself with glory by tipping the owner of the hotel instead of the concierge. She sailed out with a grand air as she did it, and not until we discovered the concierge riding on the box of the carriage did we realize into whose hands our precious five-franc piece had gone. Then, of course, we had to hunt up another. Jane has never recovered from the blow. The question of tipping was a constant

source of annoyance. We never knew how much to give, and each of us confessed to a feeling of shamefacedness when we had to slip a franc into the hand of some august-looking personage with a beard and a dress suit. We usually forced this duty upon Marietta, pointing out the toque as our excuse for so doing.

One great advantage we gained by avoiding large hotels,—we learned something of the people of each country and their ways. The ordinary traveler sees Americans at his hotels, hears their talk and is carefully served and fed after American fashion, with the result that he knows only the mere outside of European countries. In some of our lodgings we were the only Americans, and we were always glad of it. We learned many new things, and Marietta especially, because of a sympathetic manner, held long conversations with our fellow-lodgers and acquaintances. These she reported to us in detail, imparting much valuable information. An old fisherman told her all about Clovelly; how it had been a pirate town, and showed her where illicit gold had been hidden under different houses.

London came near the end of our trip, and here, while Marietta haunted the American Express office for mail, Jane, Joan and I sat down and took stock of our finances. We were really surprised when we considered what we had done. We had seen the Scotch and English lake districts, Devonshire, a little of Belgium and Germany, had

been down the Rhine, and spent a month in Switzerland and three days in Paris. None of us had been sick a day, had all had enough to eat, and had lost ourselves only twice. Contrary to the expectations of some of our friends, we had felt no lack of a chaperon. Any trouble we had with porters and railway guards occurred, not because we were girls traveling alone, but because we were mere girls and as such too unimportant to be noticed by a busy man with an official badge on his important looking hat. But for the most part our wants were attended to with the greatest respect and celerity; often people went out of their way to be kind to us. Moreover we were going to arrive in America with a small margin of money, although each of us had bought at least fifty dollars' worth of things. Joan, after half an hour spent in silence with a pencil and paper, announced that we could have made it easily on four hundred dollars, and that Jane could probably do it on three hundred and fifty. We had bought our return tickets for the steamer before we started, so that didn't trouble us. We came back on the *Dominion*, a small boat, and all in the same class. The fare was fifty-five dollars, but I preferred the second class on the *Megantic*, even though we were shut off from the first-cabin deck room. An anxious family met us at Quebec, where an incredulous father received a letter of credit for a thousand dollars, which had not been touched.

The Third Meal

By L. H.

“**B**LESS you!” exclaimed Alice, as she unfolded her napkin, “how I *do* love to be invited out to lunch!”

We all looked at her questioningly, and she continued with some embarrass-

ment, “You see—the thing is—I never bother to get myself any lunch at home. I take a cracker in one hand and a glass of milk in the other and eat and drink walking up and down the kitchen floor. Sometimes I swallow a

raw egg whole. I learned to do that when I was getting over grippe. It is very nutritious and doesn't make dishes."

"But, don't you get starved before dinner?" asked Peggy.

"Why, yes, sometimes. Then I make myself a cup of tea the last of the afternoon. I don't want you girls to think I'm a shiftless sort of housekeeper. I get Jack a nice breakfast and dinner and I really enjoy cooking good things and making the table look dainty. But somehow, when it comes to setting and unsetting that table for the third time, I simply can't do it."

"I know just how you feel," chimed in Betty. "Nothing would induce me to get three whole meals a day. I like housework, but I'm awfully slow at it. By the time I've gotten the house in order and perhaps a dessert made and the vegetables ready for dinner it's nearly noon, and I actually haven't the courage to go right to work to get lunch for myself. So I put on my things and go over to mother's."

"Way over there?" gasped Miriam. "Why, it's almost an hour's ride, isn't it?"

"Yes, just about, but I like to see mother and I always walk part way home, which is about all the outdoors I get, so I salve my conscience as best I can."

"I'm a coward about lunch, too," confessed Amy. "I hate getting it ready and I hate sitting down in the dining-room and eating it all alone. I prepare my lunch while I'm clearing away breakfast. I spread some bread and boil an egg hard, or if I have cold meat or cheese on hand I make sandwiches. At noon I put it on a tray and carry it wherever I choose. In the summer I usually eat it on the back piazza, but at this time of year I sit by the living-room window. There is plenty of passing, so it doesn't seem lonely, and I'm interested in watching people, so I don't eat too fast, which is always the danger when one eats alone."

"I've often wished we could live on two meals a day," Elsie now took up the burden of the song. "Ethel Brooks is on a no-lunch diet and I do envy her, though she has a maid and needn't get her own lunches anyway. I tried going without mine for nearly a week, but it made me feel queer and I had to stop. I'll tell you how I get around the question now, girls. You know I go down town to the big market three times a week and I plan to get there about noon. Then, when I've finished my marketing, I go into a little restaurant near there and get a cup of coffee and a roll; it only costs ten cents. Sometimes I'm extravagant and buy a fifteen-cent lunch, but I never spend more than that. It's such a comfort, when I get my kitchen all cleaned up in the morning, to know that it's going to stay that way until dinner time."

"I know," said Peggy. "I used to try to get out of getting lunch myself. Somehow it was the last straw that broke my housekeeping back. I'd put a few cold fragments on the corner of the kitchen table and wash them down with tea, or I'd drink the coffee left over from breakfast and eat with it any odds and ends of pie or cake I happened to have left. But I gave that up years ago. It really is no more trouble to bake a potato and cook a bit of Hamburg steak or bacon than it is to make tea and sandwiches. And you feel so much more self-respecting, when you sit down to such a meal and so much better nourished when you get up from it. I don't expect you girls to agree with me now, but in the course of time Alice will tire of that hungry-in-the-afternoon sensation, Betty will be too busy to run over to mother's every day, and peripatetic sandwiches will pall on Amy. Then you will realize that if you've got anything to do you might as well roll up your sleeves and do it thoroughly. I think young housekeepers make themselves no end of trouble by trying to save themselves trouble."

THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics

JANET MCKENZIE HILL, Editor

PUBLISHED TEN TIMES A YEAR

Publication Office:

372 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 10c
FOREIGN POSTAGE; TO CANADA, 20c PER YEAR
TO OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES, 40c PER YEAR

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Entered at Boston Post-office as second-class matter

Nature's Songs

Sweet April with her showers

And blossoms wild and wet,

Sings to the dancing meter

Of dainty triolet.

June is a lovely lyric;

Her flowers are tuneful rhymes;

Her birds and bees and trees and grass

All flow in gracious lines.

September, softly sleeping

Beneath a brooding sky,

Intones, with misty weeping,

A solemn elegy.

But when December's icy winds

About the earth are whirled,

The splendid epic of the storm

Sings to the frost-bound world.

HELEN COALE CREW

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION

INTEREST in home economics is rapidly increasing. Teachers' College, Pratt and Drexel Institutes, many of the State universities and other educational institutions are providing extensive and excellent courses in Domestic Science and Household Arts. Surely at the present time young women have large opportunities to procure special training in the most important subjects that concern home life.

Pure food, proper feeding or dietetics are receiving a vast deal more attention today than ever before. A few years ago people in general partook of their food with little thought, and largely as appetite dictated,—a practice, no doubt, that proved successful in a large number of cases and destructive in many another. Nowadays people in ever-increasing numbers want to know how their food has been kept, handled and prepared for the table, in short, just what they are eating. The scientific rather than the haphazard way has invaded the household.

In many places, where food is dispensed to large numbers, the composition and relative value of food products are considered, and, as the daily diet is made up, it is based upon the conclusions of the chemist and the economist.

The education of today is not that of yesterday. Like all things else, it has changed. The significance of the subjects taught in the schools has been changed. What is now thought of greatest worth in education is not that so considered in the past. In fact, in recent years the objective point of all living has been changed. May not this objective, as now conceived, be stated to be continued good health as the essential condition of all other attainments?

The inference seems plain that, whatever goes to make up the complete education of woman, her special train-

ing should be in the line of household management. Foremost in the educational thought of the day comes industrial training. For women industrial training should be in matters that concentrate about the home.

THINGS WE SHOULD NOT SAY

THERE are many times that we understand why we stray into wrong paths, much as we afterward disapprove of such wandering, — such paths have at the moment seemed to us the pleasantest, and, by a fallacy, we have persuaded ourselves that they will bring us into the right way again, or that we can easily get back there.

But in regard to words there is no such excuse. It is as easy to say the right word or phrase as the wrong one, sometimes even easier. Yet incorrect speech in those who rank as educated persons is not only a habit, it has grown to be a custom; perhaps it always was so. It is not improbable, though, that we are more near the right phrasing than we were a century ago, and that the end of the twentieth century may see us far in advance of where we are today. But if we are to advance, let us start at once.

When a boy or a girl, who has had perhaps, a year at the high school, talks about "those kind of things," the persons whose ears are offended may frown, but they must excuse the error. But when a college senior talks about "those kind of things," what excuse can there be? A liberal education should be able to revise the details of everyday life and of everyday phrasing.

The English language, in spite of its many difficulties and perplexities, is yet remarkably clear of the pitfalls of plural forms accompanying, in the capacity of adjectives, plural nouns. For this very reason the few that it has should be all the more carefully observed: this — these; that — those; this kind — these kinds; that sort — those sorts. Yet we are constantly

hearing "these" and "those," the plural forms, used with the noun in the singular, — "these kind of things," "those sort of people." The right way is so simple, it seems as if in sheer love of the wrong one must have chosen it! "Those kind"! It jars on the ear like a false note in music.

The newspapers are fond of printing announcements like the following: "Mrs. Beacon-Hill, president of the Cosmos Club, was given a large and brilliant reception last evening."

Now, the passive verb, having its subject as its object — that subject being acted upon, — cannot take what follows it as its object; this must be controlled by a preposition expressed or understood. The above sentence, fully rendered, would read: "Mrs. Beacon-Hill, president of the Cosmos Club, was given to a large and brilliant reception last evening." We all know that what was given was the reception, and that it was given to Mrs. Beacon-Hill, not she to it. Then why not say so?

Again: "He was promised a large sum of money," instead of, "A large sum of money was promised him (or to him)." "She was thrown a magnificent bouquet." Now, no one would say out fully that such a lady was thrown to a bouquet; but it is only our consciousness of the absurdity of such a supposition and the frequency of phraseology like this that keep us from the conclusion implied in the form.

Our dear and blessed word "begin," without which the Anglo-Saxon could never have begun to rule so much of the world as he does, is frequently superseded by the word of French origin, "commence." But this courtier's word has not the range of its compeer of our mother tongue, although both in speech and print it is often assumed to be so. We may "begin" a book, or "begin to read" a book, with equal correctness. But although we

may "commence" a book, we cannot properly "commence to read, to walk, to dance, to sing," in short, to do anything which requires an infinitive to express it, for "commence" should not be followed by an infinitive. As has just been stated, however, this rule is very often violated, and sometimes by good writers; still it remains a rule.

Between "like" and "love" there is the same distinction. One may "love study, books, play, walking;" but not "love to study, read, play, walk," or to do anything that must be expressed by an infinitive.

If the example of the king pouring tea into his saucer, in order not to embarrass the guest who had ignorantly done this, is to be followed, we shall find ourselves constantly saying, "it was me," "it was him," and other phrases of this nature; and we shall frequently make use of the double negative, "I wasn't but a little way off"; "it wasn't but a little thing"; "he hasn't but one arm."

A lady, vehemently challenging a friend who had used the expression, "and the like of that," strove to make her correction the better remembered by adding, "Don't you never let me hear you say that again!"

The colloquial form of expressing judgment has more decision than elegance: "It ain't right." And that of expressing uncertainty more facility than grace: "I don't know as I can go." Illustrating the use of the plural verb with the singular pronoun, the statement, "He don't want to learn any more," may be made by a commentator who, evidently, has not learned enough.

Why cultivate a child's ear for song, and not also for spoken words, which play a still larger part in his life?

For not beauty, or grace of carriage, or dress, although all these things have weight, can give to man or woman the control over other human beings which lies in a voice finely trained and

in words uttered by those who know their power and dare to use it.

Yet ease in conversation is never to be foregone. Stiffness here is as awkward as in movement. One would rather, perhaps, even walk over on the grass a little, now and then, than seem always in terror of doing so. But happy are they who know how to walk the path of elegance with dignity and grace.

FRANCES CAMPBELL SPARHAWK.

"From reading the magazine articles of specialists and the editorials of the daily papers no one can get any proper idea of the condition of things in the United States. Much less can one inform himself concerning social needs and opportunities by listening to the sermons and speeches of those who are making a specialty of condemning society and criticising the Church. But from those news items which are not doctored and the general reports which are not used for a purpose, one can easily learn that the majority of the people of the United States are prosperous, contented and happy beyond anything ever known before in this country or in the world at large. The contests between capital and the labor unions really affect only a small portion of the millions of people who inhabit the United States, and who are quietly attending to their daily tasks, reaping the rewards of industry and spending their earnings as honest men in the improvement of social conditions and the comfort and education of their families."

"Why do the proprietors of the magazines spend so much money for naught on showy cover designs?"

"On what terms are books printed that so many are put upon the market which have no selling value and can never give a return to the author?"



ROASTED CHICKENS, ENDS OF DRUMSTICKS COVERED WITH RED APPLES

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Cream-of-Clam Soup (to serve six)

CHOP one pint of clams; add a cup of cold water and let heat gradually to the boiling point; let simmer about fifteen minutes, then press through a fine sieve. Scald one quart of milk with half an onion, a sprig of parsley and a stalk of celery. Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook one-fourth a cup of flour, one teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper; when frothy add the clam purée and stir until boiling. Strain in the milk and, if at hand, add also half a cup of cream.

Cream-of-Celery Soup

Use the same proportions as above, substituting celery purée for the clam

purée. The celery (leaves and coarse stalks) will need to simmer an hour or more.

Chestnut Soup

Cut a slit in the shells of a pint of chestnuts, cover with boiling water and let boil two minutes; drain thoroughly, add a teaspoonful of dripping and shake over a quick fire five minutes; cover with a cloth to keep them hot while the shells and skin are removed. Put the chestnuts in a stewpan with a quart of beef broth or broth made from game. Let simmer until the chestnuts are tender and press through a sieve; add more broth, if needed, also salt and pepper, and stir over the fire until boiling; remove to a cooler place and stir in the beaten yolks of three

eggs, mixed with half a cup of cream. Serve at once with bread croutons.

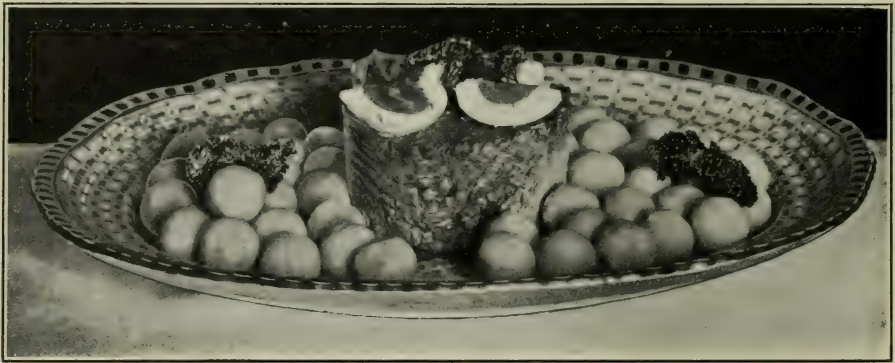
Cream-of-Chestnut Soup

Cook, shell and blanch one pint of chestnuts as in preceding recipe. Cook tender in water or chicken broth and press through a sieve; add more broth, salt and pepper as needed. Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook one-fourth a cup of flour, add a cup of milk and a cup of cream and stir

the range and gradually stir in two tablespoonfuls of butter, cut in small pieces; finish with a hard-cooked egg, chopped fine or cut in slices.

Crabflake Croquettes

Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook half a cup of flour and a scant half-teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika; add one cup of fish or chicken broth or milk and one-third a cup of cream and stir until boiling; remove



HOT CANNED SALMON, EGG SAUCE

until boiling, then add to the broth, stir until the whole is boiling and serve at once.

Hot Canned Salmon, Egg Sauce

Set a can of salmon in a saucepan of boiling water over the fire and let the water simmer fifteen or twenty minutes; open the can close to the edge, drain off the liquid, then turn the salmon on to the center of a serving dish. Surround with potatoes, cut in lengthwise quarters or in balls, cooked tender and drained. Garnish with a hard-cooked egg, cut in quarters. Serve egg sauce in a sauce boat.

Egg Sauce

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook two tablespoonfuls of flour and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt; add one cup of cold water and stir until boiling; draw to a cooler part of

to a cooler place and stir in one egg, beaten light; stir over the fire, without boiling, until the egg is set, then fold in one cup and a half of crabflakes. Turn into a shallow dish and set aside to become firm. Form into cylinder or other shapes, egg-and-bread crumb and fry in deep fat. Drain on soft paper. Serve at once. Oysters or clams parboiled, drained and cut in pieces, cooked lobster, fish, chicken, veal or sweetbreads may be used in place of the crabflakes.

Creamed Fish in Potato Cassolettes

Press hot, boiled potatoes through a ricer; add salt as needed, also one or two tablespoonfuls of butter for each quart of potato and, if convenient, one or two beaten yolks of eggs. Beat the mixture very thoroughly, and if too dry to shape easily add a little hot milk or cream. Shape the mixture into rounds,

ovals or diamond shapes. Roll them in sifted bread crumbs, cover with beaten egg, diluted with an equal measure of milk, then again roll in crumbs. With a sharp-pointed knife score the top of each shape one-fourth an inch from the edge, to form a cover that may be removed after the croquette is fried. Fry in deep fat; run the point of the knife around the scoring and lift up the cover and carefully remove the potato, to leave a

hollow shell. Fill with cooked fish, flaked and made hot in a cream or fish Bechamel sauce. Use one cup of fish to each three-fourths a cup of sauce. Set the covers in place and serve at once.

Chicken Pie, Biscuit Crust

Separate a three-pound chicken into pieces at the joints. Wash carefully, cover with boiling water, let boil five or six minutes, then let simmer until tender. The chicken will cook in from an hour and a half to two hours. Add salt near the last of the cooking. Let the chicken become cold. For the crust sift together four cups of pastry flour, a teaspoonful of salt and four slightly rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Work in one-fourth a cup of shortening, then mix to a dough with milk. Take two-thirds of the paste upon a board dredged with flour, knead slightly, then roll out to fit a baking dish large enough to hold the chicken. Roll the rest of the paste into a sheet, spread with softened butter, and fold in three

layers; roll to fit the top of the dish. Cut a slit in the top of the crust. Put the pieces of chicken in the lined dish. Sprinkle in a



CREAMED FISH IN POTATO CASSOLETTES

teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of black pepper and two or three tablespoonfuls of flour. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter in little bits, as the chicken is put in. Have ready a sauce made of two tablespoonfuls of butter, three of flour, one cup of cream and the chicken broth. The sauce should be cold. Turn this into the dish over the chicken. Brush the edge of the paste with cold water and set the cover in place. Ornament the cover with bits of paste, cut in crescents, if it be convenient. Set into a well-heated oven, cover with a buttered paper and let bake from three-fourths to a full hour.



CHICKEN PIE, BISCUIT CRUST

Guinea Fowl, Roasted

Singe, clean, wash and truss two guinea fowl; put a slice or two of bacon inside of each, rub over the outside with salt, pepper and flour and fasten a slice of salt pork or bacon over the breast of each. Set to cook, breast downwards, in a hot oven. Baste each fifteen minutes; turn the breast uppermost during the last of the cooking. Cook about two hours, or until the joints separate easily. Dredge with flour after each basting until nicely colored. Serve with bread sauce in a bowl and cress salad on a dish apart. Season the cress with French dressing.

over the breast. Set to cook in a hot oven. Baste each fifteen minutes with the dripping in the pan and additional fat as needed. Dredge with flour after each basting. Lower the heat after the first half hour. Let cook till the joints separate easily. The time will vary from one hour and three-fourths to two hours and one-fourth.

Giblet Sauce

When the chickens are put into the oven, cover the cleaned giblets and the necks with boiling water and let simmer until tender. Discard unedible portions and chop the rest fine. Pour all the fat, save three tablespoonfuls,



CREAMED CAULIFLOWER AU GRATIN

Bread Sauce

Cook half a cup of fine, stale bread crumbs (center of loaf pressed through colander), an onion into which six cloves have been pressed and half a teaspoonful of paprika in a pint of milk (double boiler) nearly one hour. When ready to serve remove the onion with the cloves, add half a teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of butter; beat thoroughly and the sauce is ready to use.

Roast Chickens

Truss the carefully cleaned chickens so that the legs and wings be pressed close to the body. Rub over with salt and flour, and fasten slices of salt pork

from the baking pan; into this stir three tablespoonfuls of flour, add a cup and a half of the cooled broth from the giblets and stir until boiling; add the chopped giblets with salt and pepper as needed.

Bread Dressing

To two cups of fine bread crumbs (picked from the loaf with a fork) add half a teaspoonful, each, of powdered thyme or summer savory, salt and pepper, also half a cup of melted butter, mix thoroughly and use to fill the chickens. This quantity will be enough for one chicken.

Spinach Soufflé (Ada A. Hillier)

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook two tablespoonfuls of flour,

half a teaspoonful of salt, and a grating of nutmeg; add half a cup of milk, stir until smooth, then add one cup of spinach. The spinach is measured after it has been cooked and pressed through a sieve. It will take one pound of raw spinach to make one cup of purée. Add also one-fourth a cup of sultana raisins and one-fourth a cup of almonds, blanched and cut in quarters; mix thoroughly, then add the beaten

yolks of three eggs; mix again, fold in the whites of three eggs, beaten dry, and turn into a buttered dish. Bake, set on several folds of paper and surrounded by boiling water, until firm in the center. Serve with the meat course or in a course by itself.

German Pretzels

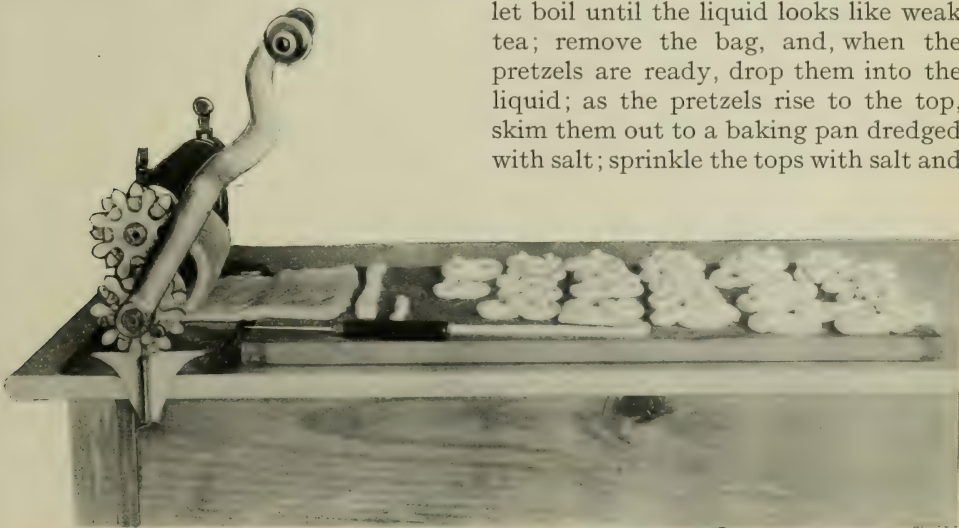
Put one cup of lukewarm water into a mixing bowl; crumble a cake of compressed yeast into one-fourth a cup of lukewarm water, mix thoroughly, then add to the water in the bowl; stir in

enough flour to make a batter, cover and let stand in a warm place until light and very bubbly. Add half a teaspoonful of salt and enough flour



GERMAN PRETZELS

to make a very stiff dough. Knead thoroughly, adding flour meanwhile. When very stiff and smooth set aside in a covered bowl until doubled in bulk. Turn the dough through a brake such as is used for beaten biscuit, or roll or pound it with a rolling pin. When the dough is pliable and velvety, cut off strips and roll under the fingers into strips of a pencil shape; coil these in pretzel shape and let stand to become somewhat light. Have about a quart of wood ashes tied in a bag; pour over these about two quarts of boiling water; let boil until the liquid looks like weak tea; remove the bag, and, when the pretzels are ready, drop them into the liquid; as the pretzels rise to the top, skim them out to a baking pan dredged with salt; sprinkle the tops with salt and



BISCUIT BRAKE AND PRETZELS IN PROCESS OF SHAPING

let bake in a quick oven. The dough, without boiling in the lye, may be shaped for breadstick pans and dredged with salt before baking. These salt



A CHEESE COURSE

sticks are particularly good with soup. The dough is particularly easy to handle.

Mashed Potatoes, Nantaise

Press hot boiled potatoes through a ricer; for each quart add a teaspoonful of salt, four tablespoonfuls of butter and hot milk or cream as needed. Beat thoroughly with a perforated wooden spoon; press, dome shape, into an au gratin dish, brush over with white or Bechamel sauce, sprinkle with cracker crumbs, mixed with melted butter, and set into a hot oven to brown the crumbs.



A CHEESE COURSE

Creamed Cauliflower au Gratin

Let the cauliflower cook in boiling salted water until tender, then separate into flowerets and dispose in individual dishes; over the cauliflower in each dish turn one or two tablespoonfuls of cream sauce, sprinkle with buttered cracker crumbs and set into the oven, to brown the crumbs.

A Cheese Course

Roll cream cheese into balls nearly an inch in diameter; roll the balls in pistachio nuts, blanched and chopped. Pile the balls in the center of a chop-plate, and surround with a wreath of orange or grape-fruit marmalade. Surround the marmalade with hot toasted crackers. Serve at the close of luncheon or dinner in the place of the usual pudding, pie or other sweet dish. If preferred pass the cheese, marmalade and crackers on a tray in separate receptacles.

Cranberry Tarts

Cut rounds from flaky paste and an equal number of rounds from puff-paste, if at hand, otherwise use flaky pastry for both sets of rounds. Cut out small rounds from the paste to be used as covers, but retain them in place.

Put a spoonful of cranberry jelly on the flaky rounds, brush the edge with cold water and press the puff-paste rounds above; dredge with granulated sugar and bake in a rather hot oven about fifteen minutes.

Puff-Paste

Keep the hands and a mixing bowl for some minutes in very hot and then in very cold water. Work and wash half a pound (one cup) of butter in very cold water until pliable and smooth, pat into a rectangular shape rather less than three-eighths of an inch thick, fold in a cloth and set in a cool place. Work half a pound (two cups) of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt with cold water to a dough, knead until elastic; cover with mixing bowl and let stand five minutes. Pat and roll into a rectangular sheet rather more than twice the width and three times the length of the prepared butter. Lay the butter lengthwise in the center of one side of the paste, fold the other side of the paste over the butter and press the edges together. The butter is now enclosed. Fold one end of the paste over the other end, under the enclosed butter, evenly, and press the edges together all around. Turn the paste halfway around that it may be rolled in a direction opposite to the first rolling; pat with the pin and roll out, keeping the layers even. Fold the paste to make three layers, turn half-

way around and again roll out. Rolling the paste, folding in three layers and turning halfway round is called "one turn." The pastry should be



CRANBERRY TARTS

given six "turns." The first rolling with butter is the first turn.

Chestnut Pudding

Wash and wipe a lemon; pare the thin yellow rind from half of it, add to a cup of milk and let scald over hot water; remove from the fire, add two tablespoonfuls of butter, the yolks of two eggs, beaten and mixed with two level tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-fourth a cup of preserved chestnut purée, half a cup of bread crumbs, the juice of a lemon and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt. Mix thoroughly and let cook till firm in the center. When cooled a little spread over the top a



CHESTNUT PUDDING

meringue, made of the whites of two eggs, two rounding tablespoonfuls of sugar and half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Return to a slow oven for ten minutes, to cook the meringue. In making the meringue beat the whites dry, then gradually beat in the sugar. Use granulated sugar.

Small Chocolate Cookies (Anna Arnold)

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of sugar, two eggs, beaten without separating the whites and yolks, then two rounding tablespoonfuls of cocoa, one tablespoonful of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract and two cups of sifted pastry flour, sifted again with two slightly rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Drop by the teaspoonful, some distance apart, on buttered baking sheets. Bake in a quick oven. When baked the cookies should be perfect in shape and the size of a macaroon.

Ice Cream Sundae, Sultana Roll Style

Prepare a junket or a Philadelphia ice cream mixture, flavoring each quart with a tablespoonful of vanilla and half a teaspoonful of almond extract; freeze as usual, then tint light green with

vegetable coloring. Soak about half a cup of sultana raisins in brandy an hour or two. Whip a cup of double cream until solid, then fold in three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Boil one cup of sugar and one-fourth a cup of water six minutes; let cool and add one-third a cup of claret wine. Put a large spoonful of the frozen cream in a glass, with a spoon dipped in warm water; form a small open space in the center, and in this set a teaspoonful of raisins, carefully drained; over these pipe a rose of the whipped cream; pour two or three tablespoonfuls of sauce over the whole. The raisins may be cooked in syrup and drained and the soaking in brandy omitted. Strawberry or raspberry sauce may be substituted for the claret sauce. If preserves be used, press through a fine sieve, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice to each cup of purée and it is ready to use. If the sauce prove too thick, add a little sugar syrup.

Ginger Ale Punch

Melt one cup and three-fourths of sugar in one cup of lemon juice and stir in one quart of ginger ale. When the sugar is melted, freeze to a mush. Serve in cocktail glasses with or after the meat course. Half a cup of sauterne may be mixed through the ice after it is frozen.



GINGER ALE PUNCH

Menus for a Week in November

SUNDAY

Breakfast
E-C Corn Flakes,
Hot Dates, Thin Cream
Broiled Bacon
Baked Potatoes
Doughnuts. Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Guinea Fowls, Roasted, Bread Sauce
Boiled Rice
Celery-and-Apple Salad
Squash Pie
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Hot Cheese Sandwiches
Baked Sweet Apples, Thin Cream
Small Chocolate Cookies. Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Gluten Grits, Hot Dates, Thin Cream
Smoked Halibut, Creamed with
Baked Potatoes. Curry Powder
White Mountain Muffins
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Lamb-and-Tomato Soup with Rice
Baked Halibut Steaks, Bread Dressing
Stewed Tomatoes. Mashed Potatoes
Apple Pie. Cream Cheese. Coffee

Supper
Kornlet Custard
New Rye Bread and Butter
Baked Pears
Honey Cookies. Tea. Cocoa

MONDAY

Breakfast
Salt Mackerel Cooked in Milk
White Hashed Potatoes
Baking Powder Biscuit
Pickled Beets
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Boiled Leg of Lamb, Caper Sauce
Plain Boiled Potatoes
Mashed Turnips
Apple Dumplings, Hard Sauce
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Creamed Guinea Fowl on Toast
Stewed Crab Apples
Gingerbread. Cocoa

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, Hot Baked Apples, Thin Cream
Sausage Cakes
Creamed Potatoes
Rice Griddle Cakes
Cocoa. Coffee

Dinner
Broiled Sirloin Steak
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Celery. Yeast Biscuit
Coffee Jelly, Boiled Custard

Supper
Cream-of-Celery Soup, Croutons
Fried Oysters. Cole Slaw
Yeast Biscuit (reheated). Tea

TUESDAY

Breakfast
E-C Corn Flakes
Sliced Bananas, Thin Cream
Dried Beef, Frizzled, Fried Potatoes
White Corn Meal Muffins
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Lamb Pie, Biscuit Crust
Boiled Onions, Buttered
Celery
Prune-and-Nut Jelly, Whipped Cream
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Pop-Overs. New Clover Honey
Smoked Halibut
Boiled Rice, Milk. Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, Thin Cream
Halibut Fish Cakes (left over)
Baking Powder Biscuit
Coffee

Dinner
Fowl en Casserole
(Potatoes, Carrots)
Celery-and-Nut Salad
Cranberry Pie
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Boston Baked Beans with Sausage
Graham Bread
Apple Sauce. Cream Cheese
Chocolate Cookies. Tea

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, Sliced Bananas,
Thin Cream
Hashed Fowl on Toast
Doughnuts
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Cannelon of Beef,
Brown Sauce
French Fried Potatoes
Squash
Scalloped Tomatoes
and Onions
Lemon Pie
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Oyster Stew, Pickles
Buttered Toast
Apple Sauce
Cream Cheese
Tea

Menus for Thanksgiving Dinners and Suppers

Simple Dinner, I

Cream-of-Oyster Soup
Celery. Gherkins
Roasted Chicken, Giblet Sauce
Cranberry Sauce
Mashed Potatoes
Buttered Onions
Squash au gratin
Waldorf Salad
Pumpkin Pie
Charlotte Russe
Nuts. Apples. Grapes
Coffee

Simple Dinner, III

Grape-fruit Cocktail
Creamed Haddock in Potato Casseroles
Olives
Roasted Chicken, Giblet Sauce
Cranberry Sauce
Cauliflower, Hollandaise Sauce
Mashed Potatoes
Squash Pie
Grapejuice Syllabub
Fruit. Nuts. Raisins
Coffee

Simple Dinner, II

Chicken-and-Clam Broth
Celery. Olives
Roasted Turkey, Giblet Sauce
Cranberry Sauce
Oysters Scalloped in Ramekins
Mashed Potatoes
Spinach Soufflé
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Hot Apple Pie
Vanilla Ice Cream
Nuts. Apples. Grapes
Coffee

Simple Dinner, IV

Grape-fruit Cocktail
Roasted Turkey, Giblet Sauce
Cranberry Sauce
Onions, Stuffed with Sausage, Baked
Squash. Celery
Cider Frappé
Currant Jelly or Apple Tarts
Chestnut Pudding. Plain Charlotte Russe
Raisins. Nuts
Coffee

Elaborate Dinner

Lobster Cocktail
Cónsommé à la Royal
Celery. Salted Nuts
Truffled Fish Timbales, Lobster Sauce
Oyster Patties, Brown Sauce
Roasted Turkey, Giblet Sauce
Sausage Cakes, Cranberry Jelly
Squash au Gratin
Mashed Potatoes
Brussels Sprouts, Hollandaise Sauce
Ginger Ale Punch
Roasted Wild Ducks
Cumquat-and-Celery Salad
Pumpkin Pie
Ice Cream Sundae, Sultana Roll Style
Fruit. Nuts
Coffee

Chafing Dish Suppers

I

Clam Bouillon
Celery. Olives
Chicken à la King, Waldorf
Salad Rolls
Zabione

II

Cream-of-Oyster Soup
Olives. Salted Nuts
Chicken-and-Celery Soup molded in Aspic
Jelly
Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Vanilla Ice Cream, Maple Sauce with
Chopped Nuts

Menus for Company Luncheons in November

I

Consommé with Alphabet Paste
Creamed Fish in Potato Cassolettes
Olives. Gherkins
Terrine of Chicken and Cooked Ham,
Sliced thin
Mayonnaise of Celery and Nuts
Cream Cheese Balls
Orange Marmalade
Toasted Crackers. Tea

II

Chicken Soup with Meringue
Bread Sticks
Fried Fillets of Fish, Sauce Tartare
Cold Baked Ham, Sliced Thin
Baked Bananas, Sultana Sauce
Caramel Bavaroise. Little Chocolate Cakes
Coffee

III

Cream-of-Oyster Soup
Casserole of Chicken
Celery-and-Apple Salad, French Dressing
Little Squash Pies
Coffee

IV

Chicken-and-Clam Broth
Toasted Crackers
Olives. Salted Nuts
Creamed Crabflakes in Potato Cassolettes
Cold Roast Turkey, Sliced Thin
French Fried Potatoes
Waldorf Salad
Grapejuice Syllabub
Coffee

V

Cream-of-Celery Soup
Chicken Croquettes
Brown Mushroom Sauce
Oyster Salad
Ginger Ale Punch

VI

Cocktail of Grape-fruit and White Grapes
Creamed Chicken on Kornlet Fritters
Cream Cheese Balls, Orange Marmalade
Toasted Crackers
Cocoa, Whipped Cream
Marguerites

VII

Chicken Soup with Meringue
Fillets of Fish, Fried, Sauce Tartare
Parker House Rolls
Mayonnaise of Chicken and Celery
Jelly Tarts
Coffee

Diet in Typhoid Fever

By Fairfax T. Proudfit

Second Paper

Milk Diet

This diet *régime* must be kept up during the entire febrile period, and from five to nine days after the departure of the fever, according to the severity of the attack.

FIRST DAY

INTERVALS OF FEEDING	QUANTITY TO BE GIVEN AT EACH FEEDING	MATERIALS USED	SPECIAL REQUIREMENTS 1 ounce=2 tablespoonfuls 8 ounces=1 glassful=½ pint 6 ounces=1 (tea) cupful
7.30 A.M.	1 to 2 ounces	Peptonized Milk or Modified Milk.	Formula.*
10.00 A.M.	1 teaspoonful 1 to 2 ounces	Whiskey. Beef Broth, Sanatogen or Plasnon. If broth disagrees, give milk as before.	Broth must be made the preceding day, that it may be perfectly free from grease. Add Sanatogen to warm but not hot broth.
12.30 P.M.	2 ounces	Albuminized Orange Juice.	See formula at end of article.
3.00 P.M.	1 to 2 ounces	Peptonized Milk or Modified Milk.	
5.30 P.M.	1 teaspoonful ½ ounce	Whiskey. Panopepton or liquid Peptonoids.	Poured over cracked ice.
8.00 P.M.	1 to 2 ounces	Reinforced Beef Broth.	Using the Sanatogen, Plasnon or Albumin, care must be taken not to let the albumin coagulate, which it will do, if the broth is heated over 140°.
10.30 P.M.	1 to 2 ounces	Peptonized Milk.	
1.00 A.M.	1 teaspoonful 1 to 2 ounces	Whiskey. Peptonized Milk or Modified Milk.	
3.30 A.M.	1 ounce	Panopepton.	Poured over cracked ice.
6.00 A.M.	1 to 2 ounces	Reinforced Beef Broth.	

*It is well to remember that a fresh supply of milk must be peptonized every six hours; after that time it becomes bitter and unpalatable. The immediate process may be used if it is prepared at each feeding.

SECOND DAY

8.30 A.M.	2 to 2½ ounces 1 teaspoonful	Peptonized Milk. Whiskey or Brandy.*	Partial or complete process may be used. See formula at end of article.
11.00 A.M.	2 ounces 1 teaspoonful	Reinforced Broth. Sanatogen.	Chicken, beef, lamb or clams may be used in making broth. (See formulas.)
1.30 P.M.	2 to 2½ ounces	Peptonized Milk.	
3.00 P.M.	1 teaspoonful 2 to 3 ounces 1 egg white.	Whiskey or Brandy.* Albuminized Orange Juice.	The lemon juice may be omitted in the formula, if the distention is in the stomach as well as in the abdominal regions.
5.30 P.M.	2 ounces or 1 ounce	Reinforced Broth Panopepton.	The broth may likewise be thickened with rice or barley flour, but additional cooking must be given to it.

SECOND DAY—Continued

INTERVALS OF FEEDING	QUANTITY TO BE GIVEN AT EACH FEEDING	MATERIALS USED	SPECIAL REQUIREMENTS 1 ounce=2 tablespoonfuls 8 ounces=1 glassful=½ pint 6 ounces=1 (tea) cupful
8.00 P.M.	2 to 2½ ounces	Peptonized Milk.	May be given hot or cold as the patient desires.
10.30 P.M.	2 ounces	Reinforced Broth.	
1.00 A.M.	2 to 2½ ounces	Peptonized Milk.	
3.30 P.M.	1 teaspoonful	Whiskey or Brandy.*	
	1 ounce	Panopepton or Liquid Peptonoids.	Whiskey or Brandy added by physician's order <i>only</i> .
6.00 A.M.	2 to 2½ ounces	Peptonized Milk.	

* Whiskey or brandy must only be added by order of physician. As the disease progresses the patient will become used to the monotony of the diet. In mild cases, however, a greater variety of fluids must be given or else the patient will refuse food altogether, thus increasing the bodily weakness through lack of nutrition.

Mixed Fluid Diet*

To be used instead of the milk diet that so often disagrees.

FIRST DAY

INTERVALS OF FEEDING	QUANTITY TO BE GIVEN AT EACH FEEDING	MATERIALS USED	SPECIAL REQUIREMENTS 1 ounce=2 tablespoonfuls 8 ounces=1 glassful=½ pint 6 ounces=1 (tea) cupful
7.30 A.M.	1 to 2 ounces	Reinforced Chicken Broth (thickened with barley or rice flour). Sanatogen.	Broth must be made the preceding day and made free from grease; 1 tablespoonful of barley or rice flour may be added to each pint of liquid during the last hour of cooking.
	1 teaspoonful		
10.00 A.M.	1 to 2 ounces	Buttermilk or Koumiss	Served cold, but not iced. Koumiss may be diluted with water if too thick.
12.30 P.M.	2 to 3 ounces	Albuminized Orange Juice. Panopepton or Liquid Peptonoids.	See formula.
3.00 P.M.	1 ounce		Served on cracked ice.
5.30 P.M.	1 to ounces	Buttermilk or Koumiss.	Cold but not iced.
8.00 P.M.	2 to 3 ounces	Albuminized Orange Juice. Reinforced Chicken Broth.	Reinforced with rice or barley flour.
11.00 P.M.	1 to 2 ounces		
	1 teaspoonful	Sanatogen.	
1.00 A.M.	1 to 2 ounces	Buttermilk.	
3.30 A.M.	1 ounce	Panopepton.	

SECOND DAY

7.30 A.M.	1 cup 1 slice	Hot Milk. Toast.	Milk may be peptonized and flavored with cocoa or coffee; the toast, broken up into the milk, must be <i>very</i> soft.
10.00 A.M.	6 to 8 ounces	Albuminized Orange Juice. Very soft cooked.	See formula.
1.00 A.M.	1 egg		Egg must <i>not</i> be boiled, but placed in boiling water and allowed to stand in warm place 4 or 5 minutes.
4.00 P.M.	6 to 8 ounces	Buttermilk or Koumiss. Chicken Broth, Rice.	Cold but not iced.
7.00 P.M.	6 to 8 ounces		Rice must be boiled at least three hours; if cooked a shorter time it must be strained from the broth. Peptonized. Poured over cracked ice.
	1 tablespoonful		
12.00 M.	8 ounces	Hot Milk.	
4.00 A.M.	1 ounce	Panopepton or Liquid Peptonoids.	

* This diet has been tested and found successful in many cases of typhoid fever. In using it the danger arising from abnormal fermentation, *i.e.*, intestinal perforation and hemorrhage, is reduced to a minimum.

Buttermilk, koumiss, matzoon and zoolac, owing to their lactic acid content, exert a decidedly antiseptic effect in the intestines, and for this reason are especially effective in the dietetic treatment of typhoid fever.

Convalescent Diet

Five to six days in mild cases, ten to fourteen in more severe cases, after fever disappears.

FIRST DAY

INTERVALS OF FEEDING	QUANTITY TO BE GIVEN AT EACH FEEDING	MATERIALS USED	SPECIAL REQUIREMENTS 1 ounce=2 tablespoonfuls 8 ounces=1 glassful= $\frac{1}{2}$ pint 6 ounces=1 (tea) cupful
7.30 A.M.	6 to 8 ounces 1 slice	Hot Milk. Toast.	Milk may be peptonized and flavored with coffee or cocoa or given plain; the toast to be broken in small pieces <i>into</i> the milk.
10.00 A.M.	6 to 8 ounces	Albuminized Orange Juice.	See formula.
1.00 P.M.	8 ounces	Chicken, Veal or Beef Broth or 1 soft custard.	Thickened with barley or rice flour.
4.00 P.M.	1 ounce	Panopepton or Liquid Peptonoids.	Poured on cracked ice.
7.00 P.M.	6 to 8 ounces	Hot Milk.	May be peptonized and flavored with either cocoa or beef extract.
12.00 M.	6 to 8 ounces	Hot Milk.	Peptonized.
4.00 A.M.	1 ounce	Panopepton.	

SECOND DAY

7.30 A.M.	1 cupful 1 slice	Milk (hot). Dipped Toast.	Milk to be peptonized and flavored; toast made soft with hot water.
	1 egg	Poached Egg.	Served on the toast. (See formula for Poached Egg.)
10.30 A.M.	1 glassful	Buttermilk or Koumiss.	Koumiss may be diluted with water if too thick.
1.30 P.M.	6 to 8 ounces 1 slice	Oysters (soft parts only). Zwieback dipped or toast.	Served with salt, but no other condiments. Soften Zwieback or toast with water.
4.30 P.M.	6 to 8 ounces	Albuminized Orange Juice.	See formula.
7.30 P.M.	6 to 8 ounces	Hot Milk or Broth (thickened with barley or rice). One slice of toast.	May or may not be flavored. Cook barley 5 hours, rice 3 hours.
12.00 M.	6 to 8 ounces	Hot Milk.	Peptonized.
4.00 A.M.	1 ounce	Panopepton or Peptonoids.	

THIRD DAY

7.30 A.M.	1 cup 1 slice 1 egg	Hot Milk. Toast. Poached Egg.	Flavored with coffee or cocoa. Toast lightly buttered. Egg (poached in milk or water).
10.30 A.M.	4 ounces (8 tablespoonfuls)	Junket.	May be plain or flavored with cocoa.
1.30 P.M.	8 ounces	Cream of Chicken or Chicken.	Broth thickened with rice cooked at least 3 hours.
	1 slice 1 tablespoonful	Toast. Scraped Beef.	Toast spread with scraped beef, lightly dusted with salt and pepper.
4.00 P.M.	6 to 8 ounces	Albuminized Orange Juice.	See formula.
7.00 P.M.	1 cup 1 slice	Hot Milk. Cream Toast.	Flavored with cocoa. See formula.
12.00 M.	1 cup 1 teaspoonful or more	Chicken Broth. Sanatogen or Plasmon.	Sanatogen to be added to warm, <i>not hot</i> broth.
4.00 A.M.	1 ounce	Panopepton.	

FOURTH DAY

INTERVALS OF FEEDING	QUANTITY TO BE GIVEN AT EACH FEEDING	MATERIALS USED	SPECIAL REQUIREMENTS 1 ounce=2 tablespoonfuls. 8 ounces=1 glassful=½ pint 6 ounces=1 (tea) cupful
7.30 A.M.	1 cup 1 to 2 ounces	Hot Milk. Farina.	Flavored with cocoa or coffee. Cooked with milk (accord- ing to formula).
	1 slice 1 tablespoonful	Toast, buttered. Scraped Beef.	Spread on toast and lightly broiled.
10.30 A.M.	1 glassful (8 ounces)	Buttermilk.	Cold but not iced.
1.30 P.M.	8 ounces	Cream of Celery Soup.	See formula.
	1 slice	Toast (buttered).	
	1 mold	Baked Custard.	See formula.
4.30 P.M.	8 ounces	Albuminized Grape Juice.	See formula.
7.30 P.M.	8 ounces	Cream of Chicken Soup.	Soup may be omitted and hot milk flavored with cocoa may be substituted; rice must be thoroughly cooked and served with a little butter or beef extract (in 1 tablespoonful of hot water as a gravy).
	1 tablespoonful	Well Boiled Rice.	
	2 tablespoonfuls	Wine or Lemon Jelly.	

Cream, Egg and Vichy

1 egg white
2 ounces (4 tablespoonfuls) cream
2 teaspoonfuls sugar
A few drops of vanilla extract
Celestine (French) vichy to fill glass

Whip egg white to stiff froth; whip cream stiff and sweeten, add vanilla, lastly, the egg. Pour over cracked ice and fill up the glass with vichy. Can be used in cases of stomach trouble, when spices and acids of all kinds are prohibited. To be alternated with the broths or other foods as an agreeable change from the ordinary diet. Substitute one-half grain saccharine for sugar when used for diabetes.

Egg and Orange (or Wine instead of Fruit Juice)

1 egg
½ tablespoonful of sugar
1 orange (or 1 wineglassful of Port or Burgundy)

Beat egg separately and add sugar to yolk; pour over a glass of cracked ice and stir in the beaten white of egg. If this is too thick to drink add water or cream, as desired. It must be remembered that, when wine is added to egg, it should always go into the yolk to prevent curdling. Add wine as you

would orange juice, and cream is better to use in this case than water.

Egg and Wine

1 egg
1 ounce (2 tablespoonfuls) wine, Sherry,
Port or Madeira
1 ounce rich cream. Sugar to taste

Substitute one-half grain saccharine for diabetic patients. Beat yolk of egg together and add wine. Whip the cream and add it to the mixture; lastly fold in lightly the well-beaten egg white and pour this over cracked ice. If the mixture is too thick, add vichy to dilute, or any carbonated water may be substituted for the cream; if it is too rich for the patient to digest.

Koumiss

½ cake Fleischmann's yeast
1½ tablespoonfuls sugar
1 tablespoonful water
1 quart milk

Make thin syrup of sugar and water and cook one minute. Soften the yeast in two tablespoonfuls of luke-warm milk, add other ingredients and shake. Put in sterile patent beer bottles, and place in upright position for twelve hours, in an ordinarily warm room (70 degrees). Then turn on side

in the bottom of ice chest at the regular temperature, 50 degrees. Ready for use after the first twenty-four hours. Koumiss will keep several days, but the longer it is kept the less palatable it will be. Do not open a bottle of koumiss without a champagne tap, or the cork may be punctured with a darning needle, to let the gas escape. It should look thick and creamy.

Koumiss is especially suited for many forms of indigestion, nausea and gastric troubles, pulmonary consumption and any other wasting disease.

Egg White and Mint

- 1 egg white
- 1 tablespoonful of lemon juice
- 2 teaspoonfuls of sugar
- Several sprigs of fresh spearmint

Whip white of egg; add sugar and lemon juice. Crush mint leaves and place in glass filled with cracked ice. Make albuminized lemonade and pour into glass; garnish with sprig of mint.

Champagne Mint Julep

Two drops of Angostura Bitters on one lump of cut sugar. Dissolve sugar in one tablespoonful of water. Place in glass of cracked ice with several sprigs of fresh spearmint, and fill the glass with any sweet champagne. Stir the mixture before serving.

Serve in cases of seasickness, nausea. As a beverage, California champagne will answer admirably in this recipe, as sweet champagne is preferable to the dry.

Broths

Material	Amt.	Salt	Cold Water	Special Requirements
Beef (lean)	1 pound	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ pints	Cut meat in small pieces.
Mutton	1 "	$\frac{1}{2}$ "	$1\frac{1}{2}$ "	Cut meat in small pieces, free from fat and gristle.
Veal	1 "	$\frac{1}{2}$ "	$1\frac{1}{2}$ "	Cut in small pieces.
Chicken	1 "	$\frac{1}{2}$ "	$1\frac{1}{2}$ "	Disjoint, cut meat into small pieces and break up the bones.

Cover meat with cold water and allow to stand one or more hours in a cold place; then add salt, place on the

stove where it will come slowly to the boiling point. Simmer for forty-eight hours. Strain, cool and remove all of the grease. Return to fire, replace the amount of water evaporated (or bring the amount up to a pint of liquid) with boiling water. To reinforce broths with barley or rice flour allow one tablespoonful of either to one pint of liquid. Add cold water to the flour to make a thin paste and stir into the hot broth during the last hour of cooking. These broths may be peptonized by cooling to 115° Fahr. and adding one-half tube of peptonizing powder, *i.e.*, five grains of pancreatin and fifteen grains of sodium bicarbonate (Fairchilds Bros. & Foster) dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Mix thoroughly and allow to stand at 115° Fahr. for twenty minutes; bring quickly to a boil, remove from fire and cool as quickly as possible.

Albumin Water. Liquid Food

- 8-ounce glass of iced water
- 1 egg white, clipped with scissors and strained through cheese cloth
- 1 teaspoonful of brandy

Mix white of egg with water with a fork; then add the brandy drop by drop until it is all in. This is difficult to do unless the ingredients are cold, and, if the egg shows the slightest signs of coagulation, pour it out and try it over again.

Purée

Purée	Liquid	Flour	Butter	Salt
1 tbs. chicken	1 cup milk	2 tsp.	1 tsp.	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp.
1 tbs. green pea	1 cup of milk	2 tsp.	1 tsp.	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp.
1 tbs. chopped celery	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup each milk and water in which celery was cooked.	3 tsp.	2 tsp.	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp.
1 tbs. asparagus purée	1 cup of milk.	2 tsp.	1 tsp.	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp.
1 tbs. chicken	1 cup of milk or milk and broth.	2 tsp.	1 tsp.	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp.

In making vegetable purées the vegetables must be cooked until soft in salted water, then pressed through a sieve and *then* measured.

Meats must be cooked until tender, put in a bowl and pounded until

fine, pressed through a sieve, then measured.

Peptonize if desired. Cream soups may be peptonized by adding one-half tube of peptonizing powder dissolved in one tablespoonful cold water. Add to soup when warm (115° Fahr.), let stand twenty minutes, boil up quickly and place unused part on ice.

Cream Soups

A thin white sauce is the foundation to all cream soups. In some cases part of the liquid used is broth, or the water in which the vegetables were cooked, the other part milk or cream. These soups may be peptonized if desired by adding one-half tube of peptonizing powder dissolved in one tablespoonful cold water; add to soup when warm.

Method: Heat liquid in double boiler, add vegetable or meat purée, and bind with flour and butter creamed together, season with salt, strain and serve hot.

Albuminized Orange Juice

- 1 orange (juice strained)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon (juice strained)
- 2 teaspoonfuls sugar
- 2 eggs (whites only)

Make a hole in egg shell and let the white flow out gently; clip it with scissors as it flows to destroy the invisible membrane and prevent stringiness. Place all ingredients in shaker or bowl (if latter is used, whip with egg beater), add a few bits of ice and shake vigorously until foamy. Pour over crushed

ice, add water to fill glass. If foam is objectionable to patient, do not shake or beat the ingredients, but gently stir the albumin into the fruit juice with fork. If bubbles are visible, allow beverage to stand a few minutes until they disappear.

Lemon Jelly

- 1 teaspoonful granulated gelatine
- 2 tablespoonfuls cold water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling water
- 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
- 1 tablespoonful sugar

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add sugar to boiling water, pour over gelatine, strain when partially cool, add lemon juice.

Orange Jelly

- 1 teaspoonful granulated gelatine
- 2 tablespoonfuls cold water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling water
- 1 tablespoonful sugar
- 2 tablespoonfuls orange juice
- 1 teaspoonful lemon juice

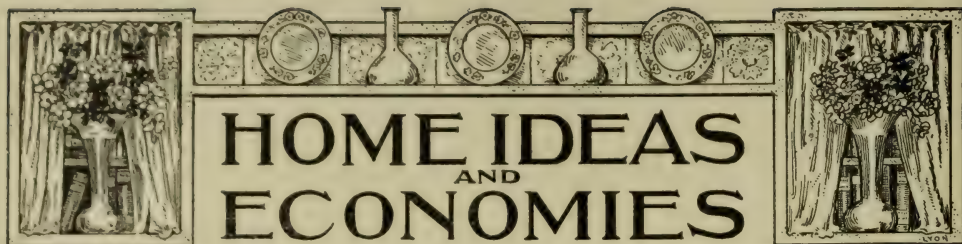
Proceed as in lemon jelly.

Wine Jelly

- 2 teaspoonfuls granulated gelatine
- 2 tablespoonfuls cold water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling water
- 2 tablespoonfuls sherry wine
- 1 tablespoonful sugar
- 1 slice of lemon ($\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick)
- 1 piece of cinnamon, 1 inch long

Soak gelatine in cold water. Place water, lemon, cinnamon and sugar on fire. Boil two minutes, strain, squeeze the juice from lemon, add gelatine, cool slightly and add wine; pour into individual molds and set aside to harden.





Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

Getting Their Money's Worth

A DOCTOR, leaving medicine for a sick baby in a home of great ignorance, was careful to tell the parents that they must give as much of the powder as would go on a dime. A few hours later he was summoned hurriedly; the baby was dying.

"How much did you give the child?" he inquired anxiously.

"Exactly what you said, doctor," declared the father. "We didn't happen to have a dime in the house, so we gave as much as we could pile on two nickels."

Amusing a Child in Church

As a minister's children, our young lives were hedged about with a lot of things people expected of us; and among these was regular church attendance and mighty good behavior while there, no matter how little we were. Consequently our mother had to rack her brain, to devise things that would amuse us without attracting the attention of others or disturbing the service in the least.

She says none worked as well as the pocket pin roll; one of those round, flat, covered pasteboard affairs that men used to carry in their vest pockets. One of these filled with pins of various colored heads pleased us beyond measure, and we would spend the entire time of service taking them out, putting them in fancy designs, playing they were soldiers marching in companies,

or children playing all sorts of games. We stuck them up in our small laps or on the cushions of the pew, our imaginations constantly inventing new performances for our little round-headed playmates.

We did not tire of them, because our wise mother never allowed us to have a pin roll *except* in church, and that only when the sermon began. Up till that time we were expected to listen and make out what we could.

To Run a Sewing Machine Easily

To run a sewing machine with as little fatigue as possible, place the right foot high up on the treadle and use merely the toe of the left foot on the lower edge of the same. This gives play to the muscles as in walking—the alternate motion of the limbs which is both restful and graceful.

If both feet are placed flat upon the treadle and used in harmony, the motion of the muscles is that of jumping, the most tiresome of all exercises. This doubtless explains in a large measure why so many women in excellent health find running a machine the hardest work they can do.

The alternate motion is easily made a habit, and its assistance is remarkably helpful.

L. M.

* * *

The Baby's Name

THIS is usually an affair of importance, and it should be, as the one so named must carry it until

life ends, yet many parents go suddenly blind at this time, judging from some of the dark, very dark, brunettes who bear the name of "Lily" and "Blanche." First of all, parents should choose a name that will be suitable for the child's temperament. This is not difficult, as most children are greatly like one parent or the other. Next it should be a name that will be fitting in after years. Nicknames may be charming, but it is absurd, to say the least, to hear a great, tall mass of wobbly flesh addressed as "Dottie" and a little fly-away creature with a fiery temper called "Patience" or "Prudence." To some the matter of names is of little consequence, but one should, at least, give a child a name that will not mortify.

Japanese girls have oddly pretty names,—“Cherry Blossom,” “Mimosa,” “Plum Bloom” and so on,—names that bring to mind all the sweetness of a dainty garden, fragrant roses, trailing vines, all that is pure and lovely, and fitting, too, as our girls and women are supposed to represent all that is highest and best in life.

Hindoo babes, also, are given pretty flower names, and the mother usually chooses the name. It is said that Chinese boys are given a name which they use until they are about twenty, when their father chooses a new name.

Mohammedans often, if not always, write suitable names upon slips of paper and insert these between pages of the Koran and the one drawn out is the child's name.

The Egyptians have a very odd way of choosing. Three candles are lighted, each being given a name, one bearing that of some exalted personage. The one that burns longest is the right one, and, should it be that of an exalted person, there is great rejoicing, as the baby is supposed to follow in his footsteps.

With the many beautiful and appropriate names we have, it seems a

pity to burden a child with the ridiculous names that many have. Boys could so easily be given an inspiring name, explaining its meaning and thus giving him the incentive of being all that his name stands for, while girls could so easily bear a name which calls for simple womanly dignity that is always charming, either in maid or matron.

E. C. L.

* * *

A Valuable Hint

EVEN when there is cream in the coffee spilled on the delicate silk or satin gown, pure glycerine rubbed over the spot and afterward rinsed off with lukewarm water, then pressed on the wrong side, will eliminate all traces of the offending liquid.

Boiled Ham, Spanish

After boiling the whole ham, place it in the oven and cover with a soft dough or dredge freely with flour; then stick cloves at intervals over the ham, and pour into the roasting pan about two quarts of sweet milk, or less, if the ham is not a large one.

Add a quarter of a cup of brown sugar, season with salt and pepper and baste the ham frequently with this liquid while it is cooking. It will be found to be delicious in flavor and the remaining “gravy” is good to use with it. A great improvement over the plain boiled ham.

Something About Washing Pongee

Do not use hot water nor strong soap. Instead use a suds made from lukewarm water and pure white soap; then gently rub the goods with the hands, never on a washboard, as this tends to draw the threads. Rinse in several waters and then hang out in the air until it is “stone dry.” Then iron. Do not sprinkle, nor in any way dampen the goods, for if you do you will be in trouble. Any moisture, even that of a

damp cloth placed over the goods while ironing, will be certain to cause "shadows" and spoil the good effect. In this way pongee can be made to look like new and not show it has been washed.

* * *

L. R.

Peanut Butter Soup

(An excellent emergency soup. This serves three in cups.)

One tablespoonful of peanut butter worked to a thin paste with a little milk. Scald one and one-half cups of milk (a little onion may be used in this but it is not necessary). Melt one tablespoonful of butter and slowly stir into it two tablespoonfuls of flour. Pour the scalded milk slowly on this, and when smooth add the mixture to the peanut butter paste, stirring constantly. Salt and pepper to taste.

When I was in England last, I had served to me with pea soup a dish of fine-chopped dried mint, a teaspoonful or so to be sprinkled on the soup.

* * *

Dear Madam: I send these verses for your magazine, hoping you will like them. They have the merit of being true.

I always use the little bag of bayberries, instead of wax, for smoothing the irons. The little bags, if daintily made, are a pretty addition to the Christmas box.

The Bayberry Bag

'Twill keep your iron smooth and bright,

And never shall the rim of white

Be seen around the edge.

Starch cannot stick, nor temper fray,

Your ironing's done in half a day

When from the bayberry hedge

This little pocket of delight

Enters your home to cheer your sight.

High on a rocky ledge

From crevices, the rocks between,

Came forth the sprays of living green,

And clustered round, these tiny pearls,

With fragrance that would please the Queen—

Or even Auntie's little girls—

And on each ironing day

Bring visions of the pastures fair,

With glowing lilies, daisies tall,

And all along the old stone wall

Bayberries everywhere.

C. J. L. P.

The Pineapple as a Digestive Aid

The partaking of a slice of pineapple after a meal is quite in accordance with physiologic indications, since, though it may not be generally known, fresh pineapple juice contains a remarkably active digestive principle similar to pepsin. This principle has been termed "bromelin," and so powerful is its action upon proteids that it will digest as much as 1,000 times its weight within a few hours. Its digestive activity varies in accordance with the kind of proteid to which it is subjected. Fibrin disappears entirely after a time. With the coagulated albumen of eggs the digestive process is slow, while with the albumen of meat its action seems first to produce a pulpy, gelatinous mass, which, however, completely dissolves after a short time. When a slice of fresh pineapple is placed upon a raw beefsteak the surface of the steak becomes gradually gelatinous, owing to the digestive action of the enzyme of the juice. Of course, it is well known that digestive agents exist also in other fruits, but when it is considered that an average-sized pineapple will yield nearly two pints of juice, it will be seen that the digestive action of the whole fruit must be enormous. The activity of this peculiar digestive agent is destroyed in the cooked pineapple, but unless the pineapple is preserved by heat there is no reason why the tinned fruit should not retain the digestive power. The active digestive principle may be obtained from the juice by dissolving a large quantity of common salt in it, when a precipitate is obtained possessing the remarkable digestive powers just described. Unlike pepsin, the digestive principle of the pineapple will operate in an acid, neutral, or even alkaline medium, according to the kind of proteid to which it is presented. It may, therefore, be assumed that the pineapple enzyme would not only aid

the work of digestion in the stomach, but would continue that action in the intestinal tract. Pineapple, it may be added, contains much indigestible matter of the nature of woody fiber, but it is quite possible that the decidedly digestive properties of the juice compensate for this fact. — *Lancet*.

* * *

I HAVE often looked for a satisfactory recipe for caramel icing, but all that I have found give directions for making the caramel syrup and keeping it, using a few spoonfuls at a time. This I did not like, because the syrup would harden before I used it. I have finally succeeded in making just what I need in the following way:

Measure 1 cup of granulated sugar. From this take 4 tablespoonfuls of sugar and cook to a caramel; add $\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of boiling water and cook to a thick syrup. Then add the rest of the cup of sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of boiling water and

boil till it threads; then pour over the white of one egg beaten dry and beat till thick and cool enough to spread.

H. M. B.

* * *

Grandma's Cookies

An odor rich comes stealing
From out the oven bright,
That sets my pulses reeling
And gives my heart delight;
I think of joys departed
In years that were too fleet,
When I was happy-hearted
And grandma's cakes were sweet.

While I sat very near her
She molded them with care,
With smiles I could but cheer her
Till we the feast might share;
With caraway all savored,
With sugar sifted o'er
Those cookies richly flavored—
What boy could ask for more?

But grandma has departed
To join the Heavenly throng,
And I once happy-hearted
From youth have wandered long;
No gentle voice will call me
To haste and share the treat
Of odors that enthrall me,
Of cookies warm and sweet

R. R.

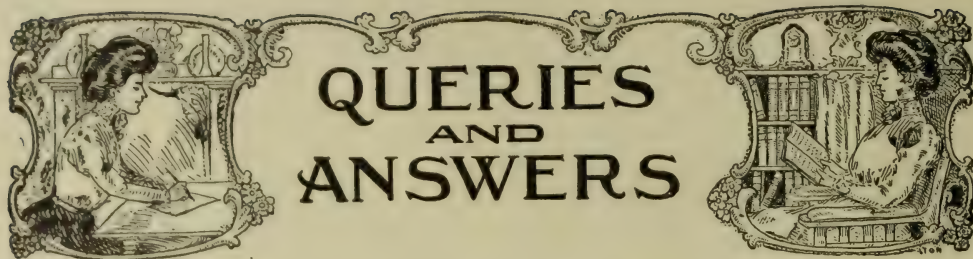
Thanksgiving

By Lalia Mitchell

Thy sons have thanked Thee, Lord, for mighty things,
The nation's welfare and the country's good,
For Peace that brooded o'er us with white wings,
For Plenty's barn and bin and feathered brood.
For safe deliverance from flood and flame,
For high estate and widely honored name,
For past and present and for future days,
Lord, they have given Thee exalted praise.

Thy sons have thanked Thee, Lord, and now would I
Lift woman hands in grateful prayer to Thee.
Hear Thou, as well, my heart's exultant cry;
Thou hast done much, this past year, Lord, for me.
And I would offer up today a prayer
Of gratitude, that home life was made fair,
That I was left clear-eyed enough to see
How much of all I had I owed to Thee.

Thy sons have thanked Thee, Lord, and yet, I know
Thy daughters' praises reach thy waiting ear;
The songs they sing, in minor key and low,
Are clear enough that, always, Thou canst hear.
For hearthfires burning clear at set of sun,
A child's low laughter, and when day is done
A dear one hastening home, o'er street or lea;
For these thy daughters offer thanks to Thee.



QUERIES AND ANSWERS

THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answer by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor, Boston COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1647. — "Recipes for Roman Punch and Oyster Cocktail."

Roman Punch

1 quart of water	1 cup of lemon juice
2 cups of sugar	White of 1 egg beaten dry
$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of granulated gelatine	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar
4 tablespoonfuls of cold water	$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of water
	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup or more of rum

Boil the first two ingredients twenty minutes; add the gelatine softened in cold water, and when cold add the lemon juice and freeze. Boil the one-third a cup of sugar and one-fourth a cup of water till it spins a thread, and pour on the beaten white as when making boiled frosting; beat occasionally until cold, then beat into the frozen mixture. Let stand an hour or longer to ripen. When ready to serve, dip into punch glasses, with a spoon dipped in warm water; make a hollow in the center of the ice in each glass and put in a teaspoonful or more of the rum.

Oyster Cocktail

Wash, drain and chill selected oysters. Put three or four tablespoonfuls of choice tomato catsup in a cocktail glass and set it in the center of an oyster plate containing cracked ice. On the ice around the glass dispose five or six oysters. These are to be taken up, one at a time, and dipped into the

catsup. Additional seasonings, as paprika or tabasco, lemon juice, salt or horseradish, may be added at pleasure to the catsup. The oysters may, if preferred, be added to the catsup in the glasses. Epicures think that direct contact with ice detracts from the flavor of the oysters and prefer, when oysters in the shell are obtainable, to have the oyster shell come between the oysters and the ice. That is, serve the oysters on the shells around the cocktail glass.

QUERY 1648. — "Recipes for Buns, Lemon Punch, Ice-Cream Fruit Sundae and Pan Gravy, such as is served at hotels with roast beef.

Buns

1 cake of compressed yeast	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of shortening, melted
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of water	1 teaspoonful of salt
2 cups milk, scalded and cooled	3 eggs
About 3 cups of flour	1 cup of currants
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar	About 3 cups of flour

Soften the yeast cake in the water, and mix until smooth; add to the milk; stir in the flour, then beat until very smooth; cover and set aside until very light and bubbly. Add the other ingredients and mix to a soft dough. Knead until elastic and set to rise. When doubled in bulk roll into a sheet and cut in rounds. Set the rounds a little distance apart, to keep the shape.

When doubled in bulk, bake about twenty-five minutes. Brush the tops of the buns with a paste made by cooking two teaspoonfuls of corn-starch, made smooth in cold water, in a cup of boiling water. Return to the oven to dry the glaze. If a crisp crust is preferred, brush over with strained white of egg in place of the starch mixture.

Squash Buns

$\frac{1}{2}$ a cake of compressed yeast	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of brown sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of lukewarm water	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of scalded milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of melted butter
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of cooked squash	About 3 cups of bread flour

Soften the yeast in the water, add the other ingredients and mix to a soft dough. Knead nearly ten minutes, using no more flour than is necessary. Cover and let stand over night. In the morning the mixture should have doubled in bulk. Turn upside down on a floured board, then pat and roll into a sheet nearly an inch thick. Dip a cutter in flour and cut into rounds. Set these close together in a baking pan, first brushing the surfaces that will come in contact with melted butter. When very light (doubled in bulk) bake about half an hour. Glaze with starch and sugar just before removing from the oven.

Lemon Punch

We suppose a recipe for the ordinary lemon sherbet is the one desired. For this see recipe for lemon sherbet, given in answer to request for Roman Punch, Query 1647.

Ice-Cream Fruit Sundae

Prepare an ice-cream mixture that does not call for eggs — as Junket or thin cream sweetened and flavored — and freeze in the usual manner. When ready to serve put a spoonful of some variety of fruit preparation in the bottom of a glass cup, above this dis-

pose the ice cream, finishing with more of the fruit. In their season, fresh fruits crushed and mixed with sugar are available. At this season, preserved strawberries, raspberry jam, sifted to exclude the seeds, or figs stewed, sifted and sweetened, may be used. Maraschino may be added to the first two fruits and sherry to the figs, if desired. Preserved ginger (stems, in jars) chopped and mixed with the figs is particularly good.

Pan Gravy for Roast Beef

We are somewhat in doubt as to whether platter gravy or brown sauce is the article referred to, so give both. Platter gravy is the unadulterated juice of the meat which drops to the platter during carving. Brown sauce is made from the juices of the meat that have browned and adhered to the pan during the cooking of the meat. When the meat is done, remove it from the pan, pour off all the fat, then turn into the pan about a cup and a half of beef broth or water, as is convenient. Return the pan to the fire and let the liquid simmer until the browned meat juices are taken up by the water. Put three tablespoonfuls of the fat or dripping into a small saucepan; when hot add three tablespoonfuls of ordinary flour or twice the quantity of browned flour (flour cooked and stirred in the oven until brown throughout) and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt; stir and cook until frothy, then add the liquid from the pan, cooled a little, and stir until boiling. More salt may be needed.

QUERY 1649. — "When and how are Frozen Fruits and Punches to be served? Recipe for Roman Punch. Is it advisable to use canning powder?"

Serving of Frozen Fruits and Punches

Fresh fruit, sliced if needed and sugared slightly, is thoroughly chilled — not frozen — and served as an ap-

petizer or as a part of the dessert course. The juice of fruit, diluted with sugar syrup or water and sugar, is frozen and served with or just after a roast of meat, poultry, etc., or in the dessert course. Punch, which is some sort of spirit added to a frozen fruit-juice mixture, is always served after the roast and before the game. A recipe for Roman Punch is given in answer to Query 1647.

Canning Powder

It is neither necessary nor advisable to use canning powder. By following the directions previously given in these pages all fruits and almost all varieties of vegetables may be canned successfully. Among the varieties of vegetables that we have seen put up in private kitchens this season, and are now in good condition, are peas, string beans (green and white), corn, carrots, asparagus, beets, squash and pumpkin.

QUERY 1650. — "Recipes for Mince Meat and a Slightly Sweetened Rusk."

Mince Meat

4 lbs. of cooked beef, chopped	2	tablespoonfuls of salt
1 lb. of sugar	1	tablespoonful of cinnamon
1 quart of molasses	1	tablespoonful of mace
3 lbs. of large raisins	$\frac{1}{2}$	a tablespoonful of clove
2 lbs. of suet, chopped fine	1	nutmeg, grated
By measure twice as much chopped apple as beef	3	lemons, grated, rind and juice
2 lbs. of currants	1	quart of cider
$\frac{1}{2}$ a lb. of citron, cut fine		

Do not chop the apples in a food chopper. Let the meat cool in the liquid in which it was cooked. Use the broth to moisten the mixture. Orange juice and grated rind improves the mixture. Add also left-over jellies or preserves or from sweet pickles.

Slightly Sweetened Rusks

2 cups of scalded and cooled milk	Flour for a sponge
1 cake of compressed yeast	1 teaspoonful of salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of lukewarm water	$\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ a cup of butter
	$\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar
	3 eggs
	Flour for a dough

Make a sponge of the first four ingredients; when light add the others and knead until smooth and elastic. When doubled in bulk, shape into finger rolls; set these close together in a bread pan and when light bake about half an hour. Cut in slices and dry out in a warming oven, then color delicately in a hotter oven. Reheat before serving.

QUERY 1651. — "Recipe for Soft Butter Frosting."

Mocha Cream

$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of butter	Coffee extract to fla-
1 yolk of egg	vor and tint as
$1\frac{1}{4}$ cups of sifted con-	desired
fectioner's sugar	

Beat the butter to a cream; beat in the yolk, then the sugar and, lastly, the extract, drop by drop. A cup of strong coffee reduced by simmering to one or two tablespoonfuls may replace the extract.

Chocolate Cream

Chocolate cream may be made by gradually beating into the butter an ounce of chocolate melted over hot water, then in place of the coffee extract use a teaspoonful of vanilla.

QUERY 1652. — "Recipe for Squirrel Pie."

Squirrel Pie

Have the squirrels carefully cleaned and singed. Separate into pieces at the joints, nine in all. Put these in an earthen dish; add salt and pepper and one pint of boiling water or highly seasoned meat stock, cover the dish and let cook in the oven about two hours, or until tender. Stir in two or three tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, and half a teaspoonful of pepper, mixed smoothly with cold water. Continue stirring until the sauce boils. Remove from the oven to cool a little while the crust is made ready. Roll the crust to fit the dish. Have it one-fourth an inch thick, if

Little Dinners for Christmas

I

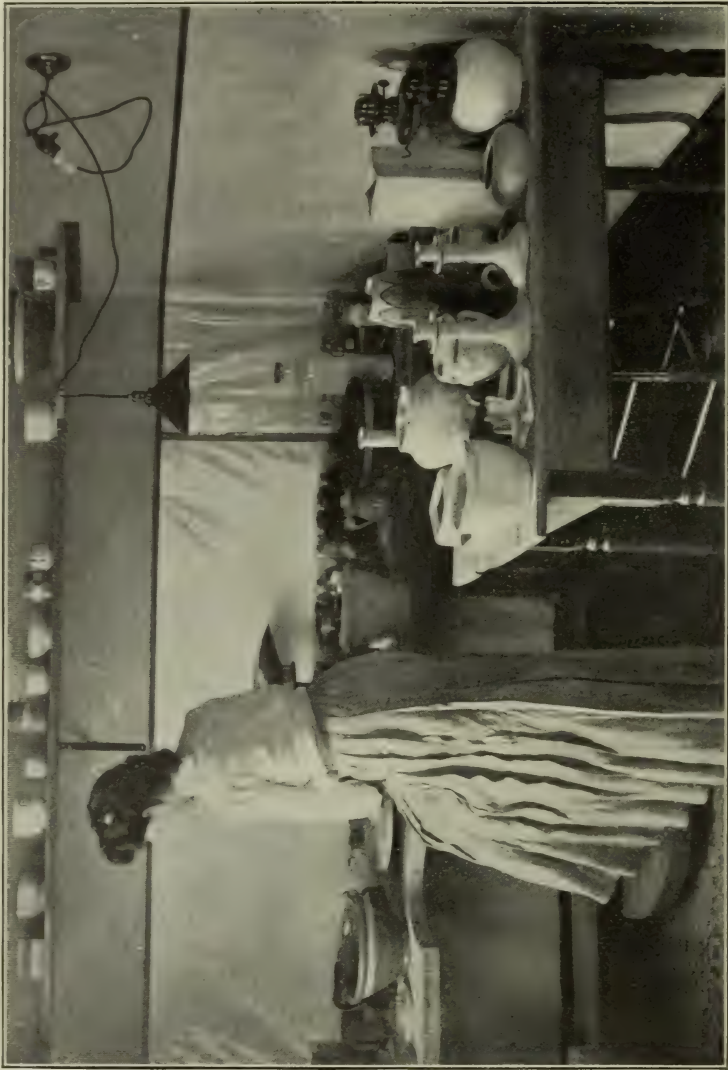
Crabflake Canapés, Maltaise
Roast Pork, Tenderloin
Apple Sauce
Turnips in Cream Sauce
Mashed Potatoes
Celery-and-Nut Salad
Frozen Eggnog
Coffee

II

Grape-fruit Cocktail with Maraschino Cherries
Roast Turkey, Giblet Sauce
Mashed Potatoes
Squash
Cranberry Sauce
Coupe Thais
Lady Fingers. Marrons Glacé
Coffee

III

Christmas Consommé
Celery. Salted Nuts
Roast Goose, Potato Stuffing
Sweet-Pickle Jelly
Hot Mince Pie. Vanilla Ice Cream
Raisins. Nuts. Bonbons
Coffee



THROWING CLAY UPON THE POTTER'S WHEEL

The

Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XV

DECEMBER, 1910

No. 5

Pottery of Today and Yesterday

By Mary H. Northend

THE ceramic art is nearly as old as the human race. Its true origin will probably never be known, since the lapse of ages hides it in the mist of antiquity, weaving about it many pleasing stories which are plainly fabulous. The earliest written records abound in references to pottery-making as an established process, and in every nation where it has reached its highest development the progress of this useful art is closely interwoven with the history of the country.

The term "pottery" is of wide and general application, including unglazed earthenware, highly glazed stoneware, and delicate porcelain, which is often translucent. All primitive work belongs to the first order, and is well illustrated by the Egyptian jars, decorated in relief, using as motifs various animal forms, together with lozenges and meanders. Archaic Greek work is very similar, so are the urns found in Central America, the decorated vases of the Mound Builders, the water bottles of the Peruvians, and the pottery made today by Mexican and Pueblo Indians. Jars made from such

ware are not watertight. They are similar in texture to our common flower-pots.

Stoneware results from the next step upward, and this bears a glaze, which makes the object waterproof. These different stages are partly the result of different temperatures in firing, and partly of the kind of clay used in their manufacture.

The highest form of pottery is that of porcelain, which was first made in China, and, therefore, the name of the country was given to this important product. By the twelfth century, China was manufacturing all kinds of pottery worthy of note, while no other nation had advanced farther than the making of unglazed earthenware.

From the closed country of China, the art of porcelain-making was carried to the equally closed country of Japan, where it reached a still higher degree of perfection, not so much in the body or glaze of the ware as in its decoration, for which the Japanese are justly famous. When Japan opened her ports to the Dutch, her largest export was porcelain.

Not long after this, English potters began to attempt the manufacture of chinaware, instead of the unglazed earthenware which had hitherto been their only production. To this end the composition of the porcelain was carefully studied and the glaze, especially, was thoroughly examined.

The first English ware that at all resembled porcelain was the salt glaze of Staffordshire, which was fine, white and nearly translucent. This was so great a triumph for the potters who made the discovery that they guarded the secret of their glaze-making with the utmost care, choosing an idiot to be their glazer, and only the most stupid of the men to tend furnaces. The process, however, was not destined to remain secret. Spies learned the truth, and carried the intelligence to neighboring potteries, until the business of making salt glaze became a leading industry of Staffordshire. Other glazes quickly followed, until it is now probable that English potters have

produced more different varieties of ware than those of any other country.

As to native manufactures of pottery, the first clay to be used for this purpose was dug in Virginia, and exported to England, to be used by Trye for china-making, at Bow. A little later, Wedgwood used some clays from America. In 1771, a little porcelain factory was started in Philadelphia, but it turned out only a few pieces, and it was not until the first quarter of the nineteenth century was past that a pottery at Jersey City made cream-colored and printed ware, and did its own throwing and burning on English principles.

Most of our colonial pottery was made and decorated in other countries, but in Pennsylvania are still shown pie-plates made by the early German settlers. One plate is dated 1733. All are flat and nearly rimless. The pottery is coarse in texture, the glazes are crude and unfinished, but the decoration shows remarkably credit-



A GROUP OF GARDEN POTTERY



PITCHER AND STEINS THROWN ON WHEEL

able strength and originality. This local output was the work of David Spinner. He apparently used no wheel, but molded his work by hand. He used the native buff clay, which turns red in burning. This foundation he covered with a coating of New Jersey blue clay, which burned white. Through this outer coat was scratched the outline of the decoration, touched up with oxide of copper, and the plate was treated to a glaze of red lead and buff clay. The final effect is that of a design burned red against a green-spotted yellow background, and bears a striking resemblance to Italian majolica.

The use of the potter's wheel, to which reference has just been made, is one of the oldest known processes, nor has its use varied materially since Pharaoh Necho built his pyramid. The wheel is simply a revolving metal disc, with absolutely no complications. It is as simple as a grindstone, and a great deal smaller. It can be made to revolve by hand, by foot, by steam, or by electric power. In ancient Egypt, the potter squatted on the ground, in front of his wheel, which he turned with one hand, while he formed the jar with the other. The Greek potter turned his wheel by foot power, as the good housewife runs her sewing-machine. Even now, steam power is used only for small articles that are quickly made, while those requiring extreme care are made upon a hand-wheel, turned by

an assistant. To see one of these wheels in use comes nearer to magic than we often attain. We cease to wonder at the constant references made to the potter's wheel in all ancient literature. Fancy a formless lump of clay that under the touch of fingers and the magic disc rises into a slender and stately vase; then is transformed into a low, circular bowl; then, at a touch, goes back into its original formlessness.

In handcraft work the wheel is not always necessary. It is customary for classes to mold by hand, after the fashion of David Spinner, such objects as jars, fern dishes, jardinières, vases, lamp bowls, desk fittings, and candlesticks. The native clays, as used in potteries, require a great deal of preparation to fit them for working. Handcraft classes use composite clay, *plasta*, or *plasterine*, which comes already prepared, and requires only the addition of sufficient water to make it plastic. Moreover, these prepared clays are so tinted with coloring matter as to afford, with no further care, desirable shades of cream, olive, or *terra-cotta*. They can be bought in any large town, at stores which handle kindergarten supplies, and are very inexpensive.

They come in the form of a dry powder, and must be mixed with an equal quantity of water, and let stand overnight. Then, in the morning, the clay must be kneaded thoroughly upon a

molding board, until all the air bubbles are worked out, which can be seen by cutting or breaking off pieces, from time to time. A rolling pin is then used to flatten the mass out into a sheet of uniform size, before building up the sides of a jardinière. The left hand is held inside, to support the sides while the clay is being added. Tools made for the purpose help the beginner in shaping the sides, but the great bulk of the work is done by hands and fingers.

The hand-modeled pottery must be perfectly dry before it is sent to the kiln to be fired. This is the time to change the color, if a change seems preferable. An easy and practical method of obtaining what is known as a matt glaze is that of applying ordinary tube-oil colors moistened with turpentine. A wax finish can be given to them afterward.

Art pottery is often left in a dull and porous finish, although the surface may be covered with a coating of fused matter, known as glaze. The best way to color pottery, without the use of glaze, is to buy the raw colors, in the

form of powder, at any paint store, mix with gum arabic and dextrine, using water to reduce the whole to the thickness of cream. Apply while the clay is moist, and set aside for three hours, while the color is setting. Then work the color smooth, with the back of a spoon, and the gloss thus imparted will remain after firing, when unglazed pottery will be improved greatly in appearance, if its outer surface is treated with floor wax well rubbed in, to fill up the pores and tone down the harshness of the coloring.

Glazed pottery requires two firings, in order to be successful, and a vase must be glazed inside, if it is intended to hold water. Red lead can be bought in the form of powder and dusted thoroughly upon the damp clay. The heat of the kiln liquefies this, and covers the inside with a vitreous coating.

The work of making art pottery is fascinating, and can easily be carried on, without a studio, in the ordinary home. Sometimes work taken up as a pastime reveals the natural trend of unsuspected genius. Adelaide Alsop Robineau, of Syracuse, N.Y., who now



A SMALL POTTERY EXHIBIT



JARS AND JARDINIÈRES MOLDED IN CASTS

makes a grade of genuine American porcelain equal to the finest Sèvres, began by dabbling in china-painting. She now stands at the head of modern pottery-making in this country, throws her work upon a wheel run by electricity, and conducts valuable experiments in mixing clays and in coloring under the glaze, before the first firing, at abnormally high temperature.

It is worth much to the worker to feel that she is in line with the long procession of artists who worked out their dreams in pottery. A visit to the Rookwood plant would arouse any true American to enthusiasm. This was, perhaps, the first American firm to conduct work along modern lines, and their product needs only to be seen to be appreciated. The visitor to Cincinnati should never omit a trip to the pottery, even if time is very limited. A few moments will convince the critic that we need not go outside our own country, in order to find models of pottery that are in every way worthy of that imitation which is said to be the sincerest flattery.

There is a peculiar charm about the decorating room, where may be seen the terra-cotta or biscuit ware, adorned with lovely designs for the second firing. In the case of all highly-glazed china and earthenware, the firing has to be done by installments. The undecorated ware is first baked to the form of terra-cotta or biscuit. If underglaze decoration be desired, it must be applied to the objects in this biscuit state, the colors must be permitted to dry, the articles must be dipped in the glaze, and then fired in the second kiln for glaze only. This would complete Rookwood ware, or any other pottery with the underglaze finish.

Some other wares receive further decoration by the process which has become familiar in hand-painted china, that of placing over the glaze colors, which require to be fixed permanently by firing the ware in a third kiln, called the "enamel-kiln." Still other decorations, of gold or of colored enamel, may be added later, and these will necessitate still further firings. The

principle involved, which every decorator of china knows by heart, is that in such a series of burnings every kiln goes up to a lower heat than that which preceded it, in order not to spoil the full effect by burning out the more delicate colors.

Of course, those colors that are not fixed by heat cannot be seriously regarded as pottery colors, and the true potter looks askance upon the brilliant effects sometimes produced by the use of oil colors painted upon red biscuit-ware, because he thinks that only true pottery colors, such as will stand the intense heat of glazing, really belong to pottery. Real porcelain has no color added after glazing.

The decorative value of good pottery can hardly be overestimated. Nothing in the modern home so well supplies the demand for ornament. Nothing else lends the same color and interest to an interior scheme, and the graceful vase is the ideal mantel decoration.

Fortunately, for the great majority, who cannot find time or talent for handcraft pottery of their own or wherewithal to buy the wares of the old-time master potters—treasures of Sèvres, Royal Worcester or Royal Dresden—there are many modern wares of no less beauty, if we will but use good taste in making our selection. These original factories, under famous

names and trade-marks, are today turning out work that is reasonable in price, yet no less beautiful, and other wares are made in excellent imitation, which have the advantage of being even less expensive.

The Sèvres and the Royal Vienna are still noted for their courtly air, their gold wash, and their deep coloring. The real Delft of today gives the well-known Holland scenes, although executed by modern artists. Just as of yore, the Royal Dresden is known by its conventional trees and convention wreaths of roses; while the decorations upon Royal Copenhagen, by depicting marsh or fish or seashore birds, contrive to convey a salty suggestion.

The pottery of the Art Nouveau style is decorated with conventional flowers in subdued blendings of reds, greens and yellows. The Mission pottery is shaped like the pots of the Pueblo Indians, and decorated in gray and brown vistas from the old California mission houses, shown against a green background. Colonial wares show a larger assortment of plates, jars and vases, upon which Colonial or Revolutionary pictures appear in blue against a white background. It will be readily seen that all these articles are of too pronounced a type to appear well out of their proper setting. The Colonial jar in the Art



GREEN CANDLESTICKS MOLDED BY HAND

Nouveau room would strike a false note in the scheme of decoration.

More permanent satisfaction will be derived from a selection of wares that please in form and color rather than in pictorial interest. Several of our American manufacturers, under the guidance of trained artists, are now putting out jars and vases that are excellent for home decoration. Their graceful shapes and soft, subdued colorings of rich brown combine to make pottery which, in its decorative quality, vies with cloisonné and with the best Chinese and Japanese porcelains.

In choosing pottery for any room, our first care should be to avoid inharmonious colorings. A vase should not clash with the color scheme, nor should it deepen or brighten the general tone to an extent that is appreciable.

Having eliminated pronounced styles of the wrong period and colors lacking in harmony, we have only to suit our decorations to the different rooms of the house, since this plan also makes for permanent satisfaction.

If you are so fortunate as to own an Apostle mug, put it in library or living-room, rather than in den or dining-room. The fine Moorish vase may well be placed in the library. The den may be decked with steins, plaques and Indian pots. Confine all tableware to the dining-room, along with china and porcelain. The old English plate-rail, restored to favor, gives the finest opportunity to achieve decorative effects in chinaware. By the use of due restraint, this shelf will not be overcrowded, nor will there be discord in the arrangement of different shape, sizes and colorings. It should be remembered that large plates and platters occupy so much surface as to make their design and coloring peculiarly prominent, therefore care should be taken that they harmonize with the dining-room furnishings. Even in this room, the aim should be to decorate with due discretion rather than to make a pottery exhibit, and it is neither wise nor necessary to show all our pretty china, at the same time, for purposes of interior decoration.

The Christmas Tree

By Charles E. Jenney

If I had a garden, what do you s'pose
The first thing I'd plant would be?
You can't guess, for nobody knows;
I would plant me a Christmas tree.

Say, that's the kind of a tree I would grow!
Blossoms, you know, all with tinsel and light;
Pop-corn sprinkles it over like snow,
And the fruit gets ripe just on Christmas night.

And what do you think this strange tree bears?
Dolls for the girls and sleds for the boys;
Mittens and boots and skates in pairs;
And drums and trumpets for making noise.

The green twigs bend with their candy bags;
New books you can pick from the lower boughs;
And every branch on the whole tree sags
With the things a feller needs in the house.

There's a Jack-in-the-box and a toy car;
There's a rattle for baby, a new peg top;
And if you shin up ever so far,
There's usually somethin' for Mom and Pop.

Oh, say! 'tis the jolliest kind of a tree,
With the cranberries red and the pop-corn white,
And the harvest is always sure to be
Every year upon Christmas night.

A Co-operative Christmas Dinner

By Maude E. S. Hymers

"I'M afraid you will have to change your Christmas plans, Grace. This letter from father says that mother is hardly strong enough to have us all down there this year, as usual."

Mr. Robson's expression was apologetic, as he met his wife's surprised eyes across the table.

"The idea! Mother Robson isn't sick, is she?"

"Not sick, exactly, but — well, here's what father says: 'Now, we hope you all know how glad mother and I always are to have you boys and your families down here at holiday time, and we hate to spoil a good custom; but we're getting a little old, and you four boys and your youngsters seem a good many for mother to do for all alone. If we could get help for her, we could manage, but we can't any more; and last year she was sick two weeks after it was over, from working so hard to get up a good dinner and have everything just right. She ain't quite so strong this year as she was last, so I thought I'd write and tell you. Now, she don't know I'm writing this, and she wouldn't let me, if she did; but I hope you'll understand how it is and explain to the others.'"

"Why, how queer!" exclaimed, Mrs. Robson, in the same tone in which she would have said, *how mean!*

Mr. Robson, smiled deprecatingly. "Mother's getting old, you know, and there is quite a bunch of us all together."

"But, how strange it will seem not to go to the country for the holidays," lamented his wife.

"Wanna do to Dranma's for Tristmas," shrilled little James, beating on the table with his spoon.

"Why, we've always been to Grand-

ma's for Christmas, ever since I can remember," exclaimed eight-year-old Gracie, the suspicion of a tear in her eye.

"That's so,—I believe we have; and every year since we were married, too."

"Well, so have John and Harold and Warren, with their families; and there are more of them than there are of us, too," said Mrs. Robson, as though answering an accusation.

"Seems as though we might have had father and mother out here occasionally, for a change, at least," remarked Mr. Robson, thoughtfully, buttering a muffin.

"In these rooms?" challenged his wife. "I thought they wanted to have all the children together, and neither one of us has a dining-room large enough to accommodate so many."

"Maybe so; strange I never thought of it before, but, now that I do, it looks a little bit one-sided to me."

"I'm sure it wasn't any more our place to have them out than it was the others'," declared his wife, discontentedly.

"Well, anyhow, suppose we invite mother and father out for this Christmas," said Mr. Robson, after a moment.

"Oh, very well; I suppose, you can manage it, since you insist," said Mrs. Robson, grudgingly.

And in this enthusiastic spirit a letter was written and despatched to Mr. and Mrs. Robson, Senior, at their cozy home in the country, asking them to spend Christmas in the city with the James Robsons.

"Just as I expected, they won't come," exclaimed Mrs. James, as she handed her husband his father's letter. "What can be the matter with them, anyway?"

"Both got rheumatism, eh? poor, old people! 'Not sick enough to be in

bed, but suffering too much to make a railroad journey agreeable.' Well, possibly, we won't feel much like gadding about the country at their age; eh, old girl!" Mr. Robson's playfulness was intended to hide disappointment and anxiety.

"But, what's to be done about Christmas? I declare, I feel all at sea," fretted Mrs. Robson. "I thought, of course, we'd be going down there for the holidays, so I promised Katy she might go home to her mother's; and I can't think of doing all the work, alone, with these tiresome children."

"You talk as though Christmas meant hard work." Mr. Robson's tone expressed dawning intelligence.

"Of course, it does. People expect something out of the ordinary on such occasions, and I can't think of getting up a great dinner without a maid."

"Yet we've let mother get up Christmas dinner for all of us,—by the way, how many are there in all four families?—for the last ten years, at least. Looks to me rather one-sided," he reiterated seriously.

But Mrs. Warren Robson, his pretty sister-in-law, at family council assembled, put it more plainly than that. When the brothers and their families had been made acquainted with the sad fact that their Christmas dinner was not to be cooked for them at the old homestead, as usual, there was much anxious questioning and regret.

"I don't see why we should expect them to entertain us all, every year; after all, we're rather selfish to allow Mother Robson to do all the work for such a family."

"She never seemed to mind the work," put in Mrs. James.

"She never let us know she did, you mean. And, anyhow, don't you remember she always used to have one of the neighbor's girls come in and help her for a week before Christmas?"

"Well, and why didn't she last year, then?" cut in Mrs. James again.

"Grandpa's cows both died this fall," announced ten-year-old Madge, irrelevantly.

The eyes of the four brothers met in startled questioning.

"Possibly—you don't suppose they can't afford help, nowadays?" suggested Mrs. John, hesitantly.

"And grandma was so lame this year, that they didn't raise a single turkey," supplemented Dan, who had spent his school vacation at the farm.

"Come to think of it, I don't believe they had so full a cellar as usual the last Christmas we were there," said James.

"And possibly they were obliged to sacrifice to get up the last three or four holiday dinners for this selfish crowd," lamented another; while the growing silence of the men confirmed their convictions.

"Let me solve the difficulty," suggested the "youngest member of the family," the bride of a month. I can't be cheated out of my promised dinner at the old homestead, so let's get up a co-operative dinner and surprise them with it."

"A co-operative Christmas dinner!" was the incredulous chorus.

"And why not?" flashed little Mrs. Harold, bristling in defense of her plan. "Let each family (the phrase being accompanied by a delicious blush) take with them the materials for a complete course and cook it in the old kitchen stove after we get there. Come, now for the menu! I'll volunteer the turkey."

"And all the fixin's," put in her beaming husband, proudly.

"I'll make cooking-school candy," offered Miss Madge. "Oh, this Christmas is going to be the best of all."

"And I'll take nuts and oranges," put in young Dan, eagerly.

"I'll provide the soup and fish, with relishes. Come, Sarah, what is your contribution?"

"Oh, if you're going to carry out this

crazy plan, I'll provide the vegetables," said Mrs. James with laggard dignity.

"Put me down for the pudding," called out Mrs. Warren; and so the menu grew to startling proportions.

The idea had attracted by its very novelty, and the men subsided in admiring assent, while the women-folk discussed details with the never-failing interest attendant on a holiday dinner.

At the farm home, Christmas day dawned quietly for the old people. Mr. Robson hurried half-heartedly through his chores at the barn — all too few now that the cows were dead and the family of fowls so small — and hastened to the house to start the fire in the old wood stove. Awkwardly enough he moved about the quaint kitchen, in a well-meaning effort to assist his wife with the breakfast, out of sympathy for her lameness.

"It don't seem like Christmas, hardly," quavered the old lady, as she set the two dishes of oatmeal on the tiny table. "We've had all the children here every year, since I can remember, an' I can't sense it being Christmas without 'em."

"Now, don't you fret, M'lissie; the children'll be all right, and I guess we c'n git along for once. Next year, mebbe, we can have 'em ag'in, if the crops do well," comforted the old man, his own eyes wistful.

After the breakfast things were cleared away, Mrs. Robson moved painfully about the kitchen, preparing for their own frugal holiday dinner. A small chicken was dressed and set aside while she peeled the last golden pumpkin for a pie. Stopping at the wooden sink to wash her hands, she had a clear view of the country road for some distance. Something huge and swiftly moving flashed into sight as she looked. Pulling the "near-sight" spectacles farther down her nose, in order to see over them, she gazed in fascinated silence while the object drew up at the gate.

"Father, father," she quavered excitedly. "They's a big autymobeel a stoppin' at the gate!"

Father sprang hastily to see for himself. "Why, I do believe, — yes sir-ee, — it's the boys!"

Hastily the weather-beaten door was thrown open in wide welcome to the happy crowd that surged up the gravel path, and overflowed the small kitchen. Mother clung and kissed them every one in joyful welcome, while the children danced around excitedly.

"I'm just as glad as can be to see you all," mother was crying, hysterically. "Only this mornin' I was a sayin'" — just at that moment her eyes fell upon the thin chicken and the single pumpkin pie in readiness for the oven, and her face changed. "Good land o' livin'; whatever am I a goin' to get you to eat?" she broke off, all the light dying out of the faded eyes.

"But we are going to entertain you this time, for a change, so we've brought the dinner with us," laughed Mrs. John.

"Why, why!" quavered mother; "I don't see —"

But little Mrs. Harold had her arm around her neck and was whispering in her ear. "Now, you see, don't you?" she laughed, as presently the boxes and baskets began to come in, in size and number sufficient to feed twice the number present.

"You see we just got to thinking how selfish we were to allow you to furnish and cook the Christmas dinner for this bunch every year —" began son James.

"So we thought we'd just turn the tables on you and get up the dinner ourselves for a change," interrupted another.

"But it wouldn't taste half so good anywhere else, so we brought it down here," supplemented a third.

"Oh, grandma, isn't there any more pumpkin than just this one pie?" asked young Dan, wistfully.

"Bless his heart, yes," exclaimed grandma, the sun coming out once more. "How glad I am you thought of it, — now, I'll make up a full batch of 'em. I would 'a' felt real bad if I couldn't have furnished anything toward this dinner."

"You furnish us your company and the big range fire, and that's all we ask," announced Mrs. John, tying an apron around her capable waist.

So Grandma and Grandpa Robson

played at guests in their own house, while the boys split wood to feed the hungry monster of a range; and the daughters-in-law bustled about preparing the dinner.

"This is the very bestest Christmas we ever did have," sighed little Grace contentedly, after the last goodie had been sampled; and all together agreed that of all the Christmas dinners they had eaten in the roomy old dining-room, none had been so enjoyable as this co-operative one.

Before a Lady's Portrait

By Clara Seaman Chase

Dear lady, as you sit with thoughtful eyes
That look far back upon heart-lighted days,
With face child-pure, subdued in autumn haze
Like that about Saint Martin's summer skies,
Upon your hair, full soft the sheer cap lies, —
Your velvet gown, with touch of lace, betrays
Some inner grace that outward form obeys
And seeks with spirit-self to harmonize.

I wonder, if your gentle stoop speaks low
That joys have been inwrought with toil
and tears?
That children's needs have sought your
slender hand?
I look into your face again, and know
That those clear eyes have met and chal-
lenged fears;
And now, you wait, — nor ask to understand.

Lucy

By Mrs. Charles Norman

THEY saw us coming. First the man, then the woman looked out. Immediately the woman seized a broom, which stood outside the door, and began sweeping. By the time we got there the "dirt" was all out of the house, but the cloud of dust was so thick that we could hardly see the babe who lay in the crib, with his mouth open, breathing in as much as possible.

One room served for kitchen, dining-room and reception room. It was well

past the dinner hour, but the table was uncleared. It was spread with a yellow oilcloth, which was thoroughly littered with egg-shell, potato peelings and scraps of corn bread.

After the usual introductory ceremonies, we announced that we had come to see the goats, having seen the sign upon the roadside, that they had goats for sale.

"Yes, yes," said the father, and then without a moment's hesitation, "Bring them in, Lucy."

But it seemed a better procedure to us for Mohammed to go to the mountain, rather than the mountain to Mohammed, so we insisted that we should go out and, to forestall objections, we at once rose and went to the door. The mother and father joined us, and Lucy, who had started out in obedience to her father, promptly returned.

"Won't you come, too?" said I, for I had already seen enough of the child to be greatly attracted to her. She was a shy little creature, but she lifted to me the most beautiful eyes I had ever seen, and answered in a voice as sweet as her eyes were beautiful:

"Oh no! I must not! Baby might need me."

At this, the mother explained that the infant was "pore and sickly," and that he would cry for Lucy if she went away, and that no one else could comfort him.

The outside of the house was far more agreeable to my taste than the inside. Moreover, the barn looked very promising, compared with the residence, and I had a hope of seeing all the animals on the farm, to say nothing of passing judgment upon a goat. It seemed too bad, however, for Lucy not to be able to join us, and my mind kept reverting to her and the "pore and sickly" baby, so I presently suggested that the men were able to manage the business affair and that the mother and I should return.

To this the woman gave assent, and we went in. The baby was asleep, and Lucy, still singing, was quietly clearing the dinner table. To this labor the mother at once brought vigorous assistance, and I sat down to wonder at the contrast of the child's gentle demeanor and her uncouth surroundings. She was such a deliciously fair and bright and mannerly child!

Her mother washed the ironstone dishes with a tremendous noise, then mopped off of the table the remnants of

the meal and tossed them out the door, for whomsoever they might concern. Immediately, a flock of chickens, dogs and cats appeared, and as the dogs at once began to make life miserable for the cats, the good-natured woman rescued a portion of the food and brought it to the kitchen floor, where Lucy and I formed a barricade, and the cats ate in peace.

The goat business being eventually settled, we took our departure, and my companion was apparently at ease in his mind with visions of small boys and Angoras.. His enthusiasm I shared to the fullest extent and he presently shared mine, when I told him of little Lucy, beautiful and mild as Wordsworth's Lucy, who, like her:

"Dwelt among the untrodden ways."

We could not carry Lucy away, nor did we wish to do so, but it became necessary every year to go back to take a word of praise and love to the dear child. She did not grow less gentle or less beautiful, but more gentle and more beautiful, and the mystery about her increased. She was "the child of her parents" so 'twas said, but it did not seem so. We thought there must have been a strain of gentility in her remoter ancestors,—a beauty not lost, but preserved for this fair girl, as a thread of gold, disappearing amid the baser metals of the mine, peeps out purer than ever in the rudest, most unexpected place.

Since we first saw her, seven years have passed. Her father has built a new house for her sake; her mother has substituted a white table cover for the oilcloth. The baby has grown into a lusty boy, with gentlemanly manners. Lucy governs him with all tact. There are ferns and daffodils and violets and lilies-of-the-valley in the dooryard that was once so barren. Roses and honeysuckle and Sweet William have a place in the garden. Every Sunday,

through the summer, Lucy's flowers bedeck the altar of the country church, and Lucy plays the organ for the service. She has gone through all the grades of the district school, and has gone to the city to high school, but

she does not ape the customs and the hairdressing of city girls. She is still loyal to home and kindred and neighbors, and, though she does not dream of such a thing, she is a heaven-sent missionary in a needy field.

Housework

By Kate Gannett Wells

THE striking peculiarity of housework is its varied capacity always to give something to do, and its blessedness lies in that something generally being for others. Yet if apparently only for one's self, it is not so really, for more and more fully is understood the obligation of each individual to increase the prosperity of the world by preserving intact her own health.

That it is hard always to be up and doing, to rise early and go to bed late, is as true as that, taking all things into consideration, housework has the advantage over other occupations of not being beset with many of what are now called "occupational diseases." The carpet-sweeper prevents the house dust from reaching the lungs, and a slight amount of common sense in opening windows carries off the odors of cookery even in cramped tenements. But as legislation becomes increasingly paternal, it may find some unhealthy peculiarities even in housework. Or if it should not, philanthropy may, since altruism as well as the economic conscience is always on the hunt for betterments.

Yet already the trend of laws in a few States and in many occupations is towards the lessening of risks through illness, either by prohibitive statute or by voluntary act on the part of employers. Our mortality statistics, however, often fail to reveal the particular

occupation of workers and seldom note the subdivisions of labor risks upon which must depend the action of individual manufacturers or of legislative enactment.

The prohibition against the use of phosphorus in the manufacture of matches, that the "phossy jaw" may be stamped out as a disease, is proof of personal care for others and of economic legislation abroad where, after seventy years, attempts at regulation have given place to compulsory prohibition against the manufacture or importation of such matches, nine countries having signed a treaty to that effect. But in our own country it was only this June that a bill was introduced into Congress to secure national prohibition of the use of phosphorus on matches.

It is not merely an industry as a whole that should be studied, but specific parts of that industry, in order to determine the rate of disease. For instance, the illness or death rate among textile workers as a whole fails in importance unless it be compared with such rate in relation to the fiber used. General statistics are more or less meaningless. The age of the workers at which disease is contracted is also of importance in the tabulation of statistics, for death rates alone are not determinative.

Now, because the public conscience is at last aroused as to the economic

value of health, should authorities be on their guard against specific injustices, in the regulation of industries, and yet never lose sight of the fact that prevention of disease is cheaper than support of the sick. Statisticians claim sickness insurance, with its reckoning as to duration of diseases per day, per person, as a universal remedy for industrial illness. In Germany, the days of sickness per annum per person included within the scope of the compulsory sickness funds is 8.5. Supposing the rate to be the same with us, we might reckon on about "284,750,000 sick days among the wage earners, fifteen years of age and over, of 33,500,000." But when labor is constantly shifting its abode and capital employs many nationalities with varying degrees of racial tendency to illness, statistics become valuable in proportion to their specific analysis of conditions. Among the trades in which employers have most protected their laborers, that of the lead workers is happily notable, especially in England, where during one year in the white lead industry, "the incidence of lead poisoning was only five per cent among those regularly employed and eight per cent among the casual workers," who never are as cautious in the handling of their work as are the steady workers.

The Illinois Commission on occupational diseases proposes to investigate the "caisson" illness, in tunnel work; a peculiar form of drowsiness among miners; injuries to eyes and ears, in certain steel industries; lead poisoning; gas poisoning, from some kinds of metal work, as well as general investigations concerning the physical and mental effect of overwork. Still it is somewhat unlikely that the result of such researches would be embodied in be-

neficent legislation in one State, if its manufacturers would thereby have to contend unsuccessfully with competition in other States. Thus is it that national legislation is sought as the final resort against industrial diseases. Single manufacturers, here and there, bred in an altruistic spirit, may consent to remedial private regulations, and trade unions may listen to medical and hygienic advice, while the bulk of laborers sicken and die. Yet there is hope that their descendants may live in health, as its economic value is at last recognized as a State asset, and as it no longer is taken for granted that trades, to be successful, must be conditioned on the ill health of the workers.

Meanwhile and always can housework be kept almost exempt from any "occupational disease," by each worker realizing that on her common sense, adaptiveness and cheerfulness will depend her skill and ease in doing her work. Housework loses its terrors, when it is regarded as done for the welfare of others, and it is truly as national in its far-reaching possibilities as are sanitariums and hospitals, and far more preventive. The increasing demand for the graduates of cooking and domestic science classes as instructors, supervisors and matrons; the high salaries they obtain and, what is quite as noticeable, the frequency and persistency with which they are asked in marriage, proves the estimation in which they are held. Not all workers have trained intelligence, but all can have fidelity, in being more or less thorough. Even the paring of potatoes is a lesson in how to save that one may have more for something else. The older we grow, the more lonely we are, the greater is the comfort in having housework to plan for, even if we cannot do its more active tasks.



Because She Loved Adventure

By Eliza Stowe Twitchell

WHATEVER Mrs. Butler said carried weight, especially with her friend Mrs. Rangely, — the little, blond, pale-eyed woman who lived across the street, and who had found Mrs. Butler such interesting company ever since she had known her, that now her forenoons were usually spent in Mrs. Butler's newly furnished parlor, where, reclining upon easy-chairs, they studied human nature, discussed their friends, admired each other's tastes, and thus sought daily to increase their store of useful information.

"It's a part of my creed to believe in the American woman." Mrs. Butler realized, when she said this, that she was committing herself to an intellectual proposition that might require all her cleverness to defend, should Mrs. Rangely see fit to differ with her. But she made it courageously, in the faith and hope that her friend knew as little as herself about the characteristics of women that are distinctively American. Beholding a look of charmed simplicity upon the face of her friend, she followed up her statement by declaring:

"The American women are the cleverest, the most self-reliant, have the most tact of any women in the whole wide world. Put them anywhere and they are at home; load them with hardships and they'll rise above them; place about them difficult and untried circumstances, and they'll soon create new conditions and end by proving the inherent queenliness of their natures, by first ruling themselves, and then by dictating terms to Fortune."

"But, my dear," timidly ventured Mrs. Rangely, "you know there are women and women. Which class do you take for your type, club women, college women, business women, work-

ing women, or those women who have weakly submerged their own individuality in that of their husbands? You know the type, — one who is known only as 'the wife of Mr. So-and-so,' — a large class, each one content to act and think as seemeth best in his sight, who is her lord and husband."

"There are no classes in this country, therefore there can be but one, broad, general type; all the rest are 'sports,' as they say, of genius. I believe that the American woman exists because she is needed. Her purpose in the progress of the world is becoming more and more manifest. She loves adventure, though she would never seek it; but should it come her way —!"

Mrs. Butler finished her sentence by a graceful gesture, lifting her white hands eloquently. Her friend grasped the meaning which Mrs. Butler was too modest to express in words:

"Behold in me a fair representative of the best type; one who understands herself and her class perfectly."

To one more skilled than Mrs. Rangely in reading character, it might have meant — that gesture, those two white hands and the air of wide morning leisure — that the type of American women which these two represented was rather that of those who so order their lives that they will be ministered unto, while appearing to minister unto others, by virtue of their pretty ways and looks, their delicate and stylish raiment, and their ever-ready supply of good intentions.

"There's my telephone, pray excuse. It's Jack, of course. He calls me often, for fear I'll be lonely. You know I've never been alone much, being the youngest of three sisters, and mamma was always — There's the bell again. Jack's such an impatient fellow over

the very least delay. He thinks a woman should — There's the bell again.

"Yes? Why, how perfectly lovely! No, this is Thursday. You always forget (although we've already been married six months, — it will be six months tomorrow) that Katy is never, never at home on Thursday afternoons; but it will make not the least difference in the world, I'm equal to an emergency like that any day. I'll have a dinner you'll be proud of, sharp at five. No, by all means bring him here; the hotel is too public a place in which to entertain such a — well — as I was saying when you broke in, home's the proper place. — Oh, Jack, how can you say so! Why, you little know the extent of my resources. I was just saying to Mrs. Rangely, — she's here, you know, came over early, in order to make the long day seem shorter for both of us, and we've had luncheon together and been talking about — Yes, I know you are always busy, but I only wanted to ask you, if you don't think the American woman is the very highest type of — There, the line's off. Jack often does that, just when I've something worth while. It's hardly showing his wife the proper respect; but he always makes it up afterwards by his manner. There's no man like Jack when it comes to manners."

She hung up the receiver and went back to the parlor humming, "There's none so sweet as Charlie."

"What do you think! Jack's cousin, his very best and most beloved cousin, just his age and unmarried, a man who's been everywhere and knows the whole world, and can describe it so cleverly and so clearly you can see it all before your very face and eyes, for he's lived in New York, London, Paris, Heidelberg and Constantinople, and he's coming home with Jack to this very house, with Jack, at five o'clock to dinner and to spend the evening. He's the foreign buyer for the firm,

and Jack dotes on him, and wants him to see me — the foolish boy. Jack says he's the best salesman, the very best story-teller, and by all odds away and beyond any other fellow in Christendom, when it comes to comradeship, and taking you, with all your shortcomings, into his big-hearted regard, and holding you there. Jack says I must get up a dinner 'regardless.' That's Jack, he's a slangy fellow, but such a dear."

"But, Mrs. Butler, you cannot cook a dinner alone, between now and five o'clock; besides, if you'll pardon me, you've never learned to cook. You once told me so."

"There it is again. I'll forgive you for reminding me of my lost opportunities, but was I not just now saying, the American woman is equal to any emergency, and that she loves adventure? This will be as exciting as the stock exchange. That was why I would not consent to let Jack take Cousin Rob to the hotel. Haven't I cookbooks, and didn't I attend a cooking school once, and didn't I see just how easy it all was to make everything turn out quite too lovely and nice for anything, when you measured accurately and kept your whole mind upon it?"

Mrs. Rangely rose to go, yet lingered some twenty minutes at the door leave-taking.

She was gone, at last, and Mrs. Butler hastened to her desk to write out her menu, saying, "There's nothing like having an exact list of what you want, and how much of it." Among other things on her list there was "turkey," "salad," "green peas," "ice cream" and the usuals.

In ordering over the telephone she was obliged to take a ten-pound turkey, because the grocer had none smaller that would "answer." She ordered a peck of peas, feeling quite sure that out of a peck she would be able to obtain a sufficient quantity for three persons.

While waiting for her provisions to arrive she set the table. Then she pinned the skirt of her fleecy dress about her waist, donned a high, full apron, pressed back her sleeves, saying, "Here's excitement. I had no idea there was so much real enjoyment in just plain housework. If it were not for the fun of surprising Jack, I'd have ordered the cake of the baker; but I may as well cook the whole dinner while I'm about it."

Soon the things began to arrive, and she became as eager as a general for battle or a financier for a chance to bull the market. She first unrolled the paper from the turkey; but no sooner had she lifted it in her hands than she gave a shudder, her hands flew suddenly apart and the turkey dropped on one edge of the table, from whence it rolled off heavily, striking the floor with a thud.

She sprang back with a suppressed scream, then gathering her skirts tightly about her she bent over it and gazed long and searchingly. As it did not move, she ventured, at last, to touch it again, but this time with only the tip of one of her white, delicate fingers. "Ugh!" said she with rising indignation. "What did that man send me such a great, heavy, cold, dead, repulsive corpse for! and oh, my goodness to gracious! if there isn't *blood*, actually *blood*, down there in its insides."

At this appalling discovery she hastily covered it with the paper it had been wrapped in. Then she straightened herself up to her full height, took a deep, quick breath, placed both hands on her hips, and stood wondering what a great general or a financier would do, if either were placed in such a plight as she. Then taking a thick, woolen holder in each hand, she lifted the heavy bird cautiously, carried it to the ice chest and shut it in, saying, "I'll let Katy tend to that."

After washing her hands and drying them, she felt the need of some en-

couragement. At first she thought she would telephone Jack all about it, then remembering the American woman, she concluded, instead, to go up to her own room, thinking it would be a relief to leave the kitchen for a short time. When there, from force of habit, she went directly to the mirror and looked in. The glass was a large one and the reflection companionable and reassuring. There a pair of bright black eyes met her gaze sympathetically. The young, pleasing face set in a circlet of dark, fluffy hair looked interesting. She gazed awhile, then burst out laughing. Throwing a kiss at the image, she said, "We're the American woman, you know."

Her poise thus regained, she flew downstairs, rushed to the telephone and ordered a roast, explaining to the American woman:

"All you have to do to a roast is to put it in the oven. When the man brings it, you can inquire what shape it's in, and if he's sure it isn't a steak. In this way you can make him undo the paper, and then you can say in a nice, coaxing way, 'Would you be so kind as to place it upon that tin for me?' and when he's gone, *you* can place it in the oven. *You could* do it all, if you had to, for it isn't at all likely that a piece of dead cow can look so like a corpse as does a turkey when outside the market.

Feeling sure that she was now on the road to success, she concluded to improve the time, while waiting for the roast, to make the cake.

It took much longer than she was aware to decide whether it should be a sponge, angel, layer, white, dark, a ten-egg or a one-egg cake. There seemed to be too many recipes in the book. Then the work of collecting all the materials, the measuring, the beating, the long and frequent consultations over the cookbook, all required much patient endurance. Having never acquired the habit of concen-

trating her attention for any length of time upon any one subject or duty, she began to grow very weary. The hot, close atmosphere of the kitchen irritated her nerves, her tight-fitting collar oppressed her, her dress was uncomfortable, and her shoes pinched. Her burning cheeks and the slight stoop in her shoulders revealed how rapidly she was losing nervous energy under the anxiety to do well the task she had so courageously and hopefully undertaken.

At last the cake was in the oven, and though her courage was flagging, it was still high enough to hold her to her task, but it no longer wore the halo of an adventure.

This seemed a good time to rest and shell the peas; but when some of the pods would not open without the use of a knife, and when she had cut her finger twice, and had to tie it up all alone, she concluded to shell the rest without a knife, even if it took longer.

After a time she became conscious that the chair she was sitting in was a most uncomfortable one. Then the monotony of her task was relieved by the arrival of the roast, and her diplomacy proving successful, she opened the oven door to place it in, when she smelled something burning. Instantly she remembered her cake, and there it surely was, just where she had placed it an hour ago.

Fortunately the oven was a "slow" one, so only one-half was burned, the rest was a success; but in her vexation and disappointment, in getting the cake out of the oven she burned the back of one hand against the top grate. After placing the roast in the oven she returned to her work of shelling the peas. In this way another half hour rolled away; the pea-pods rose rapidly, higher and higher, while the shelled peas but little more than half filled the pan.

Her anxiety of mind and her determination to hold her attention firmly

upon the work in hand had prevented her from noticing the flight of time; but suddenly she remembered, and glancing at the clock she was overwhelmed with astonishment to discover that it was five minutes of five. Already Jack and Rob must be coming up the street.

She sprang from her chair, and in doing so overturned the pan of peas, and they spread themselves widely over the floor, according to the law of gravitation. With both hands she seized the fluffy coil of hair on each side of her head, gave a fierce pull, uttering a deep groan.

This action and groan seemed to relieve the situation immensely. She knew at once exactly what to do. She rushed to her desk in the library and hastily wrote on a slip of paper:

"Mamma taken suddenly ill. Had to go. Take Rob to hotel, awfully sorry."

She pinned this note, near the glass, on the hat-rack in the hall, and rushed upstairs just in time to hear Jack placing his key in the front door-lock.

Where should she go? She dare not remain in her own room, for if Jack should miss finding her note, he would surely come in search for her, so she slipped noiselessly into the maid's room, and cautiously locked the door.

Jack felt some disappointment that she did not appear at once, and give a cordial welcome to their guest; but soon his eye caught sight of the note, and he read it aloud, then began rubbing his mouth and face with the palm of his hand, to hide an involuntary smile.

"You appear to find sudden sickness amusing?" Rob suggested, inquiringly, "Is it another case of 'too much mother-in-law,' and does a ray of hope spring eternally up in your manly breast at the thought of sudden death?"

"I was thinking how fortunate it is that there is a good hotel so near. Come, we'll have to retrace our steps, for there is evidently no dinner here."

As he said this he took the hats from the rack, placed his own upon his head and handed the other to Rob.

Rob took the hat and replaced it upon the rack, saying:

"One can obtain a good dinner almost any hour of the day or night at a hotel; but I haven't seen you, Jack, in over five years. There must be something in the larder, if not then just give me a free hand in the kitchen and we'll have an old-time feast. Why, I'd rather have a bottle of beer and some bread and cheese comrading with you than the best hotel dinner I ever ate. Come, I'm sorry Bertha is away; but after all, you know, two's company."

"You're the same Rob. Time cannot wither your heart, nor travel stale your infinite variety. Nothing could suit me better, for we've got the whole night before us." And he led the way to the kitchen.

As they passed through the dining-room the sight of the orderly, well-set table, with its snowy white linen, its shining silver, sparkling glass and fragrant flowers, revealed the good intention and the refined taste of the absent mistress; but on opening the kitchen door the overturned peas, the burned cake, and the general disorder revealed a hasty departure.

"Bertha must have left suddenly," explained Jack by way of apology. "The news of her mother's illness was no doubt distressing." As he said this he began sweeping up the peas. Meanwhile Rob looked about the room, peeked into the ice chest, then into the oven.

"Does it occur to you, Jack, that your mother's illness may have come opportune?"

"Not a bit of it," replied Jack. "I assure you she's quite subject to sudden turns. Bertha's too good a cook to leave in this way without the very best of reasons. The dear girl will be woefully disappointed in not meeting you."

"Then I'm ready to take my oath that you are right and I, therefore, refuse to believe in circumstantial evidence."

While Rob was making coffee and preparing a Welsh rabbit and Jack was making a salad, Bertha stole softly into the hall and leaning far over the banister caught the odor of delicious coffee and the smell of roast meat.

"How good it smells! It makes me as hungry as a bear, and they are actually going to eat my dinner, the one I've cooked. Oh! if I was only down there with them. It's just awful to tell lies."

After a time she heard them bringing the prepared food to the dining-room table, and when there was stillness, except for the low murmur of their voices, she began to realize that she might be a supperless prisoner till far into the night.

"How can they find so much pleasure in mere food, with me away? Jack has no right to be happy when I'm so anxious about mother; and they'll eat up all my nice cake. Oh! I must — I just must find some way of joining them or I shall die of vexation, mortification and starvation, all in one. I must eat with them and hear Rob talk, and see Jack enjoy it all; if I don't I shall miss something that can never, never be made up to me during my whole long life. Oh! what shall I do? They are actually feasting without me, feasting upon nothing as it were, and I'm shut up in the maid's room as if I'd done something naughty." She leaned still further over the banister and tried in vain to overhear what they were talking about.

Suddenly she straightened up, stood a moment as if trying to make herself an inch taller, for a bright thought had come to her relief — the American woman.

"I have it, and I'll do it."

She slipped noiselessly into her own

(Continued on page xvi)

THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics
JANET MCKENZIE HILL, Editor

PUBLISHED TEN TIMES A YEAR

Publication Office:

372 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 10c
FOREIGN POSTAGE: TO CANADA, 20c PER YEAR
TO OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES, 40c PER YEAR

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Entered at Boston Post-office as second-class matter

December

Clear, frosty night on the Judean plains;

The heavens inlaid with glittering points
of gold

That faintly gleam in the far, velvet skies

Upon the earth snow-bound and dark and
cold.

One tiny light struggles to break the gloom,

One feeble ray against the wind's fierce
sweep,

It flickers softly on the drowsy kine,

On Mary's babe soft-stirring in his sleep.

How far the little candle throws its light!

Through what dark shadows in the encir-
cling night!

HELEN COALE CREW.

"The skillful physician and the well-trained nurse who are faithful to their duties are among the finest discoveries and inventions of the last half century."

CONCERNING ADVERTISEMENTS

"IT is the advertising patronage that enables magazines to succeed." Surely the COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE carries no fake advertising. The kind and character of its advertisements are, manifestly, special in class, and of the highest order. This fact in itself is sufficient guarantee to our readers, and yet we are perfectly willing to stand voucher for every article presented in our advertising pages.

We wish to add that, under present conditions of publication, in no wise can our readers do better for themselves, and at the same time help us produce, for our mutual profit, a better periodical, than by simply bestowing some part of their patronage upon our advertisers. Look over, then, carefully our advertising pages; these are neither numerous nor flashy and misleading, but are suited especially to the needs of intelligent home-makers. Invariably the articles are just what they are represented to be, safe, reliable and of the highest quality and standard. Why not, as need or occasion arises, select what you want or correspond with our patrons and give them your orders? In our own case we are trying to practise immediate and widespread coöperation.

WHOLESOME ECONOMY

THIS magazine stands for economy first, last and always.

It regards cheerful, wholesome living as the condition of first importance to be sought for. To run an express train or a steamship successfully, the engine must be a first-class machine, and it must be kept in most perfect order; also the engineer must be intelligent and skillful. Any neglect here is a blunder. So, we think, even in times of financial urgency, the kitchen should be the least negligible department of the household. When

economy must be practised, it were wiser to begin, for instance, on clothes than on foods. We can spend less for amusements and in travel, etc., but only with the greatest reluctance should we submit to any considerable curtailment in our diet. Hence, it would seem to follow that any system of economics that puts unnatural barriers between us and our food supplies is criminal.

To many of us, in these days of inflated values, the most expensive cuts of meat and the choicest brands of many products are to be looked upon as luxuries, for the prices of such are well-nigh prohibitive. But we need ever be reminded that, in skillful hands, the less expensive cuts of meat and the less exclusive products, no less nutritious, can be rendered into most appetizing and satisfactory dishes.

Economy comes largely through thought and discretion; we want above all intelligent and skillful housekeepers. In a measure, we have already the trained bookkeeper, stenographer, librarian, secretary, etc., and the trained nurse. We are, however, still sadly in need of the trained cook and housekeeper. From the point of view of economic, wholesome living, this magazine aims to be a constant source of useful instruction and helpfulness in the home. Vocational education is the kind of culture most in demand today, and vocational cultivation is the one subject upon which our best efforts are expended.

SATISFACTIONS THAT ENDURE

A RESONANT note of optimism is said to run through Dr. Eliot's new book of collected essays and addresses, entitled "The Durable Satisfactions of Life." Among these satisfactions he extols the pleasures of the eye and ear, the domestic affections, the satisfaction in physical and mental exertion, of mu-

tual service and coöperation, and that of making a judicious selection of beliefs. He begins with the satisfactions of sense, as quoted in *Current Literature*:

"Sensuous pleasures, like eating and drinking, are sometimes described as animal, and therefore unworthy. It must be confessed, however, that men are in this life animals all through, — whatever else they may be, — and that they have a right to enjoy without reproach those pleasures of animal existence which maintain health, strength and life itself. Familiar ascetic and pessimistic dogmas to the contrary notwithstanding, these pleasures, taken naturally and in moderation, are all pure, honorable and wholesome.

"Moreover, all attempts to draw a line between bodily satisfactions on the one hand and mental or spiritual satisfactions on the other, and to distinguish the first as beastly indulgences and the second as the only pleasures worthy of a rational being, have failed and must fail; for it is manifestly impossible to draw a sharp line of division between pleasures, and to say that these are bodily and those intellectual or moral. . . .

"Taking food and drink is a great enjoyment for healthy people, and those who do not enjoy eating seldom have much capacity for enjoyment or usefulness of any sort. Under ordinary circumstances it is by no means a purely bodily pleasure. We do not eat alone, but in families or sets of friends and comrades; and the table is the best center of friendships and of the domestic affections. When, therefore, a workingman says that he has worked all his life to procure a subsistence for himself and his family, he states that he has secured some fundamental satisfactions, namely, food, productive employment and family life. The satisfaction of eating is so completely a matter of appetite that such distinction as there is between

the luxurious and the hardy, in regard to this enjoyment, is altogether in favor of the hardy. Who does not remember some rough and perhaps scanty meal in camp, or on the march or at sea, or in the woods, which was infinitely more delicious than the most luxurious dinner during indoor or sedentary life? But that appetite depends on health.

"Take good care, then, of your teeth and your stomachs, and be ashamed, not of enjoying your food, but of not enjoying it. There was a deal of sound human nature in the unexpected reply of the dying old woman to her minister's leading question, 'Here at the end of a long life, which of the Lord's mercies are you most thankful for?' Her eye brightened as she answered, 'My victuals.'"

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

THE subscription price of this, the best of all culinary publications, is one dollar a year *net*. We think it safe to mail a bank note or postage stamps in payment of a subscription.

For a single *new* subscription we give the individual who solicits the same of another a variety of premiums. (See our advertisement.)

For two *new* subscriptions we give the renewal of an old subscription for one year.

For *three dollars* we give any one a continuous subscription for four years.

For *six new* subscriptions we give a chafing dish that pleases every one who receives it.

What better can you do, in the line of useful presents, for the same amount of money or effort expended?

The teaching of home-making has a close relationship to the economics of the world and to world reforms. A very large portion of the business world is engaged in supplying food and clothing for mankind. Scientists tell us

that human beings do not live as long as they might as compared to the life of animals. The relation of malnutrition and indigestion and ignorance of health laws to the shortness of life is clear. It is authoritatively declared that, if mankind were properly fed, life would be greatly extended and be much happier. JANE A. STEWART.

Of course it goes without saying that the heaviest artillery of our future warfare against disease will be directed toward its prevention rather than its cure. The best and only radical cure of disease consists in preventing its spread and wiping out the conditions which alone render its existence possible—poor food, dirty water, bad drainage, dark and ill-ventilated houses.

More and more of our energy and brain power will be devoted to the cheerful, positive task of keeping our bodies so strong and wholesome and vigorous that they can defy disease, instead of the negative and melancholy one of patching them up after they are sick.

Food, rest, sunshine, exercise, bathing, massage—these are the sheet-anchors of our new *materia medica*.

No drug—save quinine and mercury in special cases—will cure a disease; only rest, food, sunshine and fresh air can work that miracle.

DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON.

Kate Field once said:

"The world would go on just the same if there were not a woman in the professions. It would come to speedy ruin if there were no women in the home."

Surely the interest in household economy is rapidly growing. In making up your list of home periodicals for the coming year, do not fail to include the COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, an exclusively household publication.



CHRISTMAS FUDGE CAKE
(See page 240)

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Crabflake Canapés, Maltaise

From slices of stale bread cut one-fourth an inch thick, stamp out oval shapes, two and one-half by one and a quarter inches; spread these with butter and let brown in the oven. When cold spread lightly with caviare. Chop fine one cup of crabflakes and mix with sauce tartare. Spread this quite generously over the caviare. Add one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and white pepper to half a cup of cream, and beat the cream until firm. Tint half of the cream red and the other half green, with color pastes. With small star tubes pipe two red and two green stars of cream in the center of each canapé. Serve very cold, as an appetizer, at the beginning, or, as a savory, at the close of a formal dinner.

Lobster, shrimp, salmon or halibut may be used for similar canapés.

Christmas Consommé

Use recipe for consommé found in any standard cook book. In clarifying, the crushed shells and three whites of eggs will be needed for each two quarts of soup. Serve in the soup small squares or other shapes of spinach-and-tomato custard or use the tomato custard and green peas or flageolet. Slices of cooked celery or squares of turnip may be used with either of the above.

Tomato Custard

Beat three yolks and one whole egg; add one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika and half a cup of well-reduced tomato purée. Turn into a

buttered dish. Cook in a dish of water in a slow oven. For spinach or green pea custard use the respective purées.

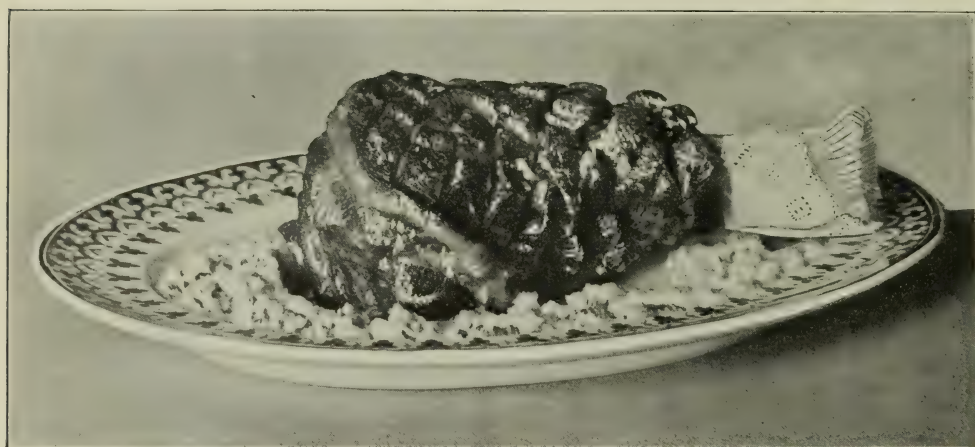
Christmas Soup

Take one quart of turkey, chicken, lamb or veal broth, made from cleansed chickens' feet, giblets of fowls, trimmings from chops, etc. Add one cup and a half of canned tomatoes, an onion cut in slices, half a cup of celery leaves, a few slices of carrot and half a green or red pepper without seeds; let simmer very gently fifteen minutes. Add two level tablespoonfuls of corn-

pan if desired. Serve on a bed of mashed turnip. Serve also with this dish, apple sauce or cabbage salad, one or both.

Marinated Shoulder of Pig, Roasted

Bruise a teaspoonful of pepper corns; add to them a green or red pepper, freed from seeds and sliced, two teaspoonfuls of salt, two small onions, sliced; half a dozen cloves, a bay leaf broken in bits, and a cup of vinegar. Set a shoulder of young pig in a deep earthen dish, pour over the vinegar



SHOULDER OF PIG, ROASTED

starch, wet with cold water, and salt as needed. Stir until boiling; let simmer ten minutes, then strain. Serve two-thirds a cup of soup in each plate; sprinkle the top with fine-chopped parsley.

Shoulder of Pig, Roasted

Have a shoulder weighing three and a half or four pounds. Score the skin transversely, brush over with olive oil, rub with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Set to cook in a moderate oven. Let cook, if in a double pan, about three hours. Baste with oil and dredge with flour three or four times. A little water may be added to the

mixture, cover and set aside in a cool place. Turn and baste the shoulder in the marinade each day for five days. Set to cook, in a moderate oven, in an earthen casserole, with part of the marinade. Leave the dish uncovered, basting often with the liquid. When nearly cooked brush with olive oil, dredge with flour, and let the crust brown. Serve with a brown tomato sauce.

Brown Tomato Sauce

Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter and in it cook two thin slices of onion until well browned; add four tablespoonfuls of flour, stir and cook until



CHICKEN SALAD, CHRISTMAS STYLE
(See page 236)

brown, then add one cup of strained tomato and half a cup of the liquid from the casserole and stir until boiling; add salt as needed, and kitchen bouquet to color; strain and the sauce is ready.

Cabbage Salad for Roast Pork

Beat the yolks of three eggs; add four teaspoonfuls of sugar, a teaspoonful of mustard, half a teaspoonful of paprika, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, five tablespoonfuls of vinegar and a tablespoonful of butter. Cook over hot water until smooth and thick. Set aside to become cold. Let cabbage, cut in large pieces, stand in cold water to chill and crisp, then shake and drain and dry on a cloth. Shave very fine, removing coarse, solid portions,

or chop not too fine. When ready to serve mix the dressing through about a pint of cabbage and serve at once.

Sweet-Pickle Jelly

Soften one-fourth a package of gelatine in one-fourth a cup of cold water and dissolve in one cup of liquid from a jar of sweet pickles; let cool a little, then add one cup of sweet pickled mangoes, peaches, pears, melon rind, etc.; cut in bits, one orange (juice and pulp in bits) and two tablespoonfuls of maraschino cherries, with two or three tablespoonfuls of the liquid from the cherries. Stir in ice water until the liquid will hold up the fruit, then turn into one large or several small molds. Serve, turned from the molds, with roast fowl or other meats.



FRIED CHICKEN, PIMENTOS FILLED WITH BALTIMORE SAMP, IN CREAM SAUCE

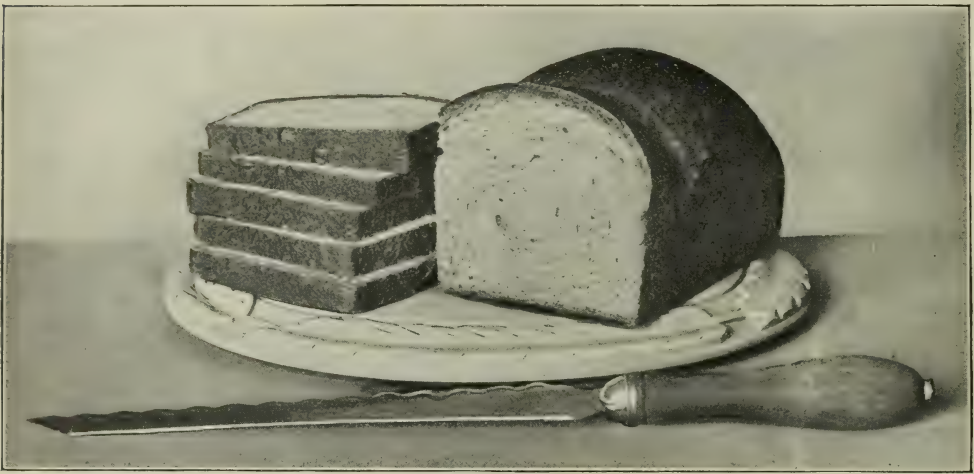
Fried Chicken with Samp

Separate a well-cleaned chicken into pieces at the joints; wash with care, cover with boiling water and let heat quickly to the boiling point. After boiling five minutes, let simmer until tender. Mix half a cup of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Drain the pieces of chicken and roll them in the flour, then let cook in hot, salt pork fat until nicely browned. Dispose on a serving dish. Surround with pimentos, filled with

pint of the chicken broth and half a cup of cream and stir until boiling. Into one cup of this sauce, stir as much of the samp, taken up without any liquid, as the sauce will hold, and use this to fill the lined molds. Set the molds into the oven; when required, unmold as above.

Chicken Salad, Christmas Style

Cut well-cooked, cold chicken into half-inch squares or cubes. Over each pint of chicken turn three or four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, sprinkle on



SWEDISH BREAD

(See page 238)

Baltimore samp, and serve with bechamel sauce in a bowl.

Pimentos with Samp

Drain a can of pimentos, cover with cold water and drain again. Use these to fill timbale molds, trimming the pimento even with the top of the mold. Wash and drain a cup of samp; add a quart of boiling water and a teaspoonful of salt, and let cook all day (overnight in a fireless cooker is the best plan); while the chicken is being sautéd, melt one-third a cup of butter; in it cook one-third a cup of flour, a scant half a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of black pepper; add one

a scant half a teaspoonful of salt and a generous dash of paprika; turn the mixture over and over, until the chicken has absorbed the oil. If the mixture looks dry, add another tablespoonful of oil and mix again. Then add a tablespoonful of vinegar and mix again. Cover and set aside in a cool place for several hours. Slice enough crisp, well-blanchd, inner stalks of celery to equal one-third or one-half the measure of chicken. Drain the chicken, add the celery, mix thoroughly, then add mayonnaise or boiled dressing, as is preferred, to hold the pieces together. Dispose in an oval mound on a serving dish, make smooth with a silver knife,



FROZEN EGGNOG
(See page 241)

then mask or cover neatly with more of the dressing. Have ready a little chopped pimento, a few capers, and some gherkins or olives, cut in slices and shaped to represent leaves. With these fashion four wreath shapes on the mound of salad. Fringe one end of some short pieces of celery and push these in around the salad, between it and the dish. Finish with light celery leaves at the top. Serve as soon as

possible after it is finished, or set aside in the refrigerator.

Kornlet Succotash

Let a cup of dried Lima beans soak overnight in cold water; drain and set to cook in a fresh supply of water. Let simmer gently, replenishing the water as needed, two or three hours, or until tender, yet whole. The water should be evaporated when the cook-



MERINGUES FILLED WITH WHIPPED CREAM
(See page 240)

ing is finished. A green or red pepper, cut in shreds, may be cooked with the beans. Add a can of kornlet and three-fourths a cup of tomato purée (cooked tomatoes pressed through a sieve), and let boil two or three minutes. Add two or three tablespoonfuls of butter, a teaspoonful or more of salt and mix thoroughly. Serve as the main dish at luncheon or supper, or as a vegetable at dinner. Succotash with rolls and butter is one of the standard and popular dishes at several of the lunch rooms in Boston.

Swedish Bread

Pour two cups of boiling water over one cup of corn meal, two level table-

Fish-and-Oyster Pie

Have ready a pint of cooked fish, separated into flakes and freed from skin and bone, a pint of raw oysters, and some trimmings of puff-paste (that left after patties have been cut out) or of flaky pastry. Chopped parsley, powdered basil, butter, pepper and salt and a little cream will also be needed. In a rather shallow dish put a layer of the fish and add bits of butter, a sprinkling of herbs and seasoning; over this set a layer of oysters, with seasoning; alternate the layers of fish and oysters until all are used. Strain in the oyster liquor, and add a few spoonfuls of cream, if the mixture



CHRISTMAS BASKETS

spoonfuls of lard and one teaspoonful of salt. Mix thoroughly, then let cool. When the mixture is of lukewarm temperature, add a cake of compressed yeast, stirred into three tablespoonfuls of lukewarm water, three-fourths a cup of molasses and wheat flour to make a dough stiff enough to knead. Knead until elastic, cover closely and let stand in a temperature of about 70° Fahr. until doubled in bulk. Shape into two loaves and when again light bake one hour.

looks dry. If there is much oyster liquor, one or two tablespoonfuls of buttered cracker crumbs may be sprinkled over each layer of fish and oysters. Cut the pastry into strips half an inch wide and set them over the top of the filling, half an inch apart; then set strips of pastry in the opposite direction, to make diamond-shaped openings. Bake about twenty minutes or until the pastry is well browned.

Christmas Baskets

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of granulated sugar, then the beaten yolks of three eggs, one-fourth a cup of sweet cream, two cups of sifted flour, sifted again with a slightly rounding teaspoonful of baking powder, and, lastly, the whites of three eggs, beaten dry, and half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract.

Bake in deep, round cups or a gem pan. If an iron gem pan be used, it must be heated a little before the mixture is put into it. Bake about half an hour. As soon as the cakes are cooled a little, cut out the centers, to make hollow cups. Soften some spaghetti by coiling it in a saucepan of boiling water, cut to the length required for handles, shape as desired on a board and let dry, then set in place. Beat one cup of double cream, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-fourth a teaspoonful of vanilla until firm; add half a cup of chopped nuts (hazel nuts or almonds with a few pistachio nuts), and use to fill the baskets. Sprinkle a tablespoonful of nuts above the cream. On account of the color, pistachio nuts are particularly ap-

propriate for a Christmas dish. If more elaborate baskets are desired, cover with confectioners' frosting and pipe ornamental frosting above. In

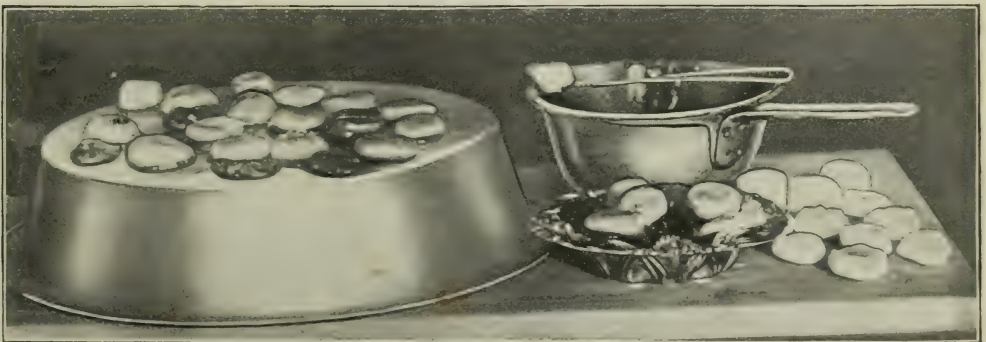


CHRISTMAS WREATHS

the illustration, the confectioners' frosting was white and the boiled, ornamental frosting was tinted light green. Both frostings have been given repeatedly in our columns.

Christmas Wreaths

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of sugar, the grated rind and juice of half a lemon, the beaten yolks of two eggs, and the white of one egg, beaten dry, then flour to make a stiff dough. Roll into a thin sheet and cut with a doughnut cutter. Beat the white of one egg and use to brush over the cakes; set in baking pans; sprinkle with chopped pistachio nuts (blanched first) and add here and there small, round, red candies. Bake delicately in a very moderate oven.



MARSHMALLOWS GLACÉ

Marshmallows Glacé

Put two cups of granulated sugar, one tablespoonful of glucose and one cup of boiling water over the fire; stir until the sugar is melted, then with the hand or a brush dipped repeatedly in cold water wash down the sides of the saucepan; cover and let boil three or four minutes, then uncover and let cook to about 295° Fahr. or until the syrup begins to turn to an amber color. Remove to a saucepan of boiling water. Have small marshmallows, or larger ones cut in halves, freed from cornstarch; drop these into the syrup and with a dipping fork or hat pin lift out and set on the bottom of an inverted tin pan. When cold they are ready to use. These are at their best the day of dipping.

Meringues with Whipped Cream

Beat one cup of egg whites until firm, then gradually beat in two cups and one-half of granulated sugar and add a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Fasten strips (2½ inches wide) of waxed paper on hardwood boards (an inch thick) of suitable size for the oven.

On the paper mark rounds of uniform size (use cover of one-half pound baking powder box); with a spoon fill these with the meringue mixture and dredge the rounds with granulated sugar. Let bake in a very slack oven about three-fourths of an hour, then increase the heat and let color a delicate brown. Remove the papers from the boards, one at a time, and invert to take off the meringues. Take out a small portion from the soft center of each meringue, dredge with sugar and return this side up to dry off a little. When cold fill the centers with ice cream or whipped cream, sweetened and flavored before whipping. Serve at once.

Christmas Fudge Cake

Melt one-fourth a pound of chocolate; add one cup of light brown sugar and half a cup of milk and stir until the sugar is melted, then stir and cook to a smooth paste; add a beaten egg and set aside to become cold. Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of sugar, the beaten yolks of two eggs, and, alternately, half a cup of milk and two and one-half cups of sifted flour, sifted again



with three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Lastly, add the whites of two eggs, beaten dry, the cold chocolate mixture and one tablespoonful of warm water. Beat thoroughly. Bake in two layer cake pans, about twenty-five minutes.

Fruit-and-Nut Filling and Icing

Boil one cup and a half of sugar and one-third a cup of water, as in making fondant, to 242° Fahr. Pour in a fine stream upon the whites of three eggs, beaten dry, beating constantly meanwhile. To one-third of the frosting add half a cup, each, of nuts and seeded raisins, chopped fine. Flavor to taste and use as a filling between the layers. Cover the top and sides with the rest of the icing and decorate with halves of English walnut meats.

Frozen Eggnog

Beat the yolks of six eggs until light; gradually beat in one cup and a fourth of sugar, then, very slowly, one-fourth to one half a cup of rum; and let stand overnight or several hours; add one quart of rich milk and begin to freeze as an ice cream. Beat the whites of six eggs until dry and a cup of rich, double cream until firm throughout; fold the whites and cream together. When the mixture in the freezer is partly frozen, add the whites and cream and finish freezing. Serve in glass cups with a grating of nutmeg above.

Frozen Eggnog (Kentucky Recipe)

Beat the yolks of twelve eggs until thick and lemon-colored; gradually beat in one cup of sugar. Beat the whites of twelve eggs till dry, then cut and fold them into the yolks and sugar. Add, very gradually, one-fourth a cup of rum and one cup of whiskey. The mixture will freeze better, if only half a cup of whiskey be used. Let stand several hours to "cook" thoroughly the eggs. Add one pint of cream, whipped firm, and freeze. Serve in punch glasses.

Pralines

Melt two cups of light brown sugar in one tablespoonful of lemon juice and two-thirds a cup of boiling water. When the sugar is dissolved, draw the saucepan to a hotter part of the range and let boil until a soft ball may be formed, when tested in cold water, or to 240° Fahr. Remove from the fire and let stand on a cake cooler until of a lukewarm temperature; add one cup of pecan nut meats, broken in pieces, half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract and one-fourth a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and beat until creamy. Drop from the tip of a spoon on waxed paper. This will make two dozen or more candies.

Maple Fudge

Take two cups of maple syrup or one pound of maple sugar, broken in small pieces, and one cup of cream or rich milk. Cook to 240° Fahr. or to a soft ball. Let stand on a cake cooler until lukewarm; add a cup of nut meats, broken in pieces, beat until creamy, then turn into a buttered pan. Unmold in a few minutes and cut into cubes.

Grape-juice Syllabub

Beat the white of an egg dry; add three-fourths a cup of grapejuice, mixed with one-third a cup of sugar and one cup of thick cream, and beat with a cream whip or churn. Take off the froth as it rises and drain on a sieve. Pour the unwhipped mixture into glasses, pile the whip above and chill thoroughly before serving.

Stewed Tomatoes

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook half a green or red pepper (without seeds), chopped rather coarse, until softened but not browned; add a can of tomatoes, a tablespoonful of onion pulp (scraped with a knife), a teaspoonful of salt and a cup of soft bread crumbs. Let simmer until the water is evaporated.

Menus for Week in December

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Grape-fruit'
Brioche Rolls
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Christmas Soup
Roast Duck, Apple Sauce
Boiled Onions in Cream
Mashed Potatoes. Celery
Mince Pie
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Creamed Oysters in
Swedish Timbale Cases
Homemade Pickles
Pineapple Sherbet

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
E-C Corn Flakes, Dates, Thin Cream
Pork (cold shoulder) and Potato Hash
White Corn Meal Muffins
Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
Kornlet Succotash
Yeast Rolls, Butter
Squash Pie. Cocoa. Tea

Dinner
Canned Salmon (made hot in can)
Egg Sauce
Boiled Potatoes
Stewed Tomatoes (with red peppers)
Canned Apricot Shortcake
Half Cups of Coffee

MONDAY

Breakfast
E-C Corn Flakes
Salt Mackerel Cooked in Milk
White Hashed Potatoes
Dry Toast. Coffee

Luncheon
Hashed Duck on Toast
Celery-and-Apple Salad
Cranberry Tarts. Coffee

Dinner
Shoulder of Young Pig, Baked
Turnip Purée. Mashed Potatoes
Apples Baked in Casserole
Cabbage Salad
Chocolate Cottage Pudding, Foamy Sauce
Half Cups of Coffee

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Sausage, Mashed Potatoes
Buckwheat Griddle Cakes
Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
Potato Salad
Sardines
Apples Baked with Almonds,
Thin Cream. Cookies
Tea

Dinner
Cold Roast Beef, Sliced Thin
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Macaroni with Tomatoes and Cheese
Christmas Cake
Half Cups of Coffee

TUESDAY

Breakfast
Broiled Bacon
Creamed Potatoes
Kornlet Griddle Cakes
Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
Cold Shoulder of Pig, Sliced Thin
Apple-and-Date Salad
Swedish Bread and Butter
Coffee Jelly

Dinner
Rib Roast of Beef
Franconia Potatoes. Squash
Sweet-Pickle Jelly
Grape-juice Syllabub
Cookies. Half Cups of Coffee

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Salt Codfish Balls
Broiled Bacon
Spider Corn Cake
Doughnuts. Coffee

Luncheon
Welsh Rabbit
Date Loaf Cake
Coffee

Dinner
Boiled Fish, Egg Sauce
Boiled Potatoes
Buttered Onions. Pickles
Hot Apple Pie
Edam Cheese
Half Cups of Coffee

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Boiled Rice, Sliced
Bananas, Thin Cream
Broiled Ham
Hashed Brown Potatoes
Parker House Rolls
(reheated)
Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
Fish-and-Oyster Pie
Philadelphia Relish
Parker House Rolls
Pineapple Sherbet

Dinner
Fried Chicken
Creamed Baltimore Sump
in Pimentos
Celery
Macedoine of Prune-and-
Nut Jelly
Whipped Cream
Half Cups of Coffee

Economical Menus for a Week in December

(3 Adults)

SUNDAY

Breakfast
E-C Corn Flakes, Thin Cream
Glazed Currant Buns
Coffee

Dinner
Fried Chicken (half)
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Cranberry Sauce
Celery
Cottage Pudding (half)
Frothy Sauce
Coffee

Supper
Milk Toast
Cookies
Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Chicken Rechauffée on Toast
Apple Marmalade
Doughnuts
Coffee

Dinner
Boiled Corned Beef (3 or 4 lbs.)
Boiled Potatoes
Boiled Turnips
Boiled Spinach or Cabbage
Squash Pie
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Fried Mush, Molasses or Syrup
Bread and Butter
Stewed Prunes. Tea

MONDAY

Breakfast
Broiled Bacon, Corn Meal Muffins
Hot Apple Sauce
Coffee

Dinner
Cream-of-Celery Soup
Cheese Pudding
(bread, cheese, milk, 1 egg)
Cabbage Salad
Cottage Pudding (reheated)
Chocolate Sauce
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Baked Potatoes, Butter
Smoked Fish, Toasted
Chocolate Cookies. Tea

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Sausage, Apple Sauce
Buckwheat Cakes
Bread and Butter. Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Cold Corned Beef, Sliced Thin
Cold Spinach, Molded,
Salad Dressing
Baked or Mashed Potatoes
Diced Turnips in Cream Sauce
Apple Pie. Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Mock Bisque Soup, Croutons
Baking Powder Biscuit
Stewed Peaches (dried)
Tea

TUESDAY

Breakfast
Gluten Grits, Hot Dates, Thin Cream
Corn Meal Muffins (reheated)
Coffee

Dinner
Stewed Chicken (half chicken)
Hot Baking Powder Biscuit
Scalloped Cabbage
Apple Tapioca Pudding
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Stewed Lima Beans (dried)
Bread and Butter
Baked Sweet Apples
Cookies
Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Wheat Cereal, Thin Cream
Corned Beef-and-Potato Hash with
Green or Red Pepper
Dry Toast. Coffee

Dinner
Large Fillets of Haddock, Baked, Caper
or Pickle Sauce. Bread Dressing
Mashed Potatoes. Cole Slaw
Rice Pudding with Raisins
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Hot Rye Meal or Graham Muffins
Gingerbread. Apple Sauce
Cottage Cheese. Cocoa

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, Top Milk
Broiled Bacon, Baked
Potatoes
Fried Mush, Caramel
Syrup
Coffee

Dinner
Shoulder of Lamb,
Steamed
Boiled Potatoes
Squash
Sweet Pickled Melon Rinds
Baked Bananas, Sultana
Raisin Sauce
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Potato Salad
Cold Lamb, Sliced Thin
Cream Cake
Tea

Formal Meals For December

Christmas Spreads for Children of School Age (one o'clock)

I

Lamb Broth with Rice and Peas
Roast Chickens, Cranberry Sauce
Mashed Potatoes
Creamed Celery
Rolls
Vanilla Ice Cream
Sponge Rusks. Marshmallows Glacé

II

Salpicon of Oranges-and-Pineapple (canned)
in Glass Cups
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce
Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style
Lettuce, French Dressing
Vanilla Ice Cream, Strawberry Sauce
(Bonbons to take home)

Formal Dinner

I

Grape-fruit Cocktail
Christmas Consommé
Oyster Patties
Roast Fillet of Beef, Bernaise Sauce
Brussels Sprouts
French Fried Potatoes (balls)
Roman Punch
Mayonnaise of Chicken-and-Celery
(Pimento Garnish)
Peaches Melba
Marrons Glacé, Candied Mint Leaves
Coffee

II

Anchovy Eclairs
Consommé à la Royale
Truffled Fish Mousse,
Hollandaise Sauce
Hot House Cucumbers,
French Dressing with Onion Juice
Roast Goose, Apple Sauce
Mashed Potatoes
Brussels Sprouts
Tomato Cream Glacé
Frozen Pudding
Peppermints. Nuts. Coffee

High Tea or Supper

I

Oyster Soup
Olives. Gherkins
[Cold Roast Turkey, Breast, Sliced Thin
Rice Croquettes *en Surprise*
(rice unsweetened, currant jelly in center)
Celery-and-Apple Salad, Waldorf
Frozen Eggnog
Macaroons. Coffee

II

Scalloped Oysters
Olives
Salted Nuts
Yeast Biscuit
Chicken Salad or Apple-and-Nut Salad
Christmas Baskets
(with Whipped Cream)
Coffee

III

Consommé
Cold Roast Chicken
Tomato Jelly with Celery-and-Nut Salad
Parker House Rolls (reheated)
Christmas Cake
Cocoa, Whipped Cream

Appertaining to Our Christmas Dainties

By Janet M. Hill

Something About Soup

SOMETHING good to eat cannot be evolved out of nothing, still there are cooks who have a knack of making more palatable food out of little stores than many others out of an abundance of the choicest supplies. Take, for instance, soup. Meats rich in juice and flavor will not yield a savory broth, if the cooking be at too high a temperature. To make a good soup, one must fully understand the fundamental principles of cookery, and be willing to give time and attention to the dish while the process of cooking is going on.

Often, at this season, fowls of doubtful age are steamed or parboiled before roasting, and when this is carefully done the dish is a success. But the cook says, with this broth, I should have a good soup; hence, salt and pepper are added, possibly soup vegetables are cooked in the broth, and the soup is served. Once more the family are convinced that they do not like soup. This chicken-flavored water should have been a valuable asset in the week's supplies, but it did not contain enough food value or flavor to warrant its presentation as a finished dish.

We often are deficient in standards. Our sense of taste should be something of a guide, but our tastes must be cultivated. When we have the soluble properties of a pound of meat, of which not more than one-fourth is bone, extracted in a pint of water at the simmering point, augmented or not by the flavor of soup vegetables and spices, we have a soup that needs no further enrichment and may even be diluted. Taking this for a guide or standard, we must look about for

means to enrich the flavored water and provide a soup that will be relished. Yolks of eggs, cream and milk will add nutriment, so also will rice or corn-starch. No one of these adds much flavor; and this must be secured by celery, onions, carrot and green or dried herbs. If this weak broth be made from lamb or beef, a little beef extract will reinforce the soup, and with these broths is preferable to cream, milk or eggs.

For a company meal a "clear" soup is the choicest offering in soups. Cook books quite generally, we might say always, allow one white of egg with the crushed shell to clarify a quart of soup, but three eggs to two quarts of broth will be found more economical in the end, for if the operation be carefully conducted, no danger of being obliged to repeat the process will arise. For straining the soup, a linen napkin (too much worn for table use) is preferable to doubled cheese cloth.

Pastry and Pies

Beginning with the Thanksgiving dinner, when the homely, but truly delectable, pumpkin pie holds the place of honor in the dessert course, and continuing through the holiday season, pastry and pies are given much prominence in bills of fare. Mince pie, rich with oriental spices and fruits, is considered the one pie especially appropriate to the Christmas season, but meat pies, tarts, patties of all sorts, and many diversities in puff-paste abound.

Most housekeepers take pride in making good pastry. In this work experience counts for much, but the ability to use a rolling pin lightly does not always come with experience, and

this it is that makes or mars the paste. Fat makes tender, water a tough, paste, then be generous of shortening and sparing of water. In puff-paste an equal weight of flour and shortening is called for. For plain paste the weight of the shortening should equal, at least, half the weight of the flour. Lengthy descriptions of making puff-paste, in which chilling between pans of water and broken ice three or four times during the process is directed, are often seen. In some schools a rolling pin filled with broken ice is recommended. Neither of these procedures are practicable or useful. They are inventions of the amateur, unused to handling utensils; they make work rather than spare it. A cool place in which to work is a necessity. If cool air from an open window can circulate over the board, as is possible early in the morning or at any time of day during the winter, the whole process, from start to finish, can be completed, with no interruption for chilling, in twenty minutes. This is for half a pound of paste. A recipe for such paste will be found among the Seasonable Recipes in this number of the magazine.

In making plain paste, the quantity of shortening should vary somewhat with the variety of filling that is to accompany it. A filling of mince meat containing much suet does not call for a very rich crust, though an upper crust of puff-paste is often used, but the pastry to be used with an acid filling, like cranberry, rhubarb or lemon, should be even richer than that for an apple or berry pie. One cup of shortening (8 oz.) will be none too much to three cups (12 oz.) of flour.

Shoulder of Pork, Roasted

For the sake of tradition we should have been glad to present in our Christmas number an illustration of a boar's head, roasted, but only a few venturesome cooks would take the trouble to prepare such a roast, and

there is, too, some doubt in our own mind as to the gastronomic qualities of the dish. In its stead we have given the plebeian shoulder of a young porker, roasted. This is comparatively an inexpensive roast, tender when well bred and carefully cooked, and, on account of size, well adapted to a small family. Slices may be cut to good advantage on both sides of the shank bone. The edible trimmings, chopped fine, are good either alone or with beef as mince pie meat or hash. A cabbage salad to serve with roast pork is the better for a little mustard; a green or red pepper, shredded or chopped fine, is also a welcome addition, while apple sauce of some variety is considered indispensable. For a change, try cooking the sliced apples with the sugar, for a long time in the oven, in a closed earthen receptacle.

Frozen Eggnog

The recipe for frozen eggnog is given in answer to a request for this dish. We have given it as a dessert dish in one or more of the menus. Eggnog, frozen or unfrozen, is a nutritious stimulant and a restorative, and while it is considered a choice dessert dish, it is best adapted for service at a light meal of few courses, or when nourishment in an attractive form is needed between meals.

Salads and Salad Dressings

A simple salad is a grateful accompaniment to the roasts and heavy meat dishes commonly served at this season. Thus the simpler the salad be the better it will fit the occasion. At luncheon or supper, when the salad may be desired for its food value, a mayonnaise dressing is admirable. In making this, the method which was originally given in this magazine, and which does away with all liability of a curdled mixture, is again called to the attention of our readers. Beat the yolk or yolks of eggs and the season-

ings, then beat in all the acid to be used in the dressing, and at once begin to add the oil by the teaspoonful, shortly increasing the quantity to a tablespoonful. Use an egg beater from start to finish. Once tried no other method will thereafter be employed.

Candy Making and Icings

In boiling sugar and water for icing, fondant or other smooth candy, no form of acid to break the grain is needed, if proper care be taken at the beginning of the operation. Of course, the sugar may be stirred while it is melting; this being accomplished, set the dish over a quick fire, wash down the sides, to remove grains of sugar

thrown there by the rapid boiling, then put on a close-fitting cover and let boil three or four minutes, to insure the melting of any stray grains of sugar. Set in the thermometer and let the syrup boil to 240° Fahr. or until when tested in cold water a soft ball may be formed. With care a thermometer will last a lifetime, and by its use all uncertainty of results is eliminated. In making candy of the fudge variety, the cooling of the cooked syrup before beginning to beat it gives a more creamy and satisfactory product. If a boiled frosting runs from the cake, return it in a saucepan to the fire, either on an asbestos mat or in a double boiler, and beat with a spoon constantly until the frosting thickens.

Christmas

By Lalia Mitchell

Have you heard the Christmas music
Sounding over hill and plain?
Have you listened to the music
That should never come in vain?
Glory, praise and honor ever
Unto God who reigns above,
And to those on earth who journey
Peace, good will and boundless love.

Have you seen the Christmas holly
Flaming forth on every side?
Has your heart grown strangely lighter
For the green of Christmastide?
Has it thrilled you with its message,
Glory to the Lord and King,
And good will to every brother?
This the tidings it should bring.

Have you caught the Christmas spirit
Wafted by on every breeze?
Christ is born to rule forever,
Lord of earth and sky and seas.
Glory unto Him, and honor
Now and evermore, Amen.
And throughout a Christian kingdom,
Peace on earth, good will to men.

Parisian Cheap Restaurants

By Frances B. Sheaffer

THERE is probably no city on earth which possesses more good, cheap restaurants than Paris, establishments where it is possible for a person of epicurean tastes to satisfy

his hunger at a very trifling cost. The French capital is singularly qualified to provide a cuisine à bon marché, for the French people have long considered cooking as a fine art, and economy as

a virtue. Therefore cheap food in France is by no means poor food, quite *au contraire*, for the proprietor of a French bourgeoisie restaurant is every bit as anxious to supply his patrons with a good dinner at a moderate price as his patrons can possibly be to secure such a repast; and it is needless to add that, all other things being equal, patronage goes where the best is to be had for the least money.

So the choice of respectable, reasonable eating places is large. You have only to learn where they are situated, and then you can make an *étude comparative* of their several advantages and specialities.

For the purposes of this writing it is not necessary to mention others than those frequented by English-speaking residents of Paris, those providing presumably menus entirely acceptable to English and American tastes. Naturally enough, these restaurants with a specialized *clientèle* are to be found in the quarter where the students have elected to live. In Paris there are two so-called American colonies, that eminently respectable and somewhat pretentious district which surrounds the Arc du Triomphe, and the quarter to the south of the Luxembourg Gardens which is traversed by the Boulevard Montparnasse, a thoroughfare familiarly nicknamed the Boulevard des Américaines, — note the feminine!

The residents of the Etoile district are not much given to taking their meals at restaurants, except on special occasions when they wish to fête a visitor, and then they go to the more elegant cafés like La Rue, the Café de Paris, Marguery's, or, if they do venture over to the Rive Gauche, it is to introduce their visitor to Frederic's ducks.

There are no restaurants, therefore, belonging by right of selection especially to this set of Americans. Besides, as a rule, the Etoile colony is not interested in saving money, in order that they may stay over in Paris a few months

longer. That is an ambition peculiar to the student quarter; for whatever is the charm of this French city, it claims every single one of the students after a stay of any time here. One wonders sometimes why, since their life here is so distinctly un-French, since they live and work and play, each in his little set, and always among his or her own country people.

However, they like the life of their quarter, a life with no exacting social standards to interfere with their pursuit of a pleasurable occupation, where they may do their chosen work undisturbed by conflicting outside interests. They like, too, the smack of Bohemianism, albeit harmless enough, which they get by eating, here and there, in the restaurants, the restaurants whose proprietors have been keen enough to sense their needs, and canny enough to supply them.

There are a dozen cheap restaurants in the Montparnasse district, at any one of which quite a good dinner may be had for less than 1.50 francs, including the two sous as tip. That is thirty cents, all told, in American money. I do not know that this dinner is more abundant than a meal at a similar price would be in America, but it is certainly more appetizing and it is served in an establishment that has "character." There is the keynote of the popularity of these little café restaurants. And however these students discover and define this indefinable quality it would be hard to say, but the moment the rumor gets about that a place has "character," that establishment becomes the popular eating rendezvous of the moment. When and how it loses its "character," when the vogue changes, is another mystery. Perhaps "character" is only a student's synonym for personality, and the personality may be that of either the cook or the proprietor, sometimes even of both combined. I know of one such case anyway, not,

however, in the American student district, but on the edge of the old Latin Quarter. There, under the shadow of the Institut, is a little restaurant, formerly kept by a fat, clean, French-Swiss, and his fat, clean wife. The garçon was the brother of the proprietor, and, though not as fat, he was every bit as clean and even more obliging. Who first discovered this little place I have never known, but it so happened that it became the favorite luncheon ground of a small group of students, who found that it possessed "character," and who were willing, therefore, to dispense with a tablecloth and eat on a marble table, flanked by a seller of old books from the quays and a dusty street cleaner who left his implements at the door.

Probably no French person of the class of these students would have found these individuals "types" as did the American and English habitués. Still despite the democratic mixture of its patrons, the food at Martin's was exceedingly good for the money. I have seen no more luscious fruit, to cite one instance, in the expensive restaurants of the Grand Boulevards, than Père Martin offered his clients for dessert. Then, too, it is agreeable to be welcomed genially as guests when you are spending a matter of perhaps twenty cents for your lunch. Père Martin on one memorable occasion served this student society a never-to-be-forgotten dinner in his *salle de noces*, at two francs per person, and in order to make the event more festive, he "offered" them a special bottle of so-called Burgundy, the opening of which was a solemn ceremony, followed by the drinking of healths, a rite in which everybody participated, including Père Martin, Mère Martin and the garçon-brother, Adolph. It may be mentioned, in passing, that that was the only solemn moment in an otherwise successfully hilarious evening.

Well, in due course, Père Martin was forced to return to his native Switzerland, because of Mère Martin's disquieting ill-health, the restaurant has changed hands, and the "character" is gone. It is no longer a students' rendezvous, but a plain, workingmen's eating house, without interest and without charm.

It may, also, happen that "character" alone will keep a place going. There is the *cremerie* of Josephine, for example, in the Luxembourg quarter. Josephine is an irascible old person, who has conducted her small establishment for a score of years. She advertises American and English cooking, and she never fails to serve plum pudding at Christmas time, but her menu offers little variety, her charges are a trifle higher than elsewhere, and the service, which she "makes" herself, is interminable. Still she has her regular patrons, who meet in her shabby little *salle* and *bavard* while they wait for their food to be cooked in the kitchen, where Josephine disappears after she has taken their orders.

Every one recounts some anecdote of Josephine, in this interval. I am told that she once put a placard in her window reading, "English Spoken," and when a hardy visitor, having addressed her in English, which language, of course, she did not understand, asked her in great exasperation who spoke the English there, she replied serenely, "The people who come." Well, that is Josephine. She is quite capable of having conceived and executed that plan. And her clients forgive her her crotchets and their own inconvenience because she has "character."

Then there is Henriette's, which is less an individual than an institution. Henriette's began as a very small and very cheap *cremerie*.

There is Garnier's, another expanded *cremerie*, now a restaurant; and Boudet's and Jouvin's and the

White Cat, all of them charging pretty much the same prices.

By a careful process of selection, an average dinner may be had for about one franc twenty-five or one franc fifty. No one ever gives more than ten centimes or two cents as a tip in any of these restaurants, and the cost of service is diminished by the practice among the students of dining for a week in each restaurant, thus saving the charge for a fresh napkin each meal. If you pay two sous for a napkin the beginning of the week, you are given a napkin ring in which your personal *serviette* is kept and filed away in a stand after each dinner. A student who would scorn this little economy at home practises it openly and boastingly here in Paris.

Some of the restaurants have, of course, their regular patrons who never change, who use their eating place as they would a pension and who arrange to meet their special circle of friends every evening at seven, in order to report the day's doings and to plan the evening's entertainment. It is an easy, and it seems to be a satisfactory, way to live the student life; for most of them, men and women, have their studios or their tiny apartments and they get their own "little breakfasts," if they are poor, or have a *femme de ménage* get them, if they are more affluent. They prefer, then, to take their more substantial meals elsewhere than at home, as much because it is more entertaining as because it is easier.

On the outskirts of the Montparnasse quarter there are other restaurants intermittently popular for one reason or another. Near the Gardens is a vegetarian establishment called the Bonne Santé, with a surprisingly varied menu, in which meat is studiously eliminated.

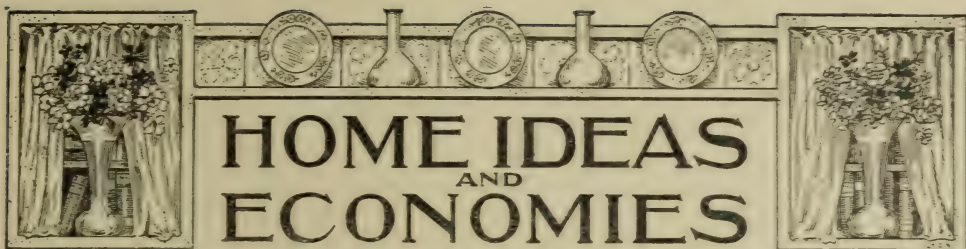
Very lately a Franco-Italian restaurant was opened near the Gare Montpar-

nasse, which has become a favorite Saturday-night rendezvous because of its Italian dishes and the exotic flavor of its wines. But dinner there costs at least two francs, and that is not to be thought of for every day. By way of variety, the students go now and then to Thirion's.

For years Thirion's has subsisted on a myth, which has it that during his student days Thackeray dined there. It is possible, but it might also have been anywhere else in the quarter. But it doesn't really matter. The essential thing is now that its reputation is made, this restaurant serves as a specialty an excellent Chateaubriand with some delicious potato straws, and all for seventy-five centimes, fifteen cents in our money. This establishment is much frequented by the students of the Beaux Arts.

So the vogue goes. It is seldom enough that a once popular house suffers the fate of the Café Martin, for things are traditional in Paris, and you experience a fine sense of security in coming back here for successive stays, knowing that you may count on making your accustomed tour of all the places you have ever sampled, and getting here baked sweet potatoes, and there a particularly good *poulet*, or elsewhere a golden *potiron* soup unlike any to be had anywhere else. Well, there is a fascination in all this experimenting, and it is a practical pleasure too; for, after all, one must eat, and we might as well make the business as amusing as possible. Then, too, it costs so little here, and it does add to the zest of the game to "stalk" a square meal, a really satisfying repast, at a price we would never expect to get it for at home.

We may squander what we have saved on some foolish extravagance afterward, but we have meanwhile begun to learn some of the first principles of an economy none too common among our country people.



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

New Ventures in Bread Making

MOST families eat but one kind of bread or that made from the whitest flour. This is not nearly as bad a habit as some of the food reformers have tried in years past to make out, because the experts in nutrition now find that a greater per cent of white bread is assimilated than of the coarser kinds variously called bran bread, Graham, whole wheat, hygienic, etc. While a perfect loaf made from white flour deserves its place as a leader in breads, there are other kinds which give that variety to food needed to keep a good appetite. It is well known, however, that white bread is the only kind of which we really never tire, and, while this is true now, doubtless, the same could have been said of the "rye and injun" loaf a hundred years ago. What we are brought up to eat we generally like to the end of our days, and this fact is emphasized in bread, whether it be corn pone, salt rising bread or the thick crusted French roll.

High-priced foods incite search for new edibles that are not so rare as to be expensive. The laboratory where bread is made and baked in the United States Department of Agriculture is an interesting place to the housekeeper, and in a recent visit I was impressed more than ever with what is being done by the government, "concerning all kinds of foods, to help both the one who provides the raw material

and the other who prepares it for the table. The bread exhibit on that day was even more interesting than the usual contributions at agricultural fairs. The loaves were baked in narrow tins, much deeper than those used in the home kitchen, and this shape gives a good amount of crust, which is an essential to good bread. The white, unbleached flour bread was tested first and its creamy tint is surely more appetizing than the dazzling white loaf. Most people, in the cities at least, now seem to prefer it, as they have learned the reasons for bleaching flour and the disadvantages in its use.

Next came a yellowish brown loaf, agreeable to the taste, reminding me strongly of the brown bread eaten in my childhood days and which was baked slowly in a large pan in a wood stove oven. This loaf was made of fifty per cent cotton-seed flour, which contains thirty-seven per cent more protein than wheat flour or about sixteen and a half per cent. As protein is the costly element in food, and meat, which we eat largely to get this element, is almost out of reach for average families, it is pleasing to find a cheap food material containing a good amount of it.

A third loaf in this exhibit containing a portion of ground peanuts was not satisfactory, although it looked much like whole wheat bread. The sickly green crumb of the loaf made with soybean meal gave warning to sample it

daintily. Although this bread was light and baked with a good crust, it had a raw bean taste and no suggestion of the rich flavor of beans baked many hours. Alfalfa meal is a disappointment, that is, if there ever were any real expectations that it could enter into human food. A hay flavor lingers about it in such strength that, like the soy-bean meal, a famine must be imminent before man would eat bread made from it.

Rye flour or meal is now seldom used in home bread-making, except as one of the ingredients of steamed brown bread. However, the fashion is growing of eating rye bread made by German bakers, and rye sandwiches figure on chafing-dish party menus, and sometimes at afternoon teas. The impression is common that raised rye bread must be hard or it must be sticky and not worth while to make; a formula has been worked out by which a light bread, of corresponding moisture to wheat, is easily made in the home kitchen, and this bread is well appreciated by those who are fortunate enough to have opportunity to eat it.

The statement is sometimes made that, if corn was as good as wheat, every one would be eating it as we now eat wheat. Whether this would be true or not, it is a fact that, in the southern sections of this country, corn is used as a substitute for wheat just as in the old countries rye is used in its place. If, as Secretary Wilson has predicted, high-priced wheat would drive people to corn and rye products, it would, doubtless, be a benefit in average health and not a general calamity. A. E. W.

* * *

Open New Doors at Christmas-time

CHRISTMAS, sanely considered, is simply our *best* opportunity for making others happy; and it may be more than a transient happiness. To

give a friend a lift in his or her own development, to widen the scope of her usefulness, this is always the greatest thing we can do for another.

Christmas is the *presentation time of tangible help*; the time for our study and choice must come before.

For this, the question that throws the most light on the puzzle is not so much, "What is my friend's delight?" as, "What are her talents, developed, latent or half-developed?"

The answer will largely be found in how she spends her leisure time; not what she *says* she would "like to do," but what she *does* do when free to follow her own wishes.

And the gifts which promote this chosen work will do more than add temporary happiness; they add skill and efficiency, and sometimes open new doors to us that otherwise would have been closed.

Let me illustrate with a story from real life:

A young girl in a well-to-do home had a talent for china-painting and spent all her leisure upon it. As we know, it is expensive work; so while her parents gladly gave her the best instructors and furnished all needful material, she was always longing for more pieces to paint.

Her chums, knowing this, formed the habit of giving her on Christmases and birthdays pretty dishes to decorate, sometimes "going in together" to get half a dozen match plates of expensive ware, fish or chocolate sets, or cups and saucers. Consequently her collection grew to splendid and unusual proportions.

A few years later reverses came, and in dire necessity the family's pride became the family's salvation. Many pieces were sold at fancy prices, and the collection secured for her an excellent position as art teacher, until the chasm of adversity had been bridged.

"Without my friends' gifts the display would have been insignificant

indeed; so they did more for me than they dreamed in those care-free days," she says, cheerily.

"Always a gift that grows" is the advice of a wise man, and I would add, yes, *literally* sometimes. What more seasonable or acceptable to a flower-lover than bulbs or packets of choice seed? And seasons hence she will be still dividing with the flower-loving neighbors.

For one who delights in fancy work give fancy work materials (never the finished product), if it be nothing more than skeins of floss or a bit of stamped linen.

Working tools of the latest pattern are as good for grown-up people as for boys with mechanical genius. A girl I used to know delighted in her large correspondence and her ability to send interesting letters, but her penmanship was always scratchy and a distress to her, until, one Christmas, she received a soft-writing gold pen. "Why, what a difference! I never dreamed how it would help! Now I revel in writing!" she exclaimed.

A girl who sings or plays never has enough sheet music; one who spends her time on books or magazines always cries for more; one who prides herself on entertaining will be delighted with a dozen or more fancy Japanese lanterns; a kodak fiend wants camera supplies; the artist will be happy over a roll of pretty studies; the sewing girl, with machine "fixings"; the housekeeper, with pieces of aluminum ware, rubber gloves, or any of the new housekeeping devices, expensive or inexpensive.

Our kindergarten friends continually clamor for a child to be given constructive toys, not the finished product that can only be destroyed sooner or later.

The idea is the same for grown-up boys and girls. The gift-makers ought to specialize, not merely in order to please and gratify a passing whim or vanity, but to give them the working

tools they need in developing their talents. For in this development lie both their happiness and their usefulness, present and future.

Ordinarily, we give the things *we* like or think they *ought* to want. But to widen the scope of a friend's chosen field of endeavor ever so little and to put a bit more joy into it, *this* is to make the most of our annual opportunity.

L. M. C.

* * *

Red Chilli

THIS sight, while not an uncommon one in the West, always arouses the interest of tourists in Texas. The green, or turning, chilli pods are strung upon long, heavy twine, forming a thick strand, then tied together at the ends, making a circle. Dozens of these are then hung upon nails or wooden pegs, and allowed to remain until the sun turns all a rich, dark red, and also dries them. They are then stored away for winter use. The well-to-do families have their own, while the poorer often buy from the men who drive around with wagons heaped high with chilli for sale; but most families have a small patch of ground to raise their bit of chilli. It is an odd and a very lovely sight, to drive along the winding streets, and see row after row of this scarlet against the dull gray of the unplastered adobe, or against the ivory whiteness of whitewashed houses. Often there are vines, flowers and soft green trees in the yard, making a pleasing picture, and one not soon forgotten.

E. C. L.

* * *

Care of the Flour Bin

QUERY No. 1639 in October number of your magazine, asking explanation of the cause of small black bugs, or "flies" (they are not the common house fly) appearing in flour, suggested this article for your Home Ideas department.

Before putting in new flour, thoroughly clean the bin, being sure that not a particle of the old flour remains. If one of the tin bins is used, wash it with clean water and ivory soap. Great care must be taken that the bin is absolutely dry before putting in flour. If wooden bins be used, they must be cleaned by brushing and then airing.

It is the old flour left in the bin, even though it may be a very small amount, that causes these little pests.

When flour is bought in paper bags, it is well to look carefully in the creases of the paper at top of bag before untying, for here are found the white flour worms, if there are any at all, and these can be removed without their getting into the flour. But, when a bag is simply opened and turned into a bin, they are in this way in the bottom, and in a short time will work their way all through the flour. F. L. M.

* * *

Canned Pears

Select ripe but firm pears, using a wire basket to scald; dip the basket containing the pears into boiling water and lift out and in a few times, taking care not to scald too much; then throw immediately into cold water to cool; the skins will rub off, leaving the pears smooth and firm; return to cold water to remain until ready to cook. Cook the pears as soon as enough are prepared to fill two or three jars. Six or seven pears of good size will fill a quart jar.

Make a syrup of equal parts of water and sugar; let come to a boil; skin and cut the pears into halves, remove cores and cook in the syrup slowly until clear, then can and seal while boiling hot as in other fruits. K. S. MCP.

Some Current Fads at Restaurants

"MIXED grill" is a favorite order at some fashionable restaurants. Like the popular club sandwich, it is many things in one and so quite a meal in itself. A large blue plate is used especially for serving it. In the center is a lamb chop, beside it are two long rashers of bacon, a broiled tomato and some kidneys, with a rich, reddish sauce flavored with wine. Julienne potatoes are also on the plate.

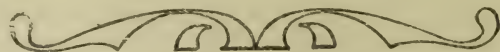
A novelty in ice cream simulates asparagus on toast with a hollandaise sauce. The toast is cake which has marks on it made with a salamander. Then some ice cream, colored green and flavored with pistachio nuts and frozen in the shape of asparagus, is laid on it, and a rich, cold custard sauce flavored with sherry is poured over it. The resemblance is so striking as to make some persons stare at its appearance for dessert.

Hothouse and California grapes are largely used in fruit-salads. One recently enjoyed contained orange, grapefruit, peach, banana, apple cut in straws, pineapple, and three of four colors and kinds of grapes, white, green, red and dark blue. A French dressing was used, and Maraschino cherries were used on top.

New Olive Dishes

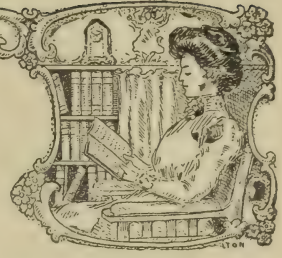
A new olive dish recently seen at an exclusive shop is of cut glass in the form of a swan's body with wings and head of silver.

Another is a glass boat, with prow and stern of silver, made like the old Viking's craft. The olive fork rests in the rowlocks. J. D. C.





QUERIES AND ANSWERS



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceeding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answer by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor, Boston COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1658. — "I have about three quarts, each, of ripe cucumber and citron-melon sweet pickles, which are not sweet enough, taste too strong of vinegar. How can I improve them?"

To Make Sweet Pickles Less Acid

Why not pour off the vinegar, discard a little of it and add sugar, also cinnamon and cloves if needed. The usual proportions are a pint of vinegar and about three and a half pounds of sugar to seven pounds of fruit. Three quarts of pickle would probably weigh about six pounds.

QUERY 1659. — "Recipe for Plain Muffins for family of three."

Plain Muffins

Sift together two cups of sifted pastry flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a cup of sugar, and two rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat one egg; add three-fourths a cup of milk and stir into the dry ingredients; lastly, stir in three table-spoonfuls of melted butter. Bake in a hot well-oiled muffin pan about twenty-five minutes. Half the recipe may be prepared, using either the white or the yolk of the egg. Vary the recipe by using one cup of the flour and one cup of rye, corn meal or Graham flour.

QUERY 1660. — "The Best Recipe for Pumpkin Pie."

Pumpkin Pie

1½ cups of cooked pumpkin (sifted)	½ a teaspoonful of salt
¾ a cup of sugar	1 tablespoonful of ginger
2 tablespoonfuls of molasses	1 cup of rich milk
1 egg and 1 yolk of egg	½ a cup of cream

To the prepared pumpkin add the sugar, molasses, well-beaten eggs, salt and ginger and mix thoroughly; then add the milk and cream. Bake in a deep pan lined with pastry about half an hour.

QUERY 1661. — "Recipe for Fig Layer Cake and, also, other recipes for using cooked figs."

Fig Layer Cake (Plain)

½ a cup of butter	1 slightly rounding teaspoonful of cream of tartar
1 cup of sugar	1½ cups of flour
2 eggs	
½ a cup of milk	
½ a teaspoonful of soda	

Bake in two layers.

Fig Filling

½ a lb. of figs	½ a lemon, juice and grated rind
¼ a cup of boiling water	2 tablespoonfuls of sherry wine
¼ a cup of sugar	

Cook the figs with the water until they are soft and the water is evapo-

rated; chop the figs, add the sugar, lemon juice and rind and cook to a smooth paste; add the wine, this may be omitted, and use as a filling between the layers. Sprinkle powdered sugar over the top of the cake. A boiled frosting may replace the powdered sugar.

Fig Layer Cake (No. 2)

$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of butter	4 teaspoonfuls of bak-
1 cup of sugar	ing powder
3 eggs	1 teaspoonful of
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of milk.	orange extract or
$1\frac{1}{4}$ cups of flour	grated rind of
	1 orange

Cream the butter; gradually beat in the sugar, then the eggs, one at a time, *unbeaten*. Beat very thoroughly after the addition of each egg. Add the milk, alternately, with the flour and baking powder sifted together. Bake in two layers and finish as above. Both of these cakes are made with the whole egg, but a white cake mixture may, also, be used with a fig filling. If a filling with less figs be preferred, make the usual*boiled frosting, boiling the sugar to a pretty firm, soft ball, say 242° Fahr., then add about one-fourth a pound of figs cooked to a thick paste and finish as all boiled frostings. Use this as both filling and frosting. [Other recipes in next issue.]

QUERY 1662. — "What can be done to keep the lower crust of a custard pie from becoming soft, if it stands over night? How may cake frosting be made so that it may cut easily? In making frosting I am using four whites of eggs to one pound of pulverized sugar; would not the frosting be less hard if three eggs and a little water were used? Boiled frosting put upon a fruit cake turns dark, can this be avoided?"

Softening of Crust of Custard Pie

We know of nothing that will keep the crust of a custard pie from softening somewhat on standing. The oven should be quite hot when the pie is put into it that the crust may bake before it becomes soaked, but the heat must be lowered before the custard boils. Baked with care, the crust will not soften appreciably for some hours.

Regarding Cake Frostings

Do not use eggs with any frosting save a cooked one. Confectioners' sugar stirred with cream, boiling water or a thin sugar syrup to a consistency to spread upon a cake will give a frosting that will keep soft for some time. Press almond icing close upon a fruit cake; this will exclude the air and help to keep the cake from becoming dry. A short time before using the cake (the day before) put a boiled frosting over the almond frosting.

Almond Icing

4 oz. of almond paste	Powdered sugar
2 yolks of eggs	

Work the paste and yolks of eggs to a smooth paste; dredge the board with powdered sugar, and knead the mixture slightly and roll into a sheet. Cut this as is desired to make a covering to fit the cake. Press the edges of the paste together, and the paste itself upon the cake, to avoid air spaces or places where air can enter. When ready to ice the cake, spread the icing over the nut covering.

QUERY 1663. — "Recipe for Tea Cakes."

Tea Cakes

Sift two cups of flour with one-half a teaspoonful of salt; work in a level tablespoonful of butter. Sift half a level teaspoonful of soda into one cup of thick sour cream and mix thoroughly; then stir into the flour. Let the dough "rest" about five minutes, then turn upon a board, dredged with flour, and knead slightly; pat and roll into a sheet less than half an inch thick. Cut into rounds. Bake on a hot griddle or in the oven. Split or leave whole, spread with butter. Serve very hot.

QUERY 1664. — "In the April-issue, 1910, there is a recipe for 'Date Loaf Cake.' Is the recipe correct? I have not tried the cake because so many who have read it are sure it is incorrect."

Little Dinners for January

Grape-fruit
Consommé with Green Peas and Egg Balls
Fish Mousse, Yellow Velouté Sauce
Buttered Sprouts (Brussels)
Saddle of Venison, Currant Jelly
Potato or Rice Croquettes
Apple-and-Cumquat Salad
Coupes Venus
Marrons Glacés
Coffee

Caviare Medallions
Consommé with Vermicelli
Grated Parmesan Cheese
(Passed with Soup)
Fried Oysters, Sauce Tartare
Mushrooms Cooked under Glass Bells
Truffled Supreme of Chicken, Périgueux Sauce
Asparagus Cream Glacé
Pineapple-and-Orange Bombe
Tiny Cakes
Coffee



THIS WINDOW-DRESSING IS KEPT WELL AWAY FROM DECORATIVE WOODWORK

The

Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XV

JANUARY, 1911

No. 6

Modern Taste in Curtains

By Mary H. Northend

IT sometimes seems that during the past year or two no other department of house decoration has undergone so radical a change as have the various hangings, especially window curtains.

There are several reasons for this, and, perhaps, the leading motive is sanitary. The tuberculosis agitation has taught us to avoid heavy, germ-concealing draperies, and substitute those which are light, airy and, above all, washable. We think of the three sets of curtains that so lately cumbered our windows, and we wonder how a breath of ventilation could ever force its way through such obstructions.

We have more artistic windows in these latter days,—better worthy of observation and, therefore, more susceptible of decoration. The old-time large, single window had a check-rail across the middle, horizontally, and its sash was glazed with a single sheet of plate glass. In view of such a construction, perhaps the wisest treatment was to tone it down with hang-

ings superimposed upon hangings, to smother it in millinery.

It would be a thousand pities to treat in like manner the charming little English casement, hinged to open outward, like a miniature door, which has lately come into favor. Its quaintly leaded panes show beautiful designs, which no curtains must be allowed to hide, any more than they should hide a finely executed painting. Whether the design is worked out in clear, crackle, colored, or opalescent glass, it should be allowed to make its appeal to the eye for beauty.

Another change is noted, and this not in the window itself, but in its casing. Not so many years ago, most windows were set in plain, pine, box frames, as devoid of decoration as the exterior of a packing case. In houses of moderate cost, there was no attempt at ornamentation of jamb or cornice, although the edge of the window stool might be slightly grooved or beveled. The wood work was painted a ghastly blue-white, through which no hint of graining could reveal itself. Perhaps the best

treatment, in all such cases, was to bury this hopeless feature out of sight, allowing the heavy plush curtains to start above the cornice and to bulge out over the wall paper at each side, likewise in the middle of the window. When all these hangings were in place, the window presented from the outside an unbroken expanse of lace curtain, while, inside the room, the hideous plush predominated.

The modern window leaves no excuse for such treatment. The casing is of hard wood or of some beautifully-grained soft wood, such as Carolina pine, stained to the required color. There is a well-moulded cornice, and often come tasteful craftsmanship upon jambs as well as architrave, thus insuring a real frame for the window.

Now in fitting draperies to windows of this modern type, we must remember not to conceal the setting. The curtain should be so scanty as to give

but little fullness to project over the jambs, beyond the light opening. The small, brass rod forms the best method for hanging simple draperies, as in the case of sash curtains. It should be kept well down to the base of the architrave, and the heading should be as narrow as possible, in order that it may not reach higher than is absolutely necessary. If roller shades are used, do not mount them on the casings, but set them between the jambs, where you will doubtless find that provision has been made for this arrangement.

In the same way, if a dark curtain is required inside the white one, to temper the light and avoid the use of a roller shade, let only one brass rod be fastened to the casing, and let that one be placed as low as possible. We will suppose that the curtain next the glass is to be very sheer, white, cross-barred muslin, and that the inner curtain will harmonize with the color scheme of the



HANGINGS ARE NECESSARY TO TEMPER LIGHT IN WINDOWS FACING EAST



THESE CURTAINS WOULD LOOK BETTER IF THEY STOPPED AT THE SILL
AND DID NOT COVER THE CASINGS

room. It may be rich, blood-red cotton crepe, to go with cherry furniture, or China silk, in buttercup yellow, to combine with golden oak. Now let the brass rod which holds up the muslin curtain be fastened between the jambs, while that which sustains the weight of the crepe or silk is attached to the casing at the base of the architrave. Let both curtains reach only to the sill, and be very scanty of fullness. The white muslin can be tied back, while the crepe or silk hangs in vertical folds. Your window will not look cheap, vulgar or over-dressed.

The modern tendency is to group small windows instead of putting in one or two large ones. There is much beauty in the new departure, if we would but adapt our window dressing to the changed environment. To load upon these smaller windows the same amount of drapery that over-dressed the larger ones is fatal to successful treatment. By some wise arrangement, we must decrease the number of curtains.

Since the new windows are not only smaller than the old, but also exhibit

a fine beauty of detail, as well as of material, it is a mistake to use thick and heavy hangings, such as belong to portières. Flowered cretonne is out of place at a casement window set in a pretty frame. Its stiff folds hide the leaded panes or the thick wooden muntins, and blot out the fairy-fingered tracery in the natural grain of the woodwork. We must learn to choose, instead the washable silks, the cotton crepes, and the muslins,—dotted, cross-barred, figured, or plain. Scrim, cheesecloth, madras, and half a hundred other fabrics are available; since the only qualifications besides color are that curtain stuff shall hang in pleasing folds, while it is sheer enough to permit all the window details to show through.

No hard-and-fast rules can be made as to the number of curtains to be used, because no treatment will apply well to all cases. We should cultivate our judgment and our sense of the beautiful, until we get back to normal standards. The only safe general statement that can be made is, that for several years we have been over-dress

ing our windows, and constant examples of this bad taste have vitiated our natural good judgment. This causes artificial lace to appear to us more beautiful than natural wood, when it really is not. It makes fussy, brocaded velvet look more attractive than pretty, clear glass, set in quaint wooden muntins, or opalescent glass, set in restful, ornamental patterns. Nobody dreams of hanging draperies about the stained-glass windows in a church; but, if, for the past ten years, we had seen such windows buried four or five layers deep in haberdashery, we might have formed a different opinion.

It is safe to say that we shall all err, for some years to come, upon the side of over-dressing our windows. We shall need continually to restrain ourselves, and to ask ourselves whether each additional curtain is really a

necessity. After all, that is the test. Whatever is needful is beautiful. Whatever is unnecessary is restless and disturbing.

If you have a group of small case-ment windows on the dark side of the house or in a southern exposure that is shaded by vines, by a portico, or by the height of adjacent buildings, one simple hanging, of the sash curtain order, at each window will be found sufficient. Of course, it must extend the whole length of the light opening, and some deeply-colored thin material may be more satisfactory than white. The use of white is not imperative.

If you have a large single window, of the good, old, double-hung type, it will bear as vast an amount of dressing as you have the heart to give it. You can put up two roller-shades, outer one pearl-gray to match the house exterior,



THE LONG FRENCH WINDOW AND THE GROUP ARE WELL TREATED



A PRIM COLONIAL ROOM

inner one, moss green to match the rug. Next to these you can hang sheer, white Nottingham draperies. Inside the Nottingham you can drape moss-green velvet, to match the rug. These can be put through a vacuum cleanser once a year, but never washed. Then you can add a valance at the top, in exquisite hand-embroidery, to match the frieze that encircles the room. The shades should be pulled down exactly to the check-rail.

Let us take the case of an old-fashioned bay-window in a living-room. There is no chance for outside blinds. The windows are double-hung, and each sash consists of a single sheet of plate glass. How shall we dress them so as to keep all their good points, tone down their weak points, and make them wholly attractive?

Now the best point about this type of window is the lovely outlook, yet bays are often built into houses where this is monotonous, ugly, or even disagreeable. In such a case, it is better, at once, to lead the top sash with colored glass and the lower one with opalescent, leaving but little that is clear in working out the pattern.

We will suppose that the outlook is an agreeable one, facing southeast. It must be kept inviolate, and worked to

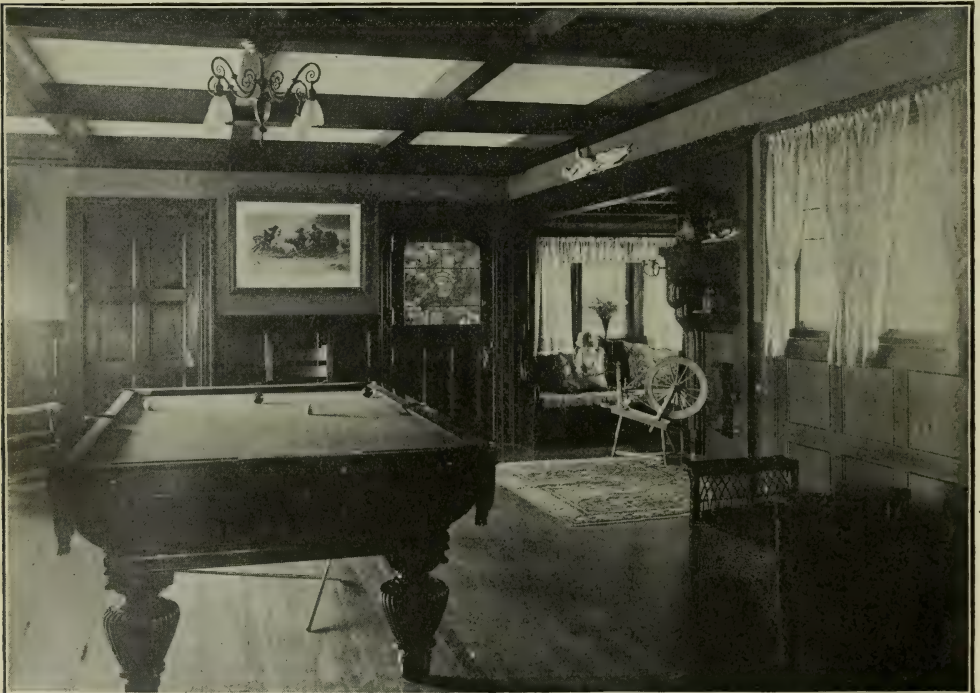
its utmost. The light is too strong, except in cloudy weather. Roller shades are necessary. We will choose them in deep green, to match the leading tone in our color scheme. As the check-rail is the worst defect in the double-hung windows, we will keep the dark shades pulled down to it, whenever the sunlight is strong enough to make their darkness agreeable. When we need more light, we will roll them quite to the top, thus avoiding the addition of a second ugly horizontal line, or perhaps of many, if we did not carefully adjust all alike.

A bad failing of these single sheets of plate glass is that they tend to dwarf the size of the room, and give it an air that is dreary. Above all things, then, we must seek for homelike touches, to restore a tone of coziness. Nothing will do this so well as a window seat. If there is none already, it must be built in at once. If windows and seat combined make the room look small, arrange a bookcase at each side of the window-bay, extending from the floor about two-thirds of the distance to the ceiling. The upper divisions can be used for display of china or any other collections. This feature will deepen the effect of the window recess and work a great improvement.

Now we wish more curtains, to give a homelike touch, and there should be no hesitation as to which kind to buy. What curtains add coziness and homelikeness? White muslin, of course, with plenty of ruffles. Don't stint those ruffles, for this type of window needs them all. Let the muslin be very sheer, so that the outside view shows through it almost as plainly as through the plate glass. Make each curtain in two parts and tie them back with white cords. Leave the tops plain, where they slide over the brass rods. Add the crowning touch of coziness by sewing on a valance at the top. It is made of the white muslin, with a dainty, narrow border done in green fern-leaved pattern, by the use of a stencil and colors. If you cannot use the stencils, and have no time to learn, outline the hem in feather-stitching, with white linen floss or with washable, green embroidery silk.

If the bayed recess shows awkward lines at its point of meeting with the main room, as such recesses frequently do, another valance, just a bit deeper, may well be used here, in connection with a cluster of drapery, hanging to the floor at each side, to simulate a drawn-back portière. A little more dignity is required here, both by the arched effect and by the full-length treatment. A good quality of cotton rajah may be procured at from twenty to thirty cents, according to time of purchase. This can be bought in a lovely shade of apple-green. One breadth will make the drapery at each end, and the valance across the arch should be decorated in the simplest Greek pattern,—“the walls of Troy,”—by means of stencil, or by the use of a cross-stitch done in white linen floss.

The built-in window-seat should have green cushions, and a goodly supply of



A UNIQUE BILLIARD ROOM

pillows, covered in white linen, decorated in simple white applique or embroidery, or in green denim, decorated in a similar manner, and, also, some pillows covered in solid green, with the pieces left from the green rajah cur-

tains. One or two footstools in green oak lend an added hint of home comfort. The workbasket looks homelike, beside this seat. So, does a fugitive book, escaped from the shelves, and a mandolin or a guitar case.

January

By Lalia Mitchell

Ice-pillared keystone of the year,
Keynote of song, of Winter's cheer;
Pivot upon which circling joys
Swing like the bells of Christmas toys;
Center of months, when those may rest
Who till the foot-hills' earthy crest;

Midwinter season, when the light
Of hearth fires makes the whole world
bright;
Apex of storm, of changeless cold,
When sheep crop closest to the fold,—
We hail thee, capsheaf, crisp and white,
Of all thy season's rare delight.

A New-Year Guest

By Alice Thorn

MISS SARAH NEWCOMB sat in an extremely high-backed chair in the sitting-room bay window, painstakingly darning one of her very best tablecloths. At last, with a long sigh, she laid down her work and with pardonable pride surveyed the infinitesimal stitches.

"Rachel Smilie used to say that I was one of her best pupils, and what a wide-awake class of girls we were, to be sure," remarked Miss Sarah, evidently addressing the hair wreath that hung over the table. "She wouldn't be ashamed of me, I guess, if she were living now, dear old soul!"

The twilight was fast gathering, and now Miss Sarah's sober eyes were fixed upon a row of leafless maples that were outlined against the sky. But she did not see the snowy landscape, or the road along which occasional teams passed—the years rolled back, and again she was a gay, brown-haired

girl of fifteen, attending the Quaker school, whose unlovely walls and plain furnishings failed to tone down the rising spirits of the forty girls who hurried up and down the narrow halls and steep stairs. Widely scattered were those schoolmates now; married many of them, on marble slabs some names were cut. "I'd better just stop reminiscing," ejaculated Miss Sarah; "I'm getting more lonesome every minute; it must be because it is the last day of the old year: yes, that is it. I call it poor business for a sensible spinster of fifty to get pitying herself because she lives alone with her maid and her cat."

Half apologetically she wiped her eyes, pulled down the shades, lighted the large kerosene reading lamp, and carefully put away her mending. But as she ate her six-o'clock supper her sober mood was still upon her. "I wish," so ran her thoughts, "that I

had some young thing coming to spend the holiday with me. If only brother Jim hadn't moved West. Nevada is a long way from Massachusetts! I'd appreciate a niece, I do believe I should, and to think that my only brother's two boys are all there are to come after me." Musingly she ate, then rising, and, as if afraid to be alone with her own sad thoughts, went into the kitchen to talk up the morrow's dinner with Irish Mary.

"I will say," began that rosy helper, "I will say that everything's turned out grand, just grand! Them pies is just lovely, and I wouldn't ask for nicer stuffin' than I've sewed up in the turkey.

"Mary, how long do you think it will take us two and the cat to eat up such a generous bird?" inquired her mistress.

"Good land, now don't be askin' me that," laughed Mary, showing a broad expanse of white teeth. "I'm only thinkin' what a rare fine fellow he is; I wisht you *could* be havin' some one in to help eat it, ma'am."

It was nearly nine o'clock when Miss Sarah opened the front door to call in the cat. "Come, come, Pete," she called, "come, puss;" and just at that moment the creak of runners sounded on the near-by road, and a loud "Whoa there, whoa, Molly," evidently at her gate, made her pause in astonishment. Who could be stopping as late in the evening as this!

"I've brought ye some company," called the loud, cheerful voice of Jake Townsend, the stage-driver; "calkalated that a lone woman needed cheerin' up, and so here's a girl to spend New Year with you."

Straight up the steps came a tall, slim girl, and raised her sweet rosy face to Miss Sarah's genuinely surprised one.

"You don't know me," said the young stranger; "oh, you don't, but my mother was at school with you years ago; you must remember Kate Winslow: well, I'm her daughter, Kate,

and only yesterday, in a letter from mother, I heard that you lived not far away from the school. I'm studying at Mrs. Carroll's, at Norwich Manor, and as one of the teachers was coming to your village today, too, I just packed my suit case and came to spend the New Year with you. I do hope," anxiously, "that you are glad I came. I am afraid I should have written you first. It was so lonely at school with all the girls gone, and it was so far to go home. We live in Kansas, you know."

"You dear child," cried Miss Sarah, flushing with pleasure and excitement, and drawing the newcomer into the warm sitting-room, "believe me, you are just as welcome as you can be. First, for your mother's sake, and now for your own. Oh, how like your mother you are, her coloring, and just such dark eyes! I was feeling downright sad and lonely, and wishing I had a young person in the house to cheer me up. You came at the right time. I hear Mary getting the guest-room ready — she saw you come — and after you've had some supper you must go to bed; I think we won't sit up to see the new year in; he'll come just the same, even if we aren't there to open the door for him; never knew him to fail."

A little later, as she watched her young guest doing full justice to the dainty lunch, Miss Sarah made many inquiries as to her old schoolmate and her family. "I haven't seen your mother in many, many years. I remember she married a John Weston, and I heard, from time to time, of the birth of her children. Let me see — are you the only daughter?"

"Yes, I am, and the youngest child, have three older brothers;" and, in a voice that was not altogether steady, "sometimes my dear family seem unusually far away, especially at such holiday times. I'm—I'm sixteen, but I *do* miss mother and the rest dreadfully."

Miss Sarah went around the table, and suddenly put both arms around young Kate and gave her an understanding kiss. "Dear heart," she cried, "why shouldn't you miss them? You wouldn't be natural if you didn't, Kate. I miss *my* mother still, and she died when I was twenty. But your school year isn't a long one, and you'll be traveling back before you know it. Tell me how your mother looks now. I want to hear all about her."

"Well," answered the girl, "of course," with her quick smile,—"of course, I think mother has the loveliest face in the world, but others admire her, too, so it isn't just because she *is* my mother. Her hair is far whiter than yours, and her eyes are larger than mine, and very bright. She has a dimple in her left cheek, and she and I are about the same height, and she's quite a little stouter, and, and she smiles so easily, my mother does. How I wish I had brought her picture with me, but its frame makes it rather heavy, and it hangs upon my wall at school."

"She was a dear girl when she and I were at school together," said Miss Sarah, "and I can see she's made a good mother. How I *should* enjoy a good visit with her again!"

One hour later the old house had fallen into quietness. Miss Sarah, quite wearied out with unwonted excitement, had fallen asleep to dream of schoolgirl mischief long forgotten. A merry, dark-eyed girl was clasping her arm, and whispering about some wonderful plan. In the peaceful guest-room the young girl was swiftly transported across long leagues of snowy country to the far-away home, and lo, her mother's welcoming smile seemed sweeter than ever before. Still later an unseen guest stole into the sleeping village, unwelcomed by clanging bells or musical chimes, and straightway another year had begun.

Next morning Kate tripped down the winding stairs at the call to break-

fast, as she went passing her hand caressingly over the dark, polished rail that was Miss Sarah's especial pride.

"Good morning! Good morning!" cried the girl in her glad young voice; "oh, Miss Sarah," stretching out her arms as if to embrace it all, "you don't know how nice it is to be in a real homey home after so many weeks in a great rushing boarding school."

"I'm so glad to have you feel that way," was the older woman's rejoinder. "I had been wondering if you'd find it too quiet after boarding school."

As she took her seat, the girl's eyes fell upon a small, white box yellowed with age, and with its gold lettering a trifle blurred, lying close to her napkin. "Why! why!" looking inquiringly at her hostess, "is it for me, do you mean that I have a truly New-Year present, Miss Sarah?"

"I certainly *do* mean it's for you, and none other, Kate. Open it, my dear, and see if it pleases you."

With eager fingers she quickly removed the cover, and saw lying on its bed of cotton a quaint coral pendant set in dull gold, attached to its own slender chain.

"Oh, I never saw such a dear, darling pendant!" cried the girl, gazing rapturously at her gift; "and to think that you wanted to give it to me; how *can* I thank you, Miss Sarah!"

"By wearing it, my dear," answered her hostess; "and you must hear its history: it was an earring, one of a pair given to my Aunt Margaret when she was a girl like yourself. She willed them to me, and as I never wore earrings they lay half forgotten in a far corner of my bureau, till at last, one day I took this one in to a jeweler in Wayland and asked him if it could not be converted into a pendant. This he did, as you see. I've always longed for a niece, and thought a girl should wear such an ornament—had been keeping it for I knew not whom. Instead of

my hoped-for nieces there are just two sturdy boys away off in Nevada, and when you came last evening, looking so like the Kate Winslow I loved in my young days, I decided that her daughter must have the pendant."

The girl fingered lovingly the rosy ornament as she listened to the story, and at its close she said: "I feel so rich and so happy, and I shall value my pendant so much more, now that I know its history, and that another girl loved it long, long ago. Oh, how careful I shall be of it! Maybe, Miss Sarah, still another girl will wear it when I am done with it."

"Who knows, my child?" and Miss Sarah smiled tenderly at the young girl.

Too soon the happy visit came to an end; but schools have a way of beginning, and most regretfully Kate Weston said good by to her mother's friend, who had now become her own.

"And you know you've promised to come over when we give our next musicale, dear Miss Sarah, and I am sure you never break a promise. The girls will all love you just as I do," pressing

a soft, firm cheek against the older woman's shoulder.

"Unless something quite unforeseen occurs, I do mean to come," said Miss Sarah. "We've had a happy time together, you and I, Kate, and every time that you can arrange to come to me I shall be more than glad to receive you."

Miss Sarah watched her young visitor driven swiftly away, caught the last glimpse of the dark, wavy coils of hair, the gleam of silver on her turban, and listened for the last faint tinkle of the sleigh bells, far down the snowy road, long after they had passed out of sight. The home seemed suddenly empty, but she did not feel the old loneliness; her heart was strangely warmed, a young life had touched her own, brightening, blessing it. She should see her winsome guest again, hear from her, from time to time. Cheerful tomorrows were coming, and Miss Sarah, taking up her neglected knitting, rattled the needles so vigorously that Pete, the black cat, raised his head to see what his mistress was up to.

On the Whole

By Kate Gannett Wells

THE phrase, "on the whole," acquires widely different meanings according to the careless optimism, sturdy pessimism or balanced deductions of her who uses it. Some of us assume that these words justify us in busybody interference, as of course our way is the best. Others predicate upon the same phrase their right to selfish laziness. Surely life would be difficult at times, if we were not perpetually setting off one thing by another, balancing, compromising, and then vaguely or angrily declaring that,

on the whole, it is best as it is, whatever that it may chance to be.

Most persons, consciously or unconsciously, are optimistic or pessimistic. One can almost always tell to which division of thinkers her friends belong by their use of the synthetic or analytic method of thinking. Yet there is no more aggravating person than the persistently cheerful woman, who obstinately refuses to see that things are going badly, insisting that, on the whole, they are all right. Failure in perception of real values is the

severest indictment that can be brought against a stupidly cheerful person. But the pessimist is an embodied argument, her very discontent working for good, as she frets and fumes, planning expedients, lest the deluge come and there be no ark of refuge and, usually just because of her practical indignation, it does not arrive.

There is, however, a small residuum of people who occupy middle ground, either because they are fearful of extremes or because they possess the historic sense. When they say on the whole, their dictum is the result of sober, balanced reflection over pros and cons. These are the persons who never despair of the progress of the world and who see beyond present limitations and hindrances into the splendor of the future. They are neither pessimistic nor optimistic because, while they analyze and find fault, they also bring together the results of their analysis, putting all the pieces into harmonious synthesis.

Nor because we seek to indemnify ourselves by saying, on the whole, things are not so bad, it does not follow we should always accept them as inevitable. But if the present and actual is surely the inevitable, then we must take it as the best for us. In almost each home, at one time or another, there is struggle with disease, temperament, occupation and pecuniary loss, when thousands of heroes yet have said, balancing loss against gain, whatever is, is best.

In family life are we not constantly setting one point off against another? One's husband forgets he was ever a lover, taking his wife's work as a matter of course. But if any one hints to her of his shortcomings, she valiantly declares that, on the whole, he is a real good man. And the husband, half conscious that his wife is not as pretty as when she was a girl, but never bothering himself about how much she now loves him, just taking her for granted,

yet going out of the house for amusement, still asserts that, on the whole, he has the best wife man ever had. Oh, the sham comfort there is in such a summing up of the situation!

Loving our own children best, we cannot often know that they are not as bright and strong as other people's children and that our care of them has failed to produce desired results. Yet as they might have been so much worse, on the whole, they are first rate. But in our secret heart we know that if they were what we had dreamed of, there would have been no qualifying phrase. Truly as housekeepers or employers we know the pacifying value of regarding on-the-whole basis the imperfections of work in cookery, dusting, sewing. It is no use to find fault all the time, even if it is deserved. If the bread is heavy, the roast beef may be excellent. Better keep house in a kitchenette by one's lonesome self than undertake the job for one's family, unless one has insight enough to see that housekeeping, as to its failures and successes, is to be run on the valuation of on the whole.

We must also take our friends by the synthetic process, considering their physical and mental conditions, limitations, perplexities, all jumbled together, judging them not by any one momentary product of themselves, but by the total impression they make upon us. Take them for all in all, putting a shortcoming against a noble quality, doing a sum in long division as to their valuation, we find that, on the whole, the quotient is in their favor. When our phrase carries in its use this sense of elimination and comprehension, it becomes the jubilant refrain of optimism and the vigorous denial of pessimism. On the whole, the world is growing better with each year of its life. In such belief have camps of philanthropy been formed all over the world, redeeming human nature by long patience as well as by jerks. Never despair, from its old Latin version to our

present vernacular, is the motto which accompanies the phrase, on the whole.

How often we say of a book that, on the whole, we more or less like it! How frequently, too, do authors portray characteristics rather than character as a whole! In Thackeray's "Henry Esmond," and in Dickens's "Micawber," we have the whole man, while in Henry James's heroes we are aware chiefly of disconnected points. Even more pronounced than in literature is the synthetic method in the treatment of art. Impressionism and Preraphaelitism are its two extremes, the elaborate foreground and minor details or an on-the-whole interpretation of nature as in Monet's landscapes.

Thus is it that in our homes, in society,

in work, in art, in literature we are constantly reckoning on parts; yet all things considered, deterrents, limitations, imperfections, partial, one-sided views, acts, the whole is that for which we are grateful. The very familiarity of the phrase wins us to its constant use, humbly trusting that, on the whole, we are better than we seem to be and joyfully acknowledging that work, friends and life are infinite blessings. Thus regarded the phrase sloughs off any pessimistic meaning and becomes the foundation on which we rest, looking upward and onward into visions of the glories which we, ourselves, with our feet on earth, our hands on work, are to make into deeds for the betterment of the world.

The Heart of the Home

By Cora A. Matson Dolson

This is the heart of the home —

The flame on the low, red hearth;
Wherever love's feet may roam,
It calls to the place of birth.

Its lights and its shadows play

On the forms of mother and child
When the night has closed the day,
And the dark breathes legends wild.

Songs and the dreams of youth

Come from this home's red heart,
Kindled with trust and truth,
Though half of a life apart.

Memory with outstretched palm

Keeps in its hollow warm,
Hearth-flame and laugh and psalm,
Safe from time's boding storm.

French Manners

By Frances B. Sheafer

IT frequently happens that an American resident in France will hear a newly arrived countrywoman exclaim, after a day spent in trying to get about in a city whose language she does not speak, "Well, I've always heard a great deal about French politeness! I have yet to meet it. I

consider the French the most ill-mannered people on earth." And then the expatriated American gives a little guilty start, for it is a matter of common knowledge over here that the French have made a verb of our national title, and "Americanizer" in current literature means to vulgarize. Clearly, these

unflattering opinions, which the two races entertain concerning each other, must be founded on very different hypotheses.

I remember once remarking to a young Frenchman that I had just had one of my convictions confirmed by a distinguished French writer, namely, that Americans have far better table manners than the French. The young man looked at me amazed, and then he protested: "Vous croyez? But no, Mademoiselle, oh, no!" and he was so fervid that I felt sure he, too, must have settled convictions on this subject. I was burning to ask him to enumerate them, but I dared not; and this same youth, of an excellent family and, beyond question, "*bien élevé*," has an annoying habit of sniffing at meals and of making a most prodigious noise when he eats soup. I wondered what I might be doing equally offensive to him.

What the indignant ladies, who consider the French impolite, miss in France is the chivalrous attitude of all American men toward all womankind, the deserving and the undeserving alike. They are used to having their femininity respected, of using it, indeed, as an asset. And when one of them is roughly pushed off a Parisian omnibus, which she has insisted on mounting despite the "*complet*" sign, which she cannot read, and the angry expostulations of the conductor, which she does not understand, she is naturally offended. It takes a long period of subjection to inflexible rules to realize that in a system-ridden country like France, the rules, which are made for all, are stronger than any one small woman's injured sense of dignity. Were she of royal blood, and by any hazard should wish to ride in an omnibus already carrying its prescribed quota of passengers, she could not alter the unchanging laws. She would have to wait her turn patiently, a little card-board number in her hand. Nor would

she be likely to have a seat offered her, if she is among the last to mount, and holds, therefore, one of the platform places. Only women with infants or the very old are accorded this courtesy in France. This is a democratic land, and lest any one forget, the powers that be have inscribed conspicuously on all public places the brand of republicanism, its "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" legend. It certainly ill behooves spoiled femininity from the sister republic across the seas to rebel against the practices of democracy.

One does not look for the representative good manners of a people in the streets of their largest city, anyway, and what the French think of the New York crowds who jostle the brides at our international weddings would not really be fit to print. I know a Frenchman who lives in New York because the requirements of his livelihood keep him there. He persists in wearing the long beard made popular in France by the late King Leopold. It has sometimes happened that, when taking his peaceful promenade in Central Park of a Sunday, he has had his blond *barbe* ignominiously pulled by the young hoodlums who swarm there in fine weather. Naturally, he considers them the worst specimens of young manhood extant. I have never heard of a Paris gamin laying derisive hands on a visiting foreigner, the cut of whose beard displeased him.

They will call after us, "Speek Ing-litch," and "A-oh ya-as," but this taunt is not meant to be an insult, only a mild pleasantry. The people, the working people, bear us no ill will, and it is not they who have incorporated that severely condemning verb into the French language. It is the cultured, critical few who think we are an ill-bred race, that we lack reverence, that we are loud and, above all, have none other than money standards.

In all seriousness a magazine writer

here, not long ago, deplored the decline of politeness among the employés of the Parisian stores, and he lay their deterioration to the influence of their ever-increasing American patronage. The American woman of wealth, who walks into a shop with a friend, ignoring the greeting of the clerk; who discusses the genuineness of the laces, perhaps under the enthusiastic proprietor's very nose, and who then sails out again, on learning the price, at least, is that of real lace, all with the arrogance that money brings, does not leave the best impression on the polite shopkeeper, who is used to receiving his clients as if they were his guests, on bowing them in and out, on having them temper their refusal to buy with the polite fiction that they will bring their *maris* to look at the desired purchase.

The whole proceeding is different in France. You never enter a shop without the cordial "*Bon jour*" of the clerk; you never leave it, even empty handed, without a word, perhaps, on the villainous weather, and an "*au revoir*." A little New York lady of my acquaintance, whom I once helped buy a hat during her first visit to Paris, was so absorbed in the importance of her purchase that she found the successive dialogues extremely annoying. They interrupted her train of thought. She exclaimed, at last, in great exasperation: "Why can't these people let me go and come without all this fuss? I don't know them anyway!"

And yet it is a simple enough ceremony, once you are used to it, and it adds a little suavity to the dry business of buying and selling. The lack of good manners in a shopping transaction in France is not on the part of the people who sell. The humblest *marchand* will accompany a sale with a cheery word, at least, sometimes even with a surprising and enlightening philosophical discourse.

People for people, rank for rank, of course, among the civilized races, good

breeding will be much the same, and what a race lacks in one direction it may make up in another. Americans have a kind of frank cordiality, which makes them liked, when these more conventional people at last learn to accept it in social intercourse, instead of the subtleties which are theirs. What the French possess to a remarkable degree is grace of manner. They always know what to say or to do in a given situation. Frenchmen know all the little tricks of gallantry, and they employ them with a nice sense of effect. It could never happen in France that you would wear a new dress, one you secretly thought rather well of, and have it pass quite unnoticed by a Frenchman friend. He will invariably have some pretty speech to make about it. An American man may easily not know it from your oldest and most despised garment. Of course the French have been in training for centuries, in order to perfect their social code, and habit has made it easy for them to do and to say the right thing, the graceful thing. It is so easy, in fact, that many an harassed American, uncomfortably conscious of his *gaucheries*, will tell you that "Johnny Crapaud" is insincere. Perhaps the actual text of his compliment may be, but the impulse which prompts him to wish to make a pleasant impression is quite at the *bottom* of his character. It is as much a part of the graciousness of the race as is the extreme care of a French hostess to include a stranger in every conversation that goes on. I once saw a young American girl, of a family that prided itself on its position, insist on talking in German to an officer she had met at a small dinner. All of the party knew French, and French obviously should have been the language used, but it was not, for the selfish reason that the young woman wished to control the situation. I am quite sure that no young French girl of the same walk in

life, would ever have permitted herself such a lapse.

Generations of breeding tell, and many a young American, carefully reared, who thinks that he or she is observing all the requirements of "class," by picking up a dropped handkerchief, or remembering to open a door for an older woman, has already scandalized the good lady by failing to keep a dinner or a tea engagement, because something more interesting presented itself.

These are the lacks of tact which are meant when the precise and critical French speak of "*les mœurs Américains*." Our intercourse is too summary a business ever to please them. Their formalities, their conventionalities are, perhaps, a little cumbersome to us who are more spontaneous, but they are parts of a very fine and complicated social mechanism, and one that runs on well-oiled wheels. If once you learn the rules, you cannot make mistakes, and, in the end, it becomes second nature to keep things going smoothly.

After all, the basic principles of

"good form" must be pretty much the same the world over. We may differ in the details, in the way we hold our soup spoons, or the order in which we use our forks. It may be difficult for an American to look upon a man who tucks his napkin under his chin as a "perfect gentleman;" but on the other hand the French consider the ostentatious American habit of raising a napkin to hide the operation of picking one's teeth the height of vulgarity. So there you are!

There can be no two opinions, however, as to whether or not a guest shall be made comfortable by every means in a hostess' power, and, in the last analysis, the primary rule of true politeness is as old as our civilization, and it is summed up in that fine scriptural text known as the "Golden Rule." If we add to the Eastern conception of our "duty to our neighbor" a little Continental refinement, administered with American whole-heartedness, we ought to arrive at an almost perfect formula for a social manner that would fit all tastes under all conditions.

This Day

By Ruth Raymond

This day is not my own I know,
 Though skies are blue and earth is fair,
 O'er pleasant paths I long to go,
 Still shunning grief and want and care;
 But there are stricken ones who need
 My strength of arm, my cheering smile,
 Their call for help I well should heed,
 Nor let one selfish thought beguile.

This day is not my own I know,
 For God each hour to me has lent,
 That I may ease another's woe,
 Living the while in sweet content;
 Forgetting self while growing strong
 To succor those who sadly moan,
 To aid the good, defeat the wrong,
 This day so full has quickly flown.

Miss Eversham's Rug

By Frances Campbell Sparhawk

PART I

"YES, it's the right size, and very pretty. But I'm not quite sure I like it better than any other at that price." And Miss Eversham put her head a little on one side in a judicial manner and surveyed one of the rugs displayed upon the floor of the great establishment. She had not absolutely decided upon choosing it. She thought it the handsomest that she had seen anywhere with one exception; that one was at another store. She would go and take a second look at it; and if she found that she preferred this one, she would come back and buy it.

That morning she had sat meditative in her drawing-room, her eyes fixed upon the rug in the middle of the floor there. She had just come in from making a deposit upon her bank account.

"It's really very shabby — very shabby indeed, although it was handsome and expensive once and shows its aristocratic origin, even in its decadence," she had said to herself, studying the rug. "It's quite time to buy a new one, now that I can do it." How very long she had worked — twelve years of hard and constant toil and disappointment. She had known hardship; there had even been days, and not few of them, when she had not had enough to eat. Now, remembering these, she smiled down at the little book in her hand. Any person of wealth would have laughed at the amount it stood for; but to her it meant relief from present strain, and something over.

When Elinor Eversham was ten her mother had died. Her father had failed and died suddenly when she was a girl of seventeen. Elinor was an only child. Then the struggle had begun.

Her talent, which was great, must earn her a livelihood; she knew that she had ability to become an illustrator and the work was a joy to her. She had made her way through a well-known art school, had received a few lessons from a famous illustrator who had encouraged her, had persevered in the face of obstacles which would have discouraged others with fuller purses and less brave hearts.

But her reward was coming. A leading publishing house, after having tested her skill in a small way, had given her a book by a writer of wide reputation to illustrate. The author was abroad, and would not return until too late to be consulted; the book would be in press; he had left the matter to his publishers. They had left it to Miss Eversham, to see what she could do. Because they believed in her, and because the author would have to accept what she gave him, Miss Eversham had been inspired to do her best. And she had done it. With her check from the publishing house had come the statement that her work had been satisfactory.

Behind this praise, also, had seemed to Elinor Eversham the promise of work for an indefinite time — of success. Perhaps she had already succeeded. For the publishers had said that they should like to have her illustrate another book for them, and that Mr. Parker, one of the firm, would, if agreeable to her, give himself the pleasure of calling upon her in a few days to talk the matter over. To come to her in place of sending for her was, she knew, a most unusual concession. Did it really mean success? She must gather together her forces to meet business with business, to do her very

best to make him believe that she knew everything, that she could do anything desired of her; and she could, or she would learn by the way how to do it.

This thought, as she had sat that morning in the room to which the stranger would come, had brought her back to its appearance. All the furniture was worn; but nothing was really bad, except the rug. She was not a worldly wise woman; but she understood that it would not be well to seem in the eyes of the publisher, when he should come for his business interview, as if she had no money before her work for him had given it to her.

But if she were really going to buy a new rug, why not do it now, this very morning?

She had pulled up her wrap and drawn on her gloves again, and going to the next corner had taken a car down town and was soon in the large establishment from which she was more than half inclined to select her rug at once, for she thought that she really preferred the one before her to that in the other store. Yet it was well to make sure; for such a purchase was of moment to her.

With head a little higher than her wont and a half smile on her lips, she walked the length of the great room toward the elevator.

"And so tomorrow he's going to have her arrested for debt," said a girl's sobbing voice behind her.

Miss Eversham turned. The speaker and a companion of about her own age — fourteen — were standing against the wall behind a counter at the moment deserted. The first, believing herself unobserved, had been crying hard.

Miss Eversham liked her face. She glanced around her. The clerk who had been showing her the rugs was busy putting these away again. The three were still unobserved. She went up to the two girls. "You are in

trouble, my dear child," she said to the one who had spoken. "Can I help you in any way?" And she laid a kind touch upon her shoulder.

The girl, who had again buried her face in her hands and begun to sob afresh, looked up in amazement.

"What, ma'am?" she asked, bewildered by the unexpected attention, and embarrassed at being caught in an abandonment to grief contrary to her duties.

"What is the matter, dear child?" repeated Miss Eversham, her first good impression strengthened as she met the sad eyes looking into hers. "I can't bear to hear you sobbing so. I shall be glad if I can do anything for you. Can't you tell me what the trouble is?"

But the other stood still abashed. Yet it seemed to her questioner that she was trying to break the silence, and Miss Eversham attempted to help her. "You said something about some one being arrested tomorrow?" she asked.

"Oh, yes!" cried the girl, and her tears started again. "My mother! She always pays. She would pay this bill if the man would only give her time. But he won't. It's a provision bill. We had to eat, you know; and for a month and more mother couldn't get any work, and my wages had to go for the rent. That's why we're so behind with the bill. Mother's got work now; and she only needs time to pay up by degrees; but he will have the whole of it right straight off, or she will be arrested. And then she'll lose the work she's just got. The horrid man won't make anything out of being so cruel!" And the tears that had been gathering in her eyes, as she spoke, rolled down her cheeks. "I ought not to cry," she said. "If they see me, I'm afraid I shall lose my place, too. But I just can't help it. We've gone hungry many a day, not to make the bill so big; but we had to have something, and mother said she was sure to make it all

right. But he won't give us any time," repeated the girl. Suddenly she choked back her sobs and wiped her eyes as she saw the floor walker in the distance.

Miss Eversham's glance followed hers. The man was not coming their way.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Alice Miller," returned the child.

"And will you tell me how much your mother owes — how much this bill is, I mean?" added Miss Eversham with a vague feeling that perhaps something might be done, she did not know what.

When the girl named the amount, Miss Eversham started. It was almost to a dollar the price of her rug.

"But what of that?" said her vanity, reminding her of how much she had deprived herself, how long she had suffered, how well she knew what it was to be hungry, and, especially, how her business interests demanded that she make a good appearance when she came to discuss business matters. Of course, somebody ought to help the poor woman out; but that somebody ought to be a richer person than she herself was. She absolutely must have her rug; and she could not afford to risk as much as the price of it in a debt almost sure to be bad and very certain to be slow — no, she could not do this, if she bought the rug.

If she bought the rug!

If she did not buy it, she would sacrifice a business interest; for her room would undoubtedly look shabby, when it ought to bespeak comfortable means.

If she bought it, a pretty room at the cost of — what? She was angry with herself, because the suggestion about buying the whole world and losing one's own soul came into her mind. What had she to do with that here? She was not responsible for Mrs. Miller's debts. Couldn't the woman borrow money of somebody — of somebody else?

She put the question.

"There's nobody to borrow it of,"

answered Alice sadly. "She tried to get the lady she works for to advance it to her; but she wouldn't; and mother was afraid, if she said anything more, she'd be turned out of that work — though it wouldn't make any difference," she added, "because, when she's arrested, she'll lose it all anyway, she knows she will, and so do I." As she spoke she looked at Miss Eversham, and there was a beseeching in her eyes hard for the other to resist. "Do you know of anybody that would lend her the money?" she added eagerly. "She'd be sure to pay back every cent. We always pay, but we have to have time. My mother's got a good chance for work now," she went on, "and it seems too hard to have this. Do you know of anybody?" she repeated, watching the lady before her with an anxiety pathetic in one so young.

"I am trying to think," returned Miss Eversham. And she questioned the girl about her circumstances, and how things had come to be so hard with her mother and herself.

It was the familiar story. A father with a comfortable income had lived to the extent of it, had been stricken with illness and had died after long suffering. Even during his illness the struggle with necessity had begun, and had been kept up for years. In listening, Elinor Eversham felt as if, with certain variations, she might have been listening to her own experience. And as the child went on talking, it was more to the voices in her own heart than to the girl's eager tones that Elinor was listening — to questions, questions, questions thrown at her, hurled at her, shouting in the ears of her soul and refusing to be silenced without an answer. Was she her brother's keeper? Yes, surely, yes. Was she to ask of another what she herself could and would not do? Was she to be priest? or Levite? or Samaritan to the poor woman wounded by life's way? She was indignant at

the choice thus forced upon her; she told herself in anger that she who had borne so much ought not to have to endure the loss that her choice would mean to herself. But she saw that she would have to do it.

"I will see your mother, Alice," she said at last, and got from the girl the address. After she had written it on a bit of paper that she found in her pocketbook, she looked at Alice Miller steadily for a moment.

"Have I ever seen you anywhere before?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," returned the girl in wonder. "Why?"

"It seems as if I had," answered Miss Eversham. "But it's nothing, of course."

"Are you going to see my mother, ma'am?" asked Alice.

"Yes, I am going," returned the other wearily.

"Oh, I'm so glad! I'm so glad!" cried the child. Her tears were dried. A smile shone out on the little face that seemed made for smiles.

But Miss Eversham did not smile. Her head, which a few minutes before had been lifted in the joy of a new and

prized possession, was bent now as with slow steps she left the store and turned in the direction of Mrs. Miller's home. Of course, she would lend — or give — the poor woman the money; she ought to be ashamed not to do it gladly. On the contrary, she was still even angry at the compulsion under which she felt herself.

When she had climbed the steep stairs and knocked at the door of the room in which Mrs. Miller and Alice were lodging, she tried, as she stood waiting, to put her errand into suitable words and to see how she could learn the whole story without seeming to intrude upon the woman's private affairs.

But when the door opened, all that she had planned to say deserted her.

For the woman who stood there reminded her still more than Alice had done of some one she had seen before, she could not for the moment tell where or when.

In Mrs. Miller's mind, however, as she stood an instant gazing, open-eyed, at her visitor, was no such doubt.

[*To be continued.*]

Cradle Song

By Ruth Raymond

Hush thee baby, night is near,
One bright star is shining clear,
Now the moon a silver bow
Hangs above our cottage low;
Hush thee baby, close thine eyes,
Darker grow the evening skies.

Hush thee baby, mother knows
Way to land of sweet repose,
She will guide thee safely there
Over poppy blossoms fair;
Hush thee baby, sleep and dream
While the stars above thee gleam.

Hush thee baby, wondrous sweet
Are thy dimpled hands and feet,
Wondrous dear thy sunny face,
Pure and perfect in its grace;
Sleep, O sleep, the whole night long
Shining angels round thee throng.

THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics
JANET MCKENZIE HILL, Editor

PUBLISHED TEN TIMES A YEAR

Publication Office:

372 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 10c

FOREIGN POSTAGE: TO CANADA, 20c PER YEAR

TO OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES, 40c PER YEAR

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Entered at Boston Post-office as second-class matter

COLLEGE EDUCATION

MUCH nonsense is talked about the influence of a college education on the training of young women for domestic life. Whatever increases the intelligence of a boy or girl increases the probability of usefulness. The ordinary experience of a *débutante*, who rushes through a series of costly festivities during two or three years, and then takes her place as a wallflower, is much more ruinous than the probable effect of any college course. A girl who is true-hearted, simple-minded, affectionate and willing to work will find her place in life all the easier because her mind has been expanded by intellectual occupations. Many boys are spoiled for business, it is said, and for journalism by the college course; but,

if they do not find their place in one line of activity, they will find it in another, and all the easier because of a liberal education."

INCIDENT TO THE SEASON

WE do not desire to urge any one who does not want a home science or culinary publication to subscribe to this magazine. We do want the good housekeeper everywhere, who wishes to improve, to become acquainted with the most reliable periodical that is devoted exclusively to her special needs; for we are confident she will be pleased and profited by the same.

We are pleased to mail a specimen copy of the magazine to any address mailed to us in request. The recipient after examination can decide for herself, and without bias, to subscribe or not to subscribe at pleasure.

We are carrying on our list of subscribers the most intelligent housekeepers in many States, the best homemakers in the world. This is said advisedly after inspection and comparison by experts of our list with others. A large percentage of our readers renew their subscription from year to year. In fact, we find from the experience of many years, that the good housewife, young or old, experienced or inexperienced, who needs the inspiration and help of a culinary publication at all, wants the COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, and such as these are the people we are anxious to reach.

CONGENIAL OCCUPATION.

A FIRST need of every individual, even a child, is occupation. Idleness leads to mental, moral and physical degeneration. Young people, especially, should be diligently engaged in useful callings. For this means not only physical and moral well-being, but also peace and contentment in life. Would that it might be said that desirable places are

held in waiting for occupants. But only they who have been out of a "job" know how difficult it is today to find or make a position in which the very necessities of life, as food, clothing and shelter, can be earned.

Hence the tendency in school and college to pay more attention to vocational courses is prudent and commendable. The conditions of modern life demand readjustment and adaptation of methods in our school systems to present-day needs. "New occasions teach new duties." The transition from school life to earning a livelihood is now too abrupt and distressful; to not a few youth the prospect seems often wellnigh discouraging.

To be sure young women are engaging in a larger number of occupations than ever before. Perhaps the opportunities of the young woman are even better than those of the young man. At any rate, it seems to us that in no line of effort are there so many and so desirable opportunities open for useful employment as in woman's special field of endeavor, Home Science. Here earnest, skillful women are always in demand. The matter of food and feeding alone, for instance, is a tremendous proposition. The results of faithful effort in healthful economic feeding are a far-reaching and sure good.

From a late number of *The Philistine* we quote the following expression of the truth we have in mind:

"Hoodlumism springs naturally into being, like everything else, when the conditions are ripe. The right conditions are idleness and a lack of incentive toward a life of usefulness.

"It is said the people talk gossip in the country, but gossip is only the lack of a worthy theme. Having nothing else to talk about, folks turn and talk of each other; and if they rend characters and rip reputations up the back, it is only a sign of mental poverty. Get a man interested in poetry, art, soci-

ology, and he talks of these. Set him to work at some useful employment that calls into being his higher faculties — the love of harmony, proportion, color — and his mind will revolve around these things, and of these will he converse.

"The cure for hoodlumism is manual training, and an industrial condition that will give the boy or girl work — congenial work — a fair wage, and a share in the honors of making things. Salvation lies in the Froebel methods carried into manhood. You encourage the man in well doing by taking the things he makes, the product of hand and brain, and pay him for them. Supply a practical, worthy ideal, and your hoodlum spirit is gone — and gone forever. You have awakened the man to a higher life — the life of art and usefulness; you have bound him to his race and made him brother to his kind. The world is larger for him; he is doing something, doing something useful — making things that people want."

THE DEARTH OF COLLEGE LIFE

COMPLAINT comes from the student organ of a neighboring college for women that the atmosphere of the institution is not intellectual. And pray, where was the editress of the organ in question born, bred and prepared for her academic course, that she expects a college, whether for women or for men, to have an intellectual atmosphere? To stand well in one's studies is to incur the contemptuous title "grind," and this fact is as true of the preparatory schools as of the colleges. Literary societies in our schools of the higher learning are giving way before purely social organizations, and education is in the main unrelated to any of the fine arts except literature, while even that is approached, not as a fine art, but as a science. How many students in college or the preparatory

schools are reading works proper to literature for any purpose beyond the winning of points, or the acquisition of such a technical acquaintance with the history and mechanism of literature as shall enable them to teach it after the same deadly fashion to the youth of the future? How many groups of girls or boys sit up at night to talk over the charms of masters new or old? How many students within an hour of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts habitually visit that most civilized spot in all New England, except when such visits are required as part of the college grind? How many college societies exist for the furthering of musical culture among their members? Where is there found leisure in college life, from the grind on one hand or athletics or other distractions on the other, for devotion to the things that make for culture, for the graces of speech, deportment and address, for the things that are lovely and of good report? — *The Herald*.

THE NEW VIEW

OUR fundamental purpose is the more complete attainment of the new view. If that appear vague and indefinite, and a skeptical reader still ask, The new view of what? we reply roundly, The new view of life; the new view of the common welfare; the new view of industrial and social forces; the new view of childhood, of womanhood and manhood; the new view of housing as the basis of domestic life; the new view of industrial occupations and the conditions under which they are carried on; the new view of misery and crime and disease as eradicable; the new view of charity, of reformation, of discipline, of human society; the new view of work, of recreation, of neighborhood; and, at last, the new view, prophetic though it be, of a social order in which ancient wrongs shall be righted, new corruptions foreseen and prevented,

the nearest approach to equality of opportunity assured, and the individual rediscovered under conditions vastly more favorable for his highest usefulness to his fellows and for the highest development of all his powers.

EDWARD THOMAS DEVINE.

NOTICE

WE have been informed by the Post Office that, as a result of a recent railroad wreck in New York State, some copies of the COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE were too much mutilated to be delivered. On receipt of request, we will mail a duplicate copy to all subscribers who have failed to receive their December number.

The china bonbon dishes shown on table, page 281, are presented by the courtesy of Jones, McDuffee & Stratton Co., Franklin Street, this city.

In making a renewal of her subscription, recently, a woman writes: "I consider this the best-spent dollar of the year."

Do not fail to renew your own subscription; it means health and economy.

They who are best qualified to have and enjoy the things that money can buy are those who are best equipped with the things that money cannot buy.

There was the Proof

The visitor rang the bell and the door was opened by five wild-eyed youngsters who were towing the house cat around by a gas hose.

"I heard that your mamma was up at the mothers' congress delivering a lecture on 'How to Raise Children,' announced the visitor. "Am I right?"

The oldest boy pointed to the overturned chairs, the scratched wall paper and the broken table, and said simply, "Gee, don't it look like it?"



TABLE LAID FOR DINNER. SERVED RUSSIAN STYLE
(See Menu I, Back of Frontispiece)

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Caviare Medallions

CUT cold, boiled potatoes into slices one-fourth an inch thick; from these stamp out rounds the size of a silver dollar, and marinate in oil and vinegar. Wipe the oil from anchovies put up in oil, then divide each into three lengthwise strips; set these on the edge of the potato rounds, and fill the center with pickled beet-root, chopped fine; above the beet-root set a half teaspoonful of caviare. Finish with a tiny figure cut from cooked white of egg. Set these in a circle on a serving dish. Make other medallions,

using rounds of beet-root as the foundation, and chopped white of egg in place of the chopped beet-root; finish the same as the first medallions; dispose these in the center of the dish. Make other medallions with beet or potato as the foundation and sifted yolk of egg (cooked) in the center, and dispose on the plate. Garnish the plate with stuffed olives and parsley. Have these passed as the first course at luncheon or at a chafing-dish supper.

Guinea Hen's Eggs à la Christiana

Have as many rounds of buttered toast (two and one-half inches in diame-

ter) as there are individuals to serve, also an equal number of hard-cooked eggs. If guinea hen's eggs are not available, pullet's eggs will answer. Cut a slice from one end of each egg, that it may stand level. Butter the toast while hot, to keep it soft. When cold spread with *pâté de foie gras*, and set an egg on each round. The eggs should be thoroughly chilled. Put two tablespoonfuls of *foie gras* in a small saucepan; add a tablespoonful of chopped truffle trimmings and two tablespoonfuls of liquid aspic jelly. Stir until the mixture begins to thicken,

Grape-Fruit With Powdered Sugar, Etc.

Prepare the grape-fruit as above, but also run a sharp knife between the membrane that separates the sections and the skin, so that all unedible membrane and the white center may be lifted out in one piece. Put a rounding teaspoonful of sifted powdered sugar in the center of each half of fruit. Finish with a maraschino cherry and a teaspoonful of the liquid from the bottle, or use a tablespoonful of sherry wine.



PORK CHOPS, SWEET POTATO PUREE, DINNER STYLE (See page 284)

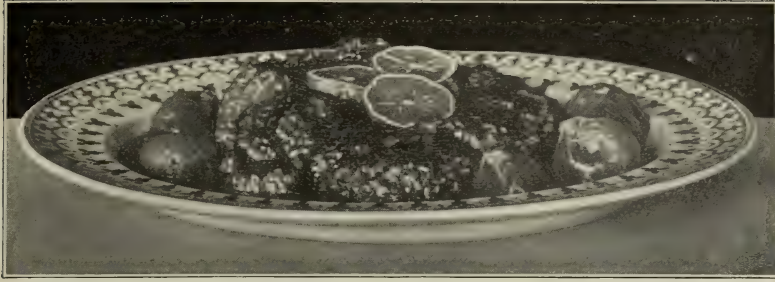
then with a tablespoon dip it over the eggs, to cover each with a thin coating. This should be done carefully and at the right moment, to avoid covering the rounds of toast. Serve as a first course at luncheon or supper.

Grape-Fruit, Plain Service

Cut the grape-fruit into halves, cross-wise, to form two portions. Remove the seeds. With a thin, sharp-pointed knife cut around the pulp in each little section of the fruit, so that each triangular section of pulp may be lifted out with an orange spoon or fork. Set the halves of fruit on plates. A lace-paper doily is often laid between the fruit and plate.

Grape-Fruit Cocktail

Remove the sections of grape-fruit, prepared as in preceding recipes, to a bowl; add all the juice, also, if desired, pieces of fresh or canned pineapple, halves of skinned and seeded white grapes, sections of orange cut in halves, or pieces of choice canned pears or peaches; add also the juice of the various fruits and sugar, and, if desired, a tablespoonful (for each service) of curacoa, maraschino or sherry. Let stand to become chilled. Serve in glasses. The grape-fruit should predominate over the other fruits, and, of course, may be used without other fruit.



SWISS STEAK (See page 284)

Soup Nivernaise

Slice the red portion of six carrots (one pound of carrot is needed), and put over the fire with a teaspoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of butter or dripping; stir and cook until the butter is absorbed; add two cups of white broth (chicken or veal) and one cup of bread crumbs (center of loaf), and let simmer until the carrots are tender; press through a fine sieve; add broth as needed to make the soup of a proper consistency, also salt and pepper. Serve with small bread croutons (cubes of bread browned in butter).

Pumpkin Soup

Let a quart of milk, one cup of cooked pumpkin, one stalk of celery

and two slices of onion cook fifteen minutes in a double boiler. Beat three level tablespoonfuls of butter to a cream; gradually beat in three level tablespoonfuls of flour, a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a teaspoonful of paprika; dilute with a little of the hot soup, stir until smooth, then stir into the rest of the soup; stir constantly until the soup thickens a little, then, occasionally, while cooking ten minutes. Strain into four plates. Finish with a tablespoonful of whipped cream on each plate.

Fillets of Halibut, Florentine Style

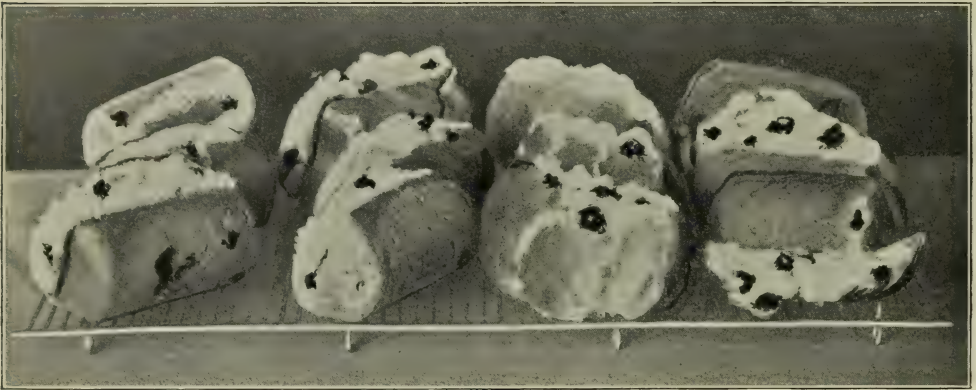
Remove the four fillets from a slice of halibut, cut three-fourths an inch thick. Put the bone and trimmings over the fire with two slices of carrot, two slices of onion, half a teaspoonful



AVIATION BREAD (See page 285)

of sweet basil (dried), a branch of parsley and cold water to cover the whole, let simmer an hour, then strain the liquid over the fillets. Cover and let poach (cook gently) in the oven about ten minutes. Have ready a buttered au gratin dish; on the bottom spread a thin layer of cooked-and-chopped spinach, seasoned with salt and pepper, and plenty of butter, about three tablespoonfuls. Set the fillets above the spinach. There should be one cup or less of the fish liquid. If more, reduce over the fire. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook three

a moderate oven and let cook about an hour, pouring off the fat as it accumulates and turning the chops when half cooked. In a proper oven the chops will be well cooked through and golden brown on the edges. Have ready about three pounds of boiled or baked sweet potatoes. Press the pulp through a ricer and add salt, pepper, one-fourth a cup of butter and a little hot milk if needed. Beat thoroughly with a perforated wooden spoon. Shape part of the mixture in a smooth mound on a serving dish, and dispose the chops against and around it. With pastry



CRANBERRY MUFFINS (See page 286)

tablespoonfuls of flour and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika; add half a cup of cream and the fish liquor and stir until it boils; add half a cup of grated Parmesan cheese, stir until melted and pour over the fish. Sprinkle one or two tablespoonfuls of cheese over the sauce and let cook in a hot oven long enough to melt the cheese to a glaze. Fillets of whitefish (lake) or of cod or haddock may be prepared in the same manner. If a whole fish be available, the head and trimmings will insure a richer and better sauce, and thus an improved dish results.

Pork Chops, Dinner Style

Have eight pork chops cut, with a rib bone, about three-fourths an inch thick. Set in a large frying pan into

bag and star tube pipe the rest of the potato upon the top of the mound and between the chops. Surround with thick rounds cut from cored-and-pared apples, cooked in a cup of sugar and water boiled together.

Swiss Steak

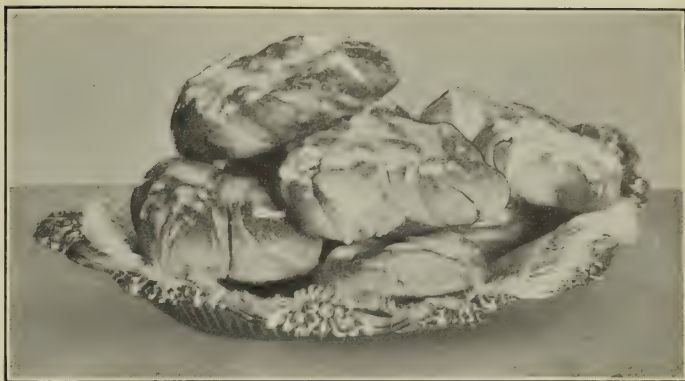
(Repeated by request)

Select a slice of round steak, cut about two inches thick. A steak from the top of the round is preferable. For a small family *half* of the slice will suffice for two meals. A full slice from heavy beef will weigh four or five pounds. Pound into the steak, on both sides, as much flour as it will take up (nearly one cup). The pounding is to break the fibers of the meat, the flour will take up the loosened juices

which would otherwise be lost. Brown the meat on both sides in bacon or salt-pork fat, cover with boiling water and let simmer about two hours. Peel an onion for each person to be served; let cook five minutes in boiling water, drain, rinse in cold water and set to cook around the meat. If preferred the onions may be sliced into the dish before the steak is put into it. If the meat is browned in an iron frying pan, finish the cooking in an earthen dish. The sauce around the meat is thick and brown. Mushrooms may be added to it. This steak may be served on a plank.

Hot Chicken Sandwich, Indienne

Remove the flesh from the bones of cold stewed or roast chicken, and chop the meat, not too fine (use bowl and knife). Have ready rounds of toasted white bread; spread these with butter and then generously with chicken and press together in pairs. When ready to serve pour over very hot chicken gravy. Serve with cabbage or celery salad or stewed cranberries. In making the sauce use one-fourth a teaspoonful of curry powder with each two tablespoonfuls of flour. The better the



COFFEE ROLLS FROM BRIOCHE

chicken broth for the sauce, the better the dish will be. Baking powder biscuit, split and toasted, may replace the bread. English muffins may also be used.

Aviation Bread

For the white part, soften three-fourths a cake of compressed yeast in one-fourth a cup of water, mix thoroughly and add to one cup of scalded milk, cooled to a lukewarm temperature. Add also half a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter and about three cups of white flour. Mix with a knife, and when flour enough has been worked in, turn upon a floured board and knead until smooth and elastic. Cover and set aside to become light. For the Graham part, soften one and one-fourth cakes of compressed yeast in one-fourth a cup of water and melt



BRIOCHE: PROCESS OF SHAPING INTO COFFEE ROLLS (See page 289)

one tablespoonful of butter in a cup of scalded milk; when cooled to a luke-warm temperature add one-third a cup of molasses, half a teaspoonful of salt, the softened yeast with the water, half a cup of white flour and sifted Graham flour to form a dough that may be kneaded. When smooth and elastic cover and set to rise. When the dough in both bowls has doubled in bulk, cut down and shape each into a loaf that will fit a bread pan. With a sharp knife cut each loaf in halves lengthwise. Butter two bread pans. Set half a loaf of Graham and half a loaf of white dough in each pan. Press

Persimmon (Japanese) Salad

Beginning at the blossom end, score the skin of Japanese persimmons in straight lines nearly to the stem end; then with a sharp-pointed knife loosen the skin from the pulp, thus forming petal shapes. Score the pulp directly under the scorings made on the skin, and cut through to the center, thus partially separating the fruit into sections similar to the sections of an orange. Set each fruit on heart leaves of lettuce. Bend the sections of peel (petals) over the lettuce. To a cup of mayonnaise dressing add about one-



PERSIMMON SALAD

the two halves together, side by side or one above the other. When nearly doubled in bulk bake about one hour. The Graham bread rises more slowly, hence the larger quantity of yeast.

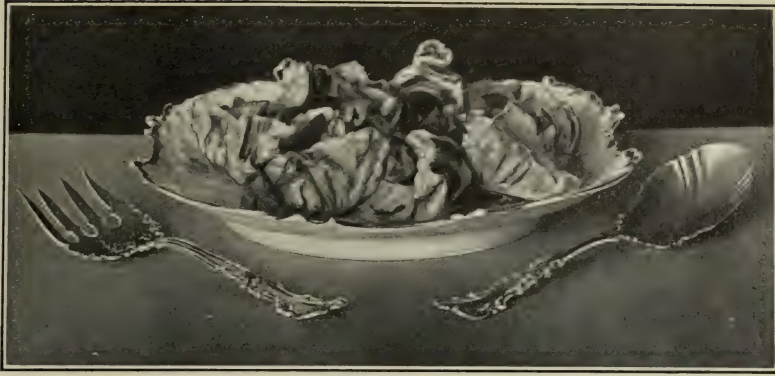
Cranberry Muffins

Beat one-third a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one-fourth a cup of sugar, then one egg, beaten light, three-fourths a cup of milk and two cups of sifted flour, sifted again with two rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt. When well mixed, beat in one cup of cranberries, cut in halves. Bake about twenty-five minutes in a well-buttered muffin pan.

third a cup of cream, beaten firm, also a few grains, each, of salt and paprika. Serve the dressing in a bowl apart.

Apple-and-Cumquat Salad

Wash the cumquats in cold water and dry each one, separately, on a soft cloth, to clean thoroughly. Cut the fruit into quarters, lengthwise through pulp and skin, then cut the quarters into three or four lengthwise slices, discarding the seeds. Cut an equal bulk of apples into match-like pieces, and pour over the apple (for a pint) two or three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice in which one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt has been dissolved. Pour two or three tablespoonfuls of oil over the



APPLE-AND-CUMQUAT SALAD

prepared cumquat and toss thoroughly; add the apple and toss again. Serve on heart leaves of lettuce, washed and carefully dried. This salad may be served with meats or with bread and butter.

Birthday Cake, Twenty-Fifth Anniversary (G. G.)

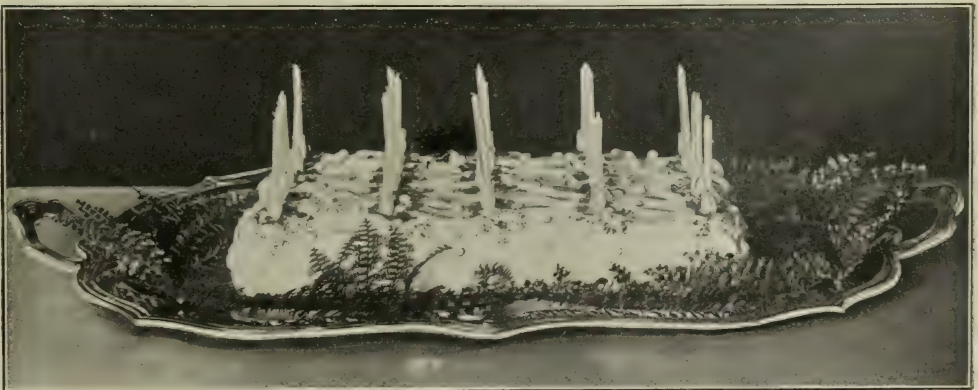
Beat one cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in two cups and one-half of sugar, then, alternately, half a cup of milk and two cups and one-half of sifted flour, sifted again with two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Lastly, add the beaten whites of eight eggs and two teaspoonfuls of vanilla extract. Bake in two layer cake pans. Put the layers together with tutti-frutti filling. Cover the cake with boiled frosting, flavored with grated orange rind, and sprinkle with shredded cocoanut.

Tutti-Frutti Filling for Cake

Stone and chop half a pound of raisins; cut one-fourth a pound of citron into thin slices and one-fourth a pound of figs into small pieces; blanch and slice one-fourth a pound of almonds and cut half a pound of crystallized fruits into small pieces; squeeze over these the juice of one lemon. Add one pound of confectioners' sugar (sifted) and enough boiling water to make a paste that will hold its shape.

Candles and Candle Holders for Cake

The pink candles used on the cake shown in the illustration were about one-fourth an inch thick and between two and three inches long. Chopped pistachio nuts were sprinkled on the frosting around the candle holders, and



BIRTHDAY CAKE FOR TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

small pink candies (rose-flavored) over the whole frosting.

Oat Flake Wafers (Anna Arnold)

Beat three-fourths a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in two cups of sugar, then two cups of H. O. oatmeal, half a cup of boiling water, half a teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of soda sifted with one cup of flour. Mix thoroughly, adding flour as is needed to make a dough. Roll very thin, cut in squares and bake in a quick oven.

Cream Cheese and Preserved Ginger Sandwiches

Chop preserved stem ginger very fine; add syrup from the jar if at hand, if not use sweet cream. Mix the ginger and liquid into an equal bulk of cream cheese. Spread bread prepared for sandwiches with butter and then with the prepared mixture. Press together in pairs.

Coupes Venus

Put a generous spoonful of vanilla ice cream into saucer champagne glasses; make a shallow depression in the cream, and into it set whole peaches, cooked in syrup flavored with vanilla, set a maraschino cherry above

the peach and around the same pipe whipped cream. Serve at once.

Banana Mush

Remove the skins from three bananas, scrape with a silver knife to remove coarse threads, etc. Press through a ricer into an agate boiler; add a teaspoonful of sugar, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a cup of boiling water and stir over the fire until boiling, then let cook over boiling water (double boiler) until thick. Serve with milk as a breakfast dish or at luncheon or dinner as a dessert dish.

Brioche

Soften a cake of compressed yeast in one-fourth a cup of lukewarm water. Weigh out a pound of flour (four cups) and ten ounces (one cup and a fourth) of butter. Stir into the yeast and water enough of the flour to make a stiff dough; knead thoroughly, then cut two gashes across the dough at right angles to each other and half through the dough, and drop into a small saucepan of lukewarm water and let stand until the ball floats on the water a light spongy mass. Put the rest of the flour, the butter softened but not melted, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, a level tablespoonful of



COUPES VENUS

sugar and four eggs into a mixing bowl. Mix to a paste with the hand, then continue beating while three more eggs are added, one at a time. Beat the mixture smooth between the addition of each egg. When the ball of sponge is light, remove with a skimmer (to take no water) to the egg mixture and beat until the whole is a smooth mass. Set aside, covered, in a temperature of about 70° Fahr. until doubled in bulk. It will take about four hours. Then set into the coolest part of the refrigerator to remain over night. In the morning turn upon a floured board, pat and roll into a thin sheet (one-fourth of an inch or less), spread very lightly with butter, then fold from the ends toward the center to make three layers; turn as in puff paste and roll the paste in the opposite direction into a thin sheet; brush over with butter and fold again in three layers. The paste may be rolled and folded again or used as it is. For timbales it should be rolled to a thickness to half fill the molds. If whatever the form it is to take, when rolled and folded the last time it could be a little more than half the thickness desired in the finished product.

Coffee Rolls from Brioche

When rolled and folded the paste should be nearly three-fourths an inch; cut into strips three-fourths an inch wide and let stand to become light; make each separately, and twist from the ends in opposite directions, and then start to form a circle of the dough, put end by bringing the two ends of the dough side by side up to the center of the curve, or they may be shaped like the figure 8. Dispose the rolls close together in the baking pan. Let rise a little and bake about twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven. Boil one cup of sugar and one-third a cup of water five minutes after boiling begins; beat until slightly creamy, then spread over the rolls. If the syrup becomes too thick to spread,

add a little boiling water and mix thoroughly; let boil a minute or two, then beat until creamy and use.

Clam Broth, for Invalids

If fresh clams are used, prepare twelve hard-shelled clams at one time. Clam juice may be purchased in bottles, in which case dilute until of desired strength, using water or water and milk for the purpose.

Method: Scrub the shells and place in a hot spider on a warm but *not hot* part of the stove. When shells open remove clams, chop fine and return to the liquid in the spider with one cup of boiling water; allow the broth to boil up; pour into cloth and squeeze out all the liquid possible, season it and place on ice. When ready to use, reheat, adding sufficient water or milk to render the desired strength.

This broth may be peptonized by adding one-half tube of peptonizing powder dissolved in one tablespoonful of cold water. Add this to the broth when it is just warm (115° Fahr.), stand twenty minutes, boil up quickly and remove from fire. Use the amount needed and place the rest in a cold place.

Blushing Apples with Orange Sauce

Select eight bright red apples. Wipe the apples carefully and remove the cores. Set to cook in boiling water, turning as needed, to cook the apples uniformly on all sides. When done remove to a plate and with sharp knife cut through the skin on two sides of the apples, remove the skin and with a teaspoon scrape the inner side of the skin to remove from it all red pulp. Return this red pulp to two sides of the apples, thus causing them to have the appearance of blushing. In the mean time cook the grated rind and juice of two oranges, the juice of half a lemon and one cup of sugar to a syrup. Pour the syrup over the apples and serve at once. The apples and syrup may also be reheated for serving.

Menus for Week in January

(Family of Three Adults)

"In the matter of provisions, as in all commercial matters, the cheapest is the dearest in the end."—A. ESCOFFIER.

SUNDAY	Breakfast Puffed Rice, Thin Cream (2) Half of Grape-fruit (1) Bacon (3) Egg Cooked in Shell (1) Graham Muffins Coffee (2). Cocoa (1) Dinner Swiss Steak, Onions Baked Sweet Potatoes. Celery Blushing Apples, Orange Sauce Half Cups of Coffee Supper Stewed Tomatoes Buttered Toast. Cottage Cheese Marmalade Oat Flake Wafers. Tea	Breakfast Gluten Grits, Thin Cream Broiled Bacon Kornlet Griddle Cakes Dinner Pork Chops Mashed Potatoes Turnips Tapioca Custard Pudding, Vanilla Sauce Half Cups of Coffee Supper Stewed Lima Beans Baking Powder Biscuit Dried Peaches, Stewed, Thin Cream Tea	WEDNESDAY	
	Breakfast Boston Brown Bread (sliced, covered, heated in oven) Sausage. Broiled Sweet Potatoes Hot Apples (left over) Doughnuts. Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Oyster Stew (1 pint) Cole Slaw Apple Dumplings, Hard Sauce Half Cups of Coffee Supper Baked Potatoes (door of furnace or back of firebox, coal stove) Smoked Beef. Bread and Butter Brownies. Stewed Prunes. Tea	Breakfast Oranges. Eggs (2) Cold Pork Chop (1). Baked Potato Cakes Baking Powder Biscuit, Toasted Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Fowl, Stewed (half, served on bread, chicken gravy) Boiled Onions. Celery. Cranberry Sauce Prune-and-Nut Mold, Cream (gelatine, prunes, lemon juice, nuts, etc.) Half Cups of Coffee Supper Potato-and-Sardine Salad Corn Meal Muffins Canned Fruit. Tea	THURSDAY	
MONDAY	Breakfast E-C Corn Flakes, Thin Cream (2) Orange (1) Sardines on Toast, Brown Sauce Doughnuts. Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Meat Pie, Biscuit Crust (Swiss steak left over) Boiled Squash Salpicon of Fruit (1 orange, 1 dozen dates, 1 banana) Cheese. Crackers. Half Cups of Coffee Supper Creamed Celery on Toast Smoked Beef Brownies. Cocoa	Breakfast Puffed Wheat, Thin Cream Sausage Hot Apple Sauce Buckwheat Cakes Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Fresh Fish Chowder, Crackers Pickles Apple Pie, Cheese Coffee Supper Fried Oysters (½ pint) Olives Buttered Toast Canned Fruit	FRIDAY	
	Breakfast Grape-fruit (2) Puffed Rice (1) Waffles Coffee Cocoa	Dinner Half of Stewed Chicken, Fried Mashed Potatoes Cranberry Sauce (left over) Prune-and-Nut Salad, Cream Dressing Salted Crackers Half Cups of Coffee	Supper Hot Chicken Sandwiches, Indienne Baked Apples Little Cakes Tea	
TUESDAY	Breakfast E-C Corn Flakes, Thin Cream (2) Orange (1) Sardines on Toast, Brown Sauce Doughnuts. Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Meat Pie, Biscuit Crust (Swiss steak left over) Boiled Squash Salpicon of Fruit (1 orange, 1 dozen dates, 1 banana) Cheese. Crackers. Half Cups of Coffee Supper Creamed Celery on Toast Smoked Beef Brownies. Cocoa	Breakfast Puffed Wheat, Thin Cream Sausage Hot Apple Sauce Buckwheat Cakes Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Fresh Fish Chowder, Crackers Pickles Apple Pie, Cheese Coffee Supper Fried Oysters (½ pint) Olives Buttered Toast Canned Fruit	FRIDAY	
	Breakfast Grape-fruit (2) Puffed Rice (1) Waffles Coffee Cocoa	Dinner Half of Stewed Chicken, Fried Mashed Potatoes Cranberry Sauce (left over) Prune-and-Nut Salad, Cream Dressing Salted Crackers Half Cups of Coffee	Supper Hot Chicken Sandwiches, Indienne Baked Apples Little Cakes Tea	
SATURDAY	Breakfast Grape-fruit (2) Puffed Rice (1) Waffles Coffee Cocoa	Dinner Half of Stewed Chicken, Fried Mashed Potatoes Cranberry Sauce (left over) Prune-and-Nut Salad, Cream Dressing Salted Crackers Half Cups of Coffee	Supper Hot Chicken Sandwiches, Indienne Baked Apples Little Cakes Tea	

Menus for Week in January

(Family of Six)

"In the practical work of food preparation, more experience is desirable than it is now customary to give. — FLORENCE R. CORBETT.

SUNDAY	Breakfast Wheat Cereal Cooked with Raisins, Thin Cream Salt Codfish Cakes, Bacon Zwieback. Doughnuts. Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Leg of Lamb, Roasted, Mint Jelly(extract) Franconia Potatoes. Canned Peas Banana Fritters Squash Pie. Cottage Cheese Half Cups of Coffee Supper Fine Macedoine of Vegetables in Tomato Jelly, Mayonnaise Dressing Salad Rolls (reheated) Chocolate Nut Cake. Tea	Breakfast E-C Corn Flakes, Thin Cream Creamed Smoked Beef Baked Potatoes Cranberry Rolls. Coffee. Cocoa Luncheon Welsh Rabbit Apple-and-Date Salad, French Dressing Aviation Bread and Butter Pineapple Juice Dinner Cream of Carrot Soup (evaporated milk) Fresh Fish, Baked Mashed Potatoes Lettuce, French Dressing Mince Pie. Grape Juice	WEDNESDAY
	Breakfast Boiled Rice, Sliced Bananas Corned Beef-and-Potato Hash (left from Saturday) Eggs Cooked in Shell (3) Salad Rolls (reheated). Coffee. Cocoa Luncheon (Three Persons) Hot Cheese Sandwiches Hot Apple Sauce. Chocolate Nut Cake Caramel Junket. Hot Pineapple Juice Dinner Leg of Lamb Rechaufée (Macaroni, Tomato Sauce, buttered crumbs.) Candied Sweet Potatoes Creamy Rice Pudding with Meringue Half Cups of Coffee	Breakfast Grape-fruit Arlington Bacon, Fried Eggs Fried Corn-Meal Mush Yeast Rolls (reheated). Coffee. Cocoa Luncheon Kornlet Custard. Corn-Meal Muffins Apple Pie. Cottage Cheese Pineapple Juice Dinner Tomato Soup (remnants of lamb and steak with beef extract) Roast Shoulder of Pork, Apple Sauce Squash. Mashed Potatoes Cornstarch Blancmange with Jelly Half Cups of Coffee	
	Breakfast Oranges Sausage Cakes Buckwheat Griddle Cakes Dry Toast. Coffee. Cocoa Luncheon (Three Persons) Scalloped Oysters (one pint) Pickles Gluten Biscuit Crisps Blushing Apples with Orange Sauce Dinner Swiss Steak with Onions Canned String Beans Aviation Bread Stewed Figs, Custard Sauce Half Cups of Coffee	Breakfast Grape-fruit Fried Oysters. Pickled Beets Buttered Toast Coffee. Cocoa Luncheon Cold Roast Pork Potato Salad Poor Man's Rice Pudding Peanut Brittle. Tea Dinner Boiled Fresh Fish, Caper Sauce Boiled Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Bread Pudding with Jelly and Meringue Hot Pineapple Juice	
	Breakfast Barley Crystals, Hot Dates, Thin Cream Arlington Bacon Fried Eggs Toast Waffles. Coffee. Cocoa Luncheon Creamed Fish au gratin Scalloped Potatoes Pickles Mince Pie Pineapple Juice Dinner Potato Soup Broiled Lamb Chops Sweet Potatoes, Baked Tomato Jelly Salad Cream Pie Half Cups of Coffee		
SATURDAY			

Menus for Special Occasions in January

Club Teas

I.

Cream Cheese-and-Pimento Sandwiches
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Oatflake Wafers
Mushroom Meringues
Layer Cake cut in tiny squares
Russian Tea with Pineapple Juice

II.

Tiny Baking Powder Biscuit-and-Butter Sandwiches
Mayonnaise of Chicken-and-Ham Sandwiches
Aviation Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Peanut Cookies
Marguerites (made with one cup cocoanut)
Grapejuice Punch

III

Cream Cheese-and-Preserved Ginger Sandwiches
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Nut Meringues
Sponge Drops
Pineappleade

IV

Rolled Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Cream Cheese-and-Grape-fruit Marmalade Sandwiches
Cream Cheese-and-Honey Sandwiches
Russian Tea with Pineapple Juice

Buffet Luncheon or Supper

(For Card Parties, etc., etc.)

I

Cleared Chicken-and-Tomato Bouillon
Oyster Patties (or Swedish Timbale Cases)
Mayonnaise of Celery and Apple
Buttered Rolls
Coffee
Little Cakes or small Cubes of Cake
Vanilla Ice Cream with Strawberry Preserves

II

Grape-fruit Cocktail
Creamed Crabflakes in Potato Cassolettes
Chicken Salad
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Coffee
Coupes Venus

III

Tiny Sardine Eclairs
Cream-of-Spinach Soup
Terrine of Chicken, Sliced
Celery-and-Green Pepper Salad
Yeast Rolls, Buttered
Coffee
Ginger Ice Cream
Lady Fingers. Macaroons

IV

Caviare Medallions
Chicken-and-Tomato Bouillon (in cups)
Olives. Salted Nuts
Oyster Patties (Brown Sauce)
Cold Terrine of Chicken, Sliced Thin
Celery-and-Green Pepper (or Pimento) Salad
Parker House Rolls Buttered
Aviation Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Coffee
Tiny Squares of Fruit Cake
Sponge Drops Coupes Venus
Marrons Glacé

V

Oyster Soup
Olives. Gherkins
Chicken Salad Sandwiches
Coffee
Fig or Ginger Ice Cream
Cake Bonbons

VI

(For Church Society, Large Club, etc.)
Creamed Corned Beef au Gratin
Mashed Potatoes. Green Peas (canned)
Philadelphia Relish
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Coffee
Frozen Apricots
Cake

Lessons in Elementary Cooking

By Mary Chandler Jones

Teacher of Cookery in the Public schools of Brookline, Mass.

LESSON VI

Cereals

BY cereals we mean grains, the food plants which resemble grasses in their way of growing. Make a list of all the kinds of grain you know. Where is each grown? Compare the structure and general appearance of grain with those of grass and see the strong likeness in the slender stems, long, narrow leaves and relatively large seeds. In our lesson on vegetables we saw that many different parts of plants are used for food, and now we find that in cereals the seed is the edible portion.

Examine the seeds of different grains and notice the delicate coatings which protect the young plant within. Observe the parts of the seed and the way in which nourishment, for the future growth of the plantlet, is stored in the cotyledons (or seed-leaves). Test the seeds with a drop of dilute tincture of iodine and observe the same purple color that appeared in the test for starch. In which portion of the seed is this test strongest? Since the seed contains starch, at what temperature must cereal be cooked? Why?

Cereals require the addition of salt and water, in the process of cooking. Salt must be added for seasoning and water to supply the necessary moisture for swelling and bursting the starch grains. The popping of corn is an instance of cereal starch being cooked in moisture contained by the grain itself, as a potato is cooked in its own juices. Cereals may be cooked over direct heat, in an ordinary kettle, or over hot

water, in the double boiler. What is the danger in each process? What is the advantage in boiling the cereal for five minutes and then cooking it, for the remaining time, in a double boiler?

Often fruit served with cereals makes them more palatable and attractive, and so adds to the nutritive value of the dish. Such fruit may be cooked, as in the case of apples; or uncooked, as in bananas. Too much sugar should not be eaten with cereal, as it disguises the natural sweetness of the grain, and is not needed with so starchy a food. Much sugar, taken with other food, is likely to cause indigestion. In England a form of "fruit sugar" is sometimes served with cereal and is liked better than cane sugar. It is a good thing to learn to enjoy unsweetened cereal; but if the process of learning be difficult, the sweetness and flavor of fruit may be added to the unsweetened cereal.

Oatmeal has been called "the grain of hardihood." It is not one of the most digestible cereals, but when it is thoroughly cooked there is none more delicious. The old-fashioned Scotch oatmeal, steamed for a long time, is cheapest (unless a special fire must be kept for cooking it) and most appetizing. Where quick cooking is an object, some form of rolled, steam-cooked oats may be substituted for the hard oatmeal. (In cooking cereals it is always best to cook them much longer than the direction calls for.)

Oatmeal with Apples

For a school-lesson use some form of steam-cooked oats.

$\frac{3}{4}$ a cup of oatmeal		$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups of boiling
1 teaspoonful of salt		water

Add the salt to the boiling water and sprinkle in the oats slowly, to prevent stopping the boiling. Boil five minutes, then put into a double boiler and cook at least thirty minutes over boiling water. Serve with milk and sugar or with

Apples Cooked in Water

6 apples		$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of water
1 cup of sugar		

Wash the apples and core them carefully. Pare them if preferred. If the skins are a pretty red, it is as well not to remove them. Boil the sugar and water together for about five minutes. Put the apples into the syrup and cook gently until they are tender but not broken. Serve with the oatmeal in and around them.

Wheat is sometimes known as the "king of cereals," and it is, perhaps, the grain most widely used in civilized lands and the most valuable. Let the pupils name the products derived from wheat and name the countries where it is grown extensively. Compare wheat-raising, wheat-eating countries in their civilization with countries where other grains are used instead. The prepared cereals, made from the wheat grain are more fine-ground than those prepared from oats.

Wheatena with Dates

$\frac{3}{4}$ a cup of wheatena		$2\frac{1}{4}$ cups of boiling
1 teaspoonful of salt		water
$\frac{3}{4}$ a cup of cold water		$\frac{1}{2}$ a pound of prepared
		dates (or 1 cup)

Mix the wheatena, salt and cold water. Add to this a little of the boiling water, then pour the paste into the remainder of the boiling water and let it boil five minutes. Put it into a double boiler and cook for thirty minutes. Add the dates (stoned,

washed *very* thoroughly and cut into pieces) when the wheatena is put into the double boiler. Serve either hot or cold, with milk or cream and sugar. It may be molded in cups and chilled before serving.

Why is it necessary to mix the wheatena with cold water before putting it into the boiling water? What other fruits might be used in place of dates in this recipe?

Where is rice grown? Rice may be planted in a broad earthen pan and grown under water, to show the way of cultivation. Test the rice with tincture of iodine.

Boiled Rice

1 cup of rice		3 quarts of boiling
1 teaspoonful of salt		water

Pick over the rice and wash it under cold water until there is no starchy whiteness in the water. (This may be well done by holding the rice in a strainer under the cold water-faucet.) Sprinkle the rice gradually into the boiling, salted water. (Why?) Let it boil until tender. (The best test for rice is to taste a kernel and see whether it is hard in the center.) When it is cooked, drain it through a strainer and pour boiling water through it.

Steamed Rice

1 cup of rice		2 cups of boiling
1 teaspoonful of salt		water

Pick over and wash the rice, then put it with the salt and boiling water into the upper part of the double boiler. Cover it and let it cook over boiling water until the rice is tender. All the water should be absorbed, when the rice is cooked.

Notice the difference in appearance between the cooked and the uncooked rice. Which is the better method, of these two, for economy? For time? What may be done, in the former recipe, with the water in which the rice was cooked? Ideal rice should be white, firm and tender. Rice may be

served as a vegetable or as a dessert. Why would you not serve rice with potatoes? Rice may be combined with various fruits and vegetables. Dried apricots, soaked and cooked until tender, may be hidden in molds of rice and served either hot or cold, with apricot juice for a sauce.

In preparing cereals, we must especially remember that we are working with a starchy food which is both unpalatable and indigestible, if it is insufficiently cooked. Long, slow cooking is, perhaps, best, though it is well

to precede this by a little actual boiling. The cereal should usually absorb the water in which it is cooked. If it has not done so, the cover may be removed during the latter part of the cooking.

Let the pupils compare the relative cost of the package cereals and those bought in bulk. Let them see that the convenience, cleanness and variety of the package cereals are what cause the added cost, and not greater nutritive value. These are often well worth paying for, but they are luxuries and not necessities.

Practical Home Dietetics

By Minnie Genevieve Morse

III. The Elderly Person's Diet.

IN the story of human life there is no more inspiring picture than that of a hale and beautiful and useful old age. The latter part of man's life was not intended by nature to be a period of helplessness and wretchedness, but to be the crown of all the preceding years, the season of greatest fruitfulness and service to humanity. The ideal old age is one in which, with brain still alert and heart still warm, the good soldier, who has spent his life in fighting for progress and human welfare, receives the honor and deference which are his due, and, by virtue of his wisdom and experience, becomes the revered adviser and leader of his fellows. The annals of statecraft, of literature, of the arts and sciences, are full of the names of men and women who have done their best work after passing the half-century mark; and every civilized country can point with pride to some who, when much further along in years, have given the world a great discovery, produced a masterpiece that shall keep a name alive for many generations, or steered the ship

of state safely through some great crisis.

As time goes on, and the diseases that have scourged the human race for centuries are brought under control, and the conditions that make for health and happiness are better understood, a larger proportion of mankind should be able to look forward to such an enviable evening of life. A painfully large number, however, caught in the grip of the modern spirit of haste and competition, wear out before their time, while others defeat nature's purpose by the exercise of unbridled passions or by some form of self-indulgence.

Among the avoidable causes of the ailments and discomforts that embitter middle and later life, dietetic errors, of one sort or another, hold a leading place. Many factors combine in making this the case. A decrease in all forms of activity comes with advancing years, so that less fuel is needed by the body for its output of energy and for the repair of tissue waste due to exercise. On the other hand, age brings with it inevitable changes in the various or-

gans of the body, resulting in the slower and less perfect performance of the vital functions. Although, under favorable circumstances, the elderly person may enjoy good physical and mental health, he cannot escape a certain loss of vigor in the circulatory machine, a weakening of the powers of digestion, absorption and assimilation, and a loss of muscular tone in the intestines, tending to prevent a proper elimination of waste products from the body. Now, it is plain that with a decreased output of energy, lessened expenditure of fuel for tissue repair, and lowered powers of digestion and assimilation, there should be a decreased intake of food, and that the food supplied should be of a sort to put the least possible strain upon the organs involved. Many persons, however, having come to the afternoon of life, take increased pleasure in luxurious living, since they have more leisure in which to enjoy it, and greater means to enable them to gratify their inclinations.

Furthermore, there is a very common notion on the part of those who have the care of elderly persons that their failing strength and weakened powers must be supported by an especially generous and nourishing diet. This is, however, a false kindness. There is much greater danger that elderly persons in comfortable circumstances will overeat than that they will be underfed. Sir Henry Thompson, the author of "Diet in Relation to Age and Activity," says that if a man past the half-century mark "continues to consume the same abundant breakfasts, substantial lunches, and heavy dinners, which at the summit of his power he could dispose of almost with impunity, he will in time certainly either accumulate fat or become acquainted with gout or rheumatism, or show signs of unhealthy deposit of some kind in some part of the body, — processes which must inevitably empoison, undermine or shorten his remaining term of life. . . . The

typical man of eighty or ninety years is lean and spare, and lives on slender rations."

All who have studied the conditions under which centenarians and other very old persons have lived are agreed that longevity and a spare figure go together. As one medical authority puts it, "A man will only roll faster down the hill of life if his figure be rotund." Obesity is a handicap to those who would attain to long life, not only because it makes activity more difficult, but because the vital organs can act less freely, and are themselves liable to a deposition of fat. Those who have a tendency to overweight should, therefore, be especially careful, as they approach later life, to avoid too luxurious living.

Old age is a relative rather than an exact term, since some persons appear older at fifty than others with ten or fifteen years more to their credit. Inherited constitution, the degree of wear and tear undergone, the effects of disease, and many other factors are concerned in making this true. It is not possible, therefore, to lay down any hard and fast rules regarding the requirements, dietetic or otherwise, of one who has reached a certain time of life. Certain statements, however, are of pretty general application. The total quantity of food taken in later life should be considerably less than is needed during the more active years. There should be no large and heavy meals, putting an especial tax upon the digestive organs. The diet should consist of easily digested food, the proportion of proteids or nitrogenous foods being smaller than when physical activity and the resulting tissue waste were greater. Among the articles of food that may be recommended are chicken and other especially tender meats, in small quantities, bacon, white-fleshed fish, eggs lightly cooked, milk and buttermilk, nourishing soups, cereals, fresh and cooked green vege-

tables, fruit stewed or baked, and perfectly ripe fresh fruit in moderation. Some stewed fruits need so much sugar to make them agreeable that persons who are subject to flatulent indigestion may not be able to eat them without suffering for it. In such cases the acidity may be neutralized by adding a little bicarbonate of soda; or the sweetening may be done by means of saccharine instead of sugar.

Most persons who have attained to a great age have eaten very little meat; and it is much better for one who is getting on in years to take meat only once a day, rather than twice or three times. The menu should, however, be an agreeably varied one, and everything should be well cooked and attractively served. Fried foods, rich articles of diet, and elaborately made dishes and desserts should find no place on the elderly person's menu.

Constipation, while common enough at all stages of life, is an especial bugbear to the aged, who take little exercise, and who usually suffer more or less from deterioration of the muscular tone of the intestines. Even under these conditions, however, a careful attention to the diet, combined with regular habits, can do a great deal to promote free evacuations. There are many articles of food that have a distinctly laxative effect, and fortunately very few of them are among those which elderly persons should in general avoid. Fresh vegetables, especially spinach, lettuce, celery, and boiled Spanish onions, are among the most valuable articles of diet, which also include orange and grape-fruit juices, baked or stewed apples, stewed prunes and figs and stewed berries. One of the laxative fruits, prepared in one form or another, should be a regular part of either the morning or the evening meal. Fruit taken on an empty stomach has a more laxative effect than under other conditions. The breakfast cereals, notably oatmeal, are also useful in

combating constipation. Bread made from whole wheat or Graham flour, Boston brown bread and corn bread are all more laxative than bread made of fine-ground white flour. Gingerbread and old-fashioned molasses cookies, likewise, have a mild action in the desired direction. Plenty of water should be drunk during the day, unless there is some special counter-indication, especially when rising and when retiring; a considerable quantity of fluid in the alimentary canal prevents the food from becoming too dry to be easily propelled through the intestine.

Many elderly persons, especially those who take practically no exercise, are troubled with insomnia. Some are unable to fall asleep on first retiring; others waken in the early morning hours and are unable to get any further sleep. For those who experience the former difficulty, a glass of hot milk, taken just before retiring, will often cause sleep to come immediately; and those who cannot sleep toward morning may usually be relieved by having a covered dish containing a light luncheon within easy reach at the bedside. In such cases the mind is apt to be too active, and by calling the blood to the digestive organs it is drawn away from the brain.

Among the disorders which are most common in advanced life are rheumatism, gout, heart diseases, and arteriosclerosis — the hardening of the walls of the blood vessels. Most of these are more or less influenced by the diet in which the patient habitually indulges, though many statements made in past years by authorities on dietetics have now been overthrown by new discoveries concerning these diseases. This latter fact is especially true of acute rheumatism, which was formerly supposed to be a disorder resulting largely from eating certain kinds of food, but which is now generally held to be of microbic origin. This being the fact, it cannot be expected that any

special diet will prevent its occurrence, any more than would be the case in other infectious diseases, though it is, of course, true that indiscretions in diet, which upset digestion and thus lower the vital force, render one more susceptible to this and to infections of all kinds. Dr. W. Gilman Thompson, the well-known writer on dietetics, says in reference to this disease: "I am often asked for preventive diet for rheumatism, but I know of none beyond general directions to eat simply cooked, plain food, avoiding excess of red meat and sweets, and taking fresh fruit for laxative effect." He adds, however, that eating meat may undoubtedly cause a relapse, and that after an attack it is well to abstain for some time from meats and from pastry and sweets.

Gout is often called a disease of high living; and it is true that the majority of gouty persons are addicted to over-eating, and especially to eating too much meat and indulging too freely in alcoholic beverages. The disease is the result of the retention, in the blood and other fluids of the body, of waste substances which should be carried off by the excreting organs; in Dr. Osler's striking phrase, "Gout is evidence of an overfed, overworked and consequently clogged machine." This being the case, it can readily be seen that diet holds a leading place among the measures which may be taken to prevent the occurrence of the disease in those predisposed, and to ward off recurrent attacks.

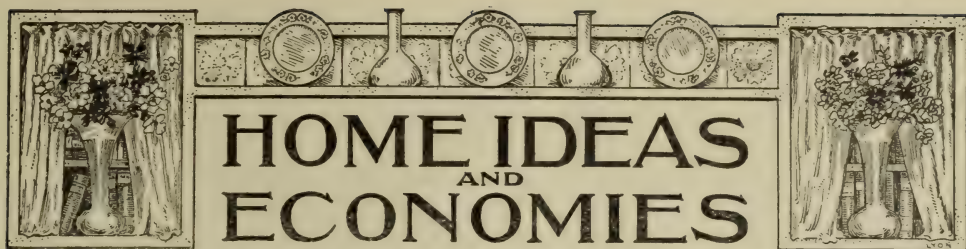
The victim of gout is usually under the pretty strict surveillance of his physician while an attack is in progress, but, when the immediate discomfort is over, it is very easy to disregard directions as to diet, and allow oneself some of the indulgences which are apt to be especially dear to those who are subject to this condition. Such indulgences are dearly purchased, however, as sometimes a single indiscretion will precipitate an attack. While differ-

ent authorities hold somewhat differing views on the subject, it is agreed by almost all dietitians that very little meat should be eaten by those who are subject to gout, very little fat, and practically no sugar. It is the proteids — derived principally from meats — which in this condition are least completely burned up in the system, while fats and sugars help to retard proper combustion.

Fatty degeneration, valvular diseases and other forms of heart trouble are very common among the elderly, and many hearts in which no actual disease can be discovered work more feebly in advancing age, as a result of the degenerative changes from which the whole body suffers more or less in later life. The heart muscle becomes less firm and strong than in youth, and the arterial walls less elastic. The stomach, too, as a noted medical writer has said, is not only a near neighbor but a bad neighbor to the heart; branches of the same great nerve supply both, so that gastric irritation is felt reflexly by the heart, while the two organs are so close together that increase in the size of the stomach, such as results from its dilatation by gases, makes pressure upon the heart and interferes with its contractions. This being true, persons with diseased or weakened hearts find themselves much freer from discomfort, if they take only small quantities of either solids or liquids into their stomachs at one time, and keep the digestive canal clear by free evacuations from the bowels. Regular hours for meals, avoidance of extra meals at odd times and of too short intervals between meals, and the practice of taking the food as dry as is compatible with health and comfort, are helpful observances in these circumstances.

Where there is arteriosclerosis, or hardening and inelasticity of the arteries, the principal indication is to keep down the pressure of blood in the

(Continued on page xvi)



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

A Winter Living Room, for Work and Play

Something between an Enclosed Porch, a Conservatory and a Smoking-Room. Just the Place for Tea

IN a well-planned home, on a city lot that allows some space around the house, an extension has been built that is much praised by guests and is a joy to the owners.

From the drawing-room and library two casement doors open upon a room partly enclosed by glass, yet roofed over. The floor is tiled, and plants are placed upon shelves; yet in no sense is it the usual conservatory of the greenhouse order, with a semi-commercial aspect of crowded shelves over steam pipes and a narrow walk. It is like a wide veranda with chairs and tables. But you may say, having read thus far, "What is there new about this?"

The novelty consists in the treatment of the wall between the two doors. Here a fine mantel has been built of brick adapted to the purpose, and over them English ivy is climbing. The ivy is grown in two large boxes of terra cotta. These stand on each side of the fireplace and are decorative. The warmth of the chimney is not too great for the ivy, and, of course, a hose can be used, when there is no fire, to wash the ivy and give it a good house cleaning at the right seasons. When spring comes much of the sash can be removed and air admitted, yet a shelter remains for tender plants so that they will not be ruined by heavy storms; also, on rainy days and evenings, there is a deep sheltered porch for happy family groups.

It is an ideal place to stroll after dinner, or for the host to take his friends to smoke and lounge with newspapers. The furniture is of the mission or den order, and yet there is not that over-heavy appearance that such furniture has in the ordinary den. Instead of a great variety of small plants, potted shrubs of some size are appropriate. It is a good place in which to winter bay trees, and to show off azaleas, cinerarias and the like. The floor can be laid in brick or cement, as well as tile; and by tile the gay, brilliantly colored, glazed tiles are not meant, but the dark red ones, now so much used in libraries, churches and colleges.

It forms, also, a safe place for amateur cooking classes that use a gas stove, and afternoon teas, served from the kitchen. Again it is a boon to the artistic maiden, for a splash of paint is not wholly irremedial.

J. D. C.

* * *

An Old New England Indian Pudding

THREE quarts and one pint of milk, seven tablespoonfuls, heaped, of Indian meal, a teaspoonful of salt, one cup of molasses, half a cup of butter, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of nutmeg, one cup of raisins.

Scald one quart of the milk and add to this the meal stirred smooth with cold milk; remove from the fire and add the rest of the ingredients except the milk.

Stir well and pour into a buttered baking dish of large size; set in the

oven and, when baked enough to form a thin skin, pour in a pint of the cold milk and stir thoroughly from the bottom until it is a smooth mass. In half an hour repeat this process, and so on until all the milk is used. It should be in a *moderate* oven five hours.

This is an old recipe, handed down from "Mayflower" days, and is a premium pudding when well made.

G. J. S.

* * *

WHY, oh, why do committees who provide refreshments at various places take it for granted that every one takes coffee adulterated with milk or cream? I am one of many who cannot drink it thus, yet often no option is given, it is mixed or nothing. While in Europe last summer the first phrase in each language that I needed was the one meaning hot water instead of milk to dilute the coffee, intended to be taken *au lait*, but, at least, the coffee was served plain, although closely attended by the jug of hot milk.

Often at conventions, church dinners, etc., those of us who like our coffee plain are thus denied the comfort of the one warm article on the bill of fare, and we protest, "'Tain't fair." Surely it would not be much trouble to provide a small pot of the undiluted beverage and thus make happy more than one.

SUFFERER.

* * *

I HAVE discovered an excellent way of utilizing my old lingerie blouses. I cut them over into guimpes for my small daughter. Rip the blouse and lay the guimpe pattern on it. You will find you can avoid all the worn parts about the neck and arms and yet use the buttons and buttonholes, which is a great saving. A friend of mine made two charming Empire dresses for her little girl by cutting over her old lingerie waists into yoke and sleeves and buying new lawn to match for the skirts.

Last summer I discovered how to bake potatoes on an electric stove — it is just one of those little "single-burner" ones. I select medium-sized potatoes and put them in a tin pie plate with half a dozen holes punched in the bottom. Then I cover them with a pan which fits down close and put a heavy weight on top of the pan. This last is very necessary. I start the cooking by using the full current, but, when the potatoes are once hot, reduce it to half. The potatoes must be turned now and again. The whole process takes barely half an hour.

Mrs. L.'s Onion Rarebit

Fry half a cup of sliced onion in butter, using a large spider. Have heating a cup and a half of tomato, well seasoned with salt, pepper and sugar. When the onion is done to a delicate brown, pour the hot tomato over it. Add a cup of cheese, cut into small bits, and stir until melted. Then drop in two eggs, and, when they begin to cook, stir gently till done. Have ready on a hot platter ten slices of toast. Pour the rarebit over them and serve immediately. This quantity is plenty for five persons.

Pimlicos

Beat together well one egg, a scant half a cup of milk and a pinch of salt. Cut slices of bread in halves (if the slices are very large into quarters), dip into the egg and milk and fry in butter on one side. Turn, lay a slice of American cheese on each piece of bread and put a dash of made mustard on the cheese. Cook, not too fast, until the cheese is soft. Serve at once.

L. H. W.

* * *

A Married Man's Evenings

DON'T you think that after a man marries he should give up all such recreations as take him away from home certain evenings in the

week?" asks a young wife complainingly.

Instead of groaning aloud as I want to do, I have to look sympathetic and say something like this:

It all depends on what those "recreations" are. For instance, an athletic club is almost essential to the well-being of a man physically, if he leads a sedentary life; and many organizations that take a man away from home are beneficial to his business career.

However, recreations purely social, in which the young wife cannot join, should undoubtedly be given up, for his *pleasure* is supposed to be found only in her company or where she may accompany him. Certainly he is not to leave her entirely alone while he attends a social club of questionable good.

But I groan inwardly for the complaining wife. The woman, who begins by demanding too much, usually ends by losing what is rightfully hers. No young wife can succeed in monopolizing all a man's heart and time, and she could not afford to, were it possible. If he is to be a success in the business world, a large part of his time and heart, as well as brain, must be devoted to it. And a Commercial Club, Business Men's League, and fraternal orders of the highest sort are to be reckoned as factors in that success, assets as it were. He cannot drop out of them without personal loss, present and future. Many a widow is thanking God tonight that she let her husband remain a faithful Mason.

Besides, the right sort of a man will appreciate his five or six evenings at home all the more, if he is obliged to spend one or two down town. And she can make herself all the more agreeable and attractive during the five or six, if she has this leisure to devote to her letters to home folks and girl chums, to practise upon the piano, or to a bit of reading, all of which she would lay aside to entertain him.

They may not think so, at first, but a little separation is good for a young married couple. The hypnotic going and coming continue the thrill of courtship. A keen-witted girl once declared to me that she hoped to marry a traveling man, "For then," she added laughingly, "we will not get tired of each other and be old married folks so soon." There is more than a bit of truth here. That which is continuous becomes commonplace; and too often the commonplace gets to be deadily dull.

Besides, it is egotism, selfishness, jealousy, and childish short-sightedness in a bride to feel that her husband must find in her the sum total of his existence. She *is* to be supreme, but unless they move to Robinson Crusoe's island, other lives must touch theirs, and some interests must be more or less separate. Perfect marriage is a gradual blending of two lives, not an absorption of either one, not a revolution of character, nor even an uprooting of love for the two old homes and all that has been cherished in former days.

If genuine love exists between the two, both will be unselfish and seek, voluntarily, to eliminate everything that separates them unnecessarily. But the "recreations" that a man gives up, in order to stay at home, should be those of no practical benefit to his life, and the giving up should be wholly of his own volition.

L. M.

* * *

"Keeping Things Up"

IN every estimate of housekeeping expenses there should be a generous margin for the keeping of things up. The wear and tear of usage, and, more strange and perplexing still, the wear and tear of non-usage, tell sadly upon our houses and their furnishings. Carpets which are constantly trodden grow thin in spots, are faded by the sun, and become threadbare; carpets in closed rooms are devoured by the moths; curtains fade; family linen

gradually falls into decay. Everything must be replenished, kept up, gone over again and again, if the domestic machinery is not to creak and rust.

The wise housekeeper buys every season a few new articles, and, so to speak, has always her reserve stock on which to draw.

So, too, in other matters. The judicious housewife keeps everything up to the mark.

P. M. B.

* * *

Visiting

WHEN you are visiting, do not let your hostess be "twice glad," that is, pleased at your arrival, and equally pleased at your departure; so heed the following suggestions:

First of all, make your time suit the hostess, and when that is settled do not change it; when the time of the visit has expired, don't stay one day over.

Don't take a lot of luggage; never have more than one trunk, or it may be thought you are going to take up your abode in the new locality.

Don't interfere with any family arrangements; the satisfactory guest is one who adapts herself under all circumstances.

Don't fail to forget any little domestic upheavals, should any arise, and try to carry away with you only the good feeling, that which was meant for you.

Don't correct the children; no matter what parents say, they do not like it.

Don't give an order or a hint of any kind to a servant.

Don't be late to meals, and don't invite a caller to a meal, unless the hostess suggests it first.

Don't leave your possessions lying around; you will be given a room, so keep your belongings in it.

Don't depend upon the hostess for writing materials; have your own, and use them.

Don't expect your friend to supply toilet articles; every self-respecting person has her own.

Don't be guilty of soiling guest-room furnishings, such as bed, bureau and washstand accessories.

Don't disturb the household by coming in from theater or party late and talking, if a friend should escort you; host and hostess may be tired.

Don't leave your room in disorder, expecting the maid to rearrange it every day, especially where only one servant is kept.

Don't allude to the wonderful things some other friend may own, especially if these good people are only moderately circumstanced.

Don't ask any one to mail unstamped letters.

Don't contract any small bills for laundry, papers, car fares, magazines, phone calls or possible express packages; such trifles are easily forgotten; your hostess may be willing to settle them, but she should not be permitted to do so under any circumstances.

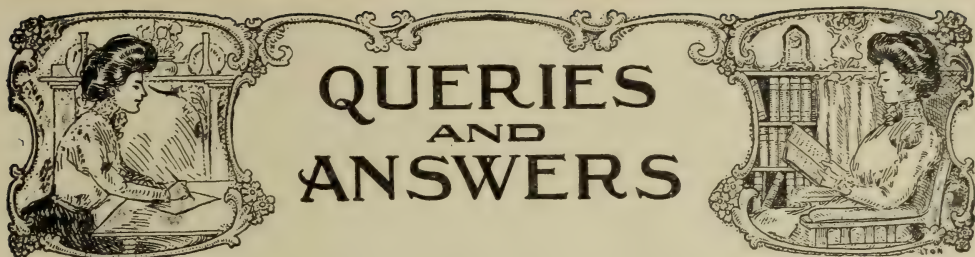
Don't, at the expiration of your stay, leave the house without making some appropriate gift to maid or maids.

Don't depend upon the man of the house to look up trains, or provide baggage tags; attend to these items yourself.

Don't over-dress, just because you have clothes, and don't use slang.

Don't talk about your trials, tribulations or health; people don't care to hear such things. Cultivate bright thoughts and optimistic ways, so there will be a special charm about your personality, which all will feel the instant you enter their presence, particularly if you are not blessed with beauty of face or form.

First, last and always, remember the welcome guest is the one who helps, and does not hinder her host and hostess in anything.



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor, BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1671. — "Recipe for Alligator Pear Salad, the dressing of which contains wine."

Alligator Pear Salad

Cut the "pears" in halves, discard the seed and remove the pulp from the skin with a teaspoon; dispose on a bed of heart leaves of lettuce. For three or four fruit, mix two tablespoonfuls of claret, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, also one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, and pour over the salad. Serve as soon as prepared. The pulp of alligator pear discolors very quickly when exposed to the air. On account of the large proportion of fat present in the fruit, the dressing is often, as in the recipe above, made of equal measures of acid and oil.

QUERY 1672. — "Recipes for Using Cooked Figs other than as Cake Filling."

Sliced Figs in Sherry Wine Jelly

1 tablespoonful of granulated gelatine	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar
$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of cold water	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sherry wine
$\frac{3}{4}$ a cup of boiling water	Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ a lemon
	5 or 6 figs
	Whipped cream

Soften the gelatine in the cold water, dissolve in the boiling water; add the sugar and stir occasionally until cold. Add the wine and lemon juice. Let

a mold holding a scant pint become chilled in cold or ice water. A fluted mold is good for this dish. Cut the figs in slices, dip some of these in the jelly mixture and use them to decorate the mold; then fill the mold, alternately, with slices of figs and the mixture, letting the jelly "set" partially, each time, before adding the slices of figs. When the jelly is unmolded garnish with whipped cream, put on with bag and tube, and bits of fig. Orange or lemon juice may be used in place of the sherry wine.

Macedoine of Midwinter Fruit

5 or 6 cooked figs	1 grape-fruit or
1 banana	2 oranges

Cut the figs in smooth slices of the same size, scrape the banana and cut in thin slices; remove the grape-fruit or orange pulp in neat pieces from the respective fruits, cut in halves. Save all of the juice. Dispose the fruit in glass or china saucers, reserving a slice of banana and five or six slices of fig for each saucer; divide the fruit juice among the dishes; set the slices of banana in the center and arrange the slices of fig from the banana to the edge, like the spokes of a wheel. Sprinkle with powdered sugar before finishing the dishes, or pass the sugar at time of serving.

Fig Whip

5 cooked figs	Boiled custard made
4 whites of eggs	of 1 pint of milk
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar	4 yolks of eggs
$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar
	$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of salt

Cut the figs in tiny bits; beat the whites dry; gradually beat in the sugar and salt, then fold in the figs. Turn into a buttered-and-sugared dish. Bake on many folds of paper and surrounded with boiling water. The water should not boil during the cooking. The whip or soufflé is done when firm in the center. Serve hot with boiled custard, or with cream and sugar.

Fig-and-Orange Salad

$\frac{1}{2}$ a pound of cooked figs	1 or 2 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
3 oranges	$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of salt
1 head of lettuce	
3 or 4 tablespoonfuls of oil	

Dispose the heart leaves of the lettuce, carefully washed and dried, to form a bed; on this turn the pulp of the oranges, freed from skin membrane and seeds, above dispose the figs, cut in narrow slices. Dissolve the salt in the lemon juice, add the oil, mix thoroughly and pour over the whole; turn the fruit over and over, and serve at once.

Steamed Fig Pudding

1 pound of figs	1 teaspoonful of cinnamon
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of nuts	1 teaspoonful of mace
$\frac{1}{2}$ a pound of suet	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of cloves
2 cups of bread crumbs	4 yolks of eggs
2 cups of milk	4 whites of eggs
$\frac{3}{4}$ a cup of sugar	
1 teaspoonful of salt	

Chop the figs, nuts and suet together (cook the figs a few moments and they can be chopped more easily), mix the sugar, salt and spices and add to the beaten yolks; mix the bread crumbs through the fig-suet mixture, then mix in the yolks and sugar and, lastly, add the whites, beaten dry. Steam in a well-buttered mold four hours. Serve with hard or liquid sauce, or both.

QUERY 1673. — "Recipe for Onions Stuffed with Nuts."

Onions Stuffed with Pecan Nuts

Peel eight Spanish onions. Let cook in boiling water an hour, then remove from the water, and, when cooled a little, cut out a piece about two inches across around the root end, thus leaving a thin shell of onion. Chop fine one cup of pecan-nut meats. Mix these with a cup of grated bread crumbs, stirred into one-third a cup of melted butter, a scant half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of black pepper, a tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley and a beaten egg, or, better still, two yolks of eggs. Sprinkle the inside of the onion cases with salt, very lightly, then fill with the nut-mixture, giving it a dome shape on top. Set the prepared onions in a baking dish suitable to send to the table, pour in about a cup of white stock, and set to cook in a moderate oven. Let cook about three-fourths an hour, basting occasionally with the liquid in the pan, and at last with a tablespoonful of butter melted in hot water. Before serving pour into the dish around the onions a cup of cream sauce. Serve from the dish in which they are cooked. Other varieties of nuts may be used, also the egg or yolks of eggs may be omitted.

QUERY 1674. — "Recipe for Preserved Cumquats."

Preserved Cumquats

Wash the cumquats in cold water and dry each one, separately, on a soft cloth, to clean thoroughly. Weigh the fruit. Cut each fruit in lengthwise quarters and discard the seeds. Wash and slice one or two lemons (discarding seeds) for each pound of cumquats. Cover the fruit with boiling water and let simmer about three hours, or until the peel is very tender. Set aside until the next day. Take the weight of the fruit in sugar, add half the weight in water, stir until dis-

Menus for Buffet Suppers



February 22

I

Galantine of Veal, Sliced Thin
Celery, Nut-and-Green Pepper Salad
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Maraschino Cherries in Lemon Jelly
(Individual Molds)
Whipped Cream Decoration
Coffee. Angel Cakelets
Salted Peanuts. Maple Bonbons

II

Creamed Chicken or Oysters in Puff Cases
Small Baking Powder Biscuit, Buttered
Olives. Pickles
Coffee
Little Pound Cakes Lady Fingers
Meringues
Candied Flag Root. Candied Ginger
Vanilla Ice Cream
Pineapple Sherbet in Cups
Maraschino Cherries above



February 14

I

Heart-shaped Swedish Timbale Cases with
Creamed Chicken, Oysters or Lobster, etc.
Heart-shaped Deviled Ham Sandwiches
Olives. Pickles. Radishes
Hot Coffee
Heart-shaped Cakes. Meringues
Raspberry Sherbet

II

White Bread, Cream Cheese and Preserved
Ginger Sandwiches (Heart-shaped)
White Bread, Butter-and-Honey Sandwiches
(Heart-shaped)
Heart-shaped Cakes
Sponge Drops with Jelly
Heart-shaped Peppermints
Cocoa, Whipped Cream



CREPE-PAPER TABLE FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY
(Buffet Service)

The

Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XV

FEBRUARY, 1911

No. 7

Nursery Hangings

By Frances Sheafer Waxman

THE disposition of hangings in a nursery is the very most difficult problem the home decorator has to confront, for many considerations other than simply that of effect have to enter into the project, — light, warmth, beauty, utility, hygiene. It takes almost a genius to combine all these qualities in one small room. But then the Anglo-Saxon mother *has* a genius for providing the proper setting for her children. No nurseries on earth are so sanely, so sweetly suitable for the growth of a child as ours here in America.

We are not so stoic as the English, nor so given to considering the non-essentials as the French. We borrow from France the French cheerfulness, and from England a due appreciation for light and air. The American combination is happy enough to endure as a pleasant memory in any child's recollection through all his grown-up years.

A good result, however, cannot be arrived at haphazard. Every mother must study her decorative problem carefully, the lighting of her child's

room, its size, the disposition of its furniture. The bed must be out of drafts, the little study table in the light. The colors dare not be somber, nor the materials of a kind that would accumulate dust. Too few hangings result in bareness, too many shut out light and air. So the problem must be weighed and considered in all its aspects.

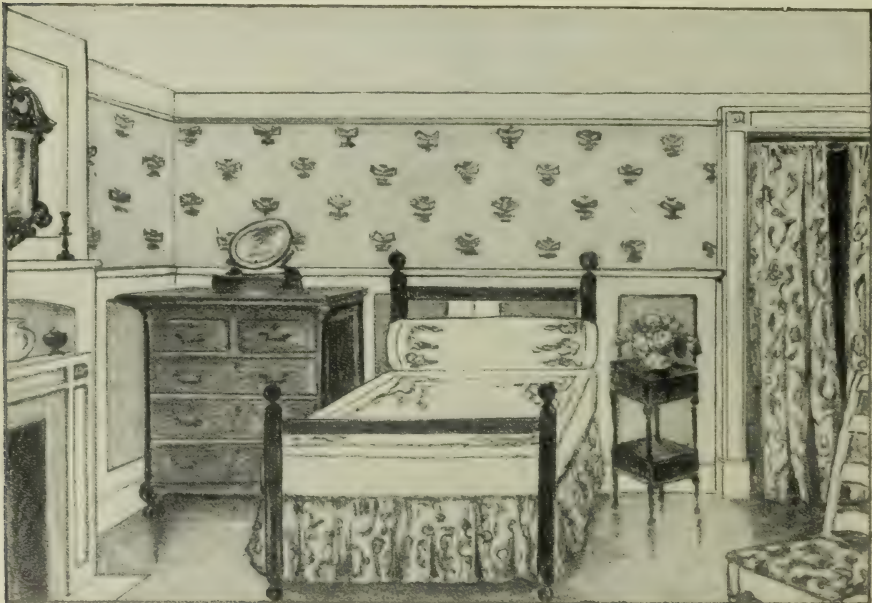
It is the purpose of this writing to suggest some simple, easily executed nursery schemes, possible of realization in both expensive and in cheap materials. The three illustrations are as far as can be apart in inspiration, and yet each is a successful room. The first is a child's Colonial sleeping-room. In many American households there still exist isolated articles of furniture, which date from the early part of the last century, or before; old mirrors, high chests of drawers, chairs of good lines. These are not often enough, nor are they imposing enough to make up a pretentious Colonial room. Collected in some such fashion as the drawing depicts, they may become a very good child's room. The needed touch of

gayety may be obtained in the hanging, which could well be of a bright English print in one of the modern copies of a last century stuff, those, for example, resembling the *Jouys* or the *Toiles de Gène*. Some of the latter fabrics have pleasing animal motives, which should appeal to a child's fancy. In the little room of the illustration the print is used as doorway curtains, as a valance for the bed, and to upholster the chair. It would, of course, also be used as window curtains. The colorings of these prints is usually good, gay pinks, blues and greens on white and cream grounds. Since the surface is very much covered, these prints are not entirely satisfactory either for bedspreads or for tablecloths. For these uses it is suggested that, in a room of this sort, an embroidered, outlined or stenciled cover be used. Even a kind of modified patchwork quilt might be good, the patches being applied with more semblance of design than in those which are really old.

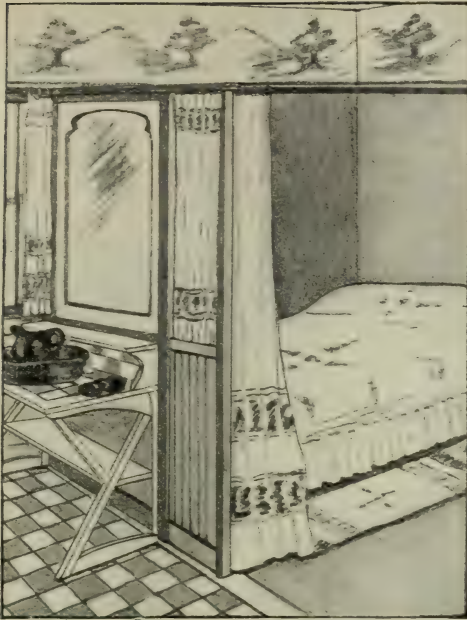
Whatever motive is used on the bed-

spread could be carried out on the table cover and on the bureau and washstand covers, and the colors used should be determined by the predominating note in the print hangings.

The curtained partition, shown in the second illustration, is a compromise between a curtain and a screen. Curtained beds went out of fashion in America some decades ago, when the cult for fresh air came in. They are still popular in Europe and they have their advantages. The illustration shows a practical way of making an alcove into which the bed will fit. It is provided with a curtain strung on a rod which is attached to a partition. Since the partition does not reach to the ceiling, there is every chance for a free circulation of air, even with the curtain drawn. The outside of the screen partition is utilized ingeniously as a background for the washstand. There is a mirror set into the upper section, and a half-curtain, which is strung on rods at the top and bottom, so that it can be pushed entirely back



CHILD'S COLONIAL ROOM



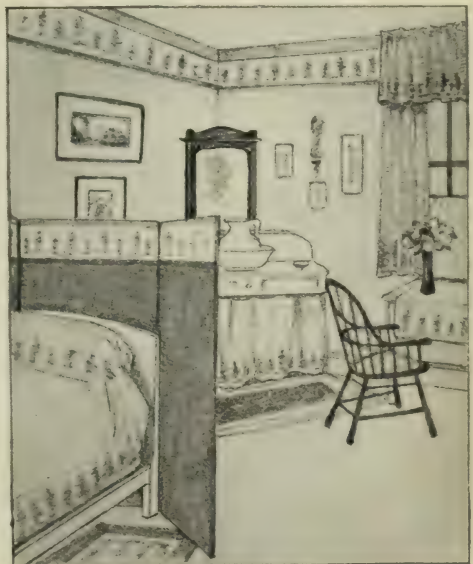
CHILD'S ALCOVE ROOM

for air if need be. These curtains are of unbleached muslin, with ornamental borders made by appliquéing on the figure motives cut from a cheap print. The single window curtain is treated in the same way. The frieze is a wide landscape which gives a sense of distance to the room. The floor is bare except for rugs, and the washstand alcove has a clean linoleum on the floor.

The third of these room suggestions is a plain little cottage interior, all its furnishings being of the simplest and least expensive materials. The bed is pine. The washstand is a table provided with a splash board, the study table is a deal kitchen table. All of these articles of furniture have been treated to two coats of white enamel. The floor is painted. Simple rugs are placed at the bedside and at the washstand. The mirror and the chair are modern copies of good old models. The pictures are chosen with care and are all of good subjects. There is an attempt at preserving a consistent scheme here, by carrying the same

motive of decoration through all the ornamentation of the room. The frieze is a good little running pattern, a Noah's Ark design. The same design has been adapted as a stencil to the cottage window curtains, to the bed cover, the screen, the tablecloth and to the curtain which hangs below the washstand. This idea could also be carried out in appliqué motives or in outlined figures copied from the nursery rhyme books. This little room is clean and neat, and it has the special advantage of being inexpensive.

Although the matter of nursery hangings can be determined by bare necessity, the rule being that no more shall be provided than are absolutely required, the other decorations of the room allow more scope for the fancy. Nursery panels and friezes are made in abundance nowadays, and pictures suitable for nursery decoration are innumerable. A series of framed prints can be made to serve as a low frieze with very good effect, and the nursery panels printed in flat tones, if understandingly placed on a wall, are good



CHILD'S COTTAGE ROOM

bits of decoration in themselves. Pictures need not necessarily be hung high. They should be hung low enough for the child to really see into them.

It is a good plan, too, to use fresh

flowers, as the French do, as part of the nursery decoration. The child can be made to love and care for them, and they are as much an element of beauty certainly as any article made by man.



KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE AS IT HANGS IN THE GREAT HALL
OF WINCHESTER CASTLE

One of the World's Most Famous Tables

By Frances R. Sterrett

IS there any table in history or story that is better known to old and young than that of King Arthur? Have we not all thrilled at the doughty deeds performed by the knights of that marvelous table? Have we not, too, regarded it as a myth, or as one of the important accessories of a mythical tale, enchanting because it was mythical? How we deceived ourselves! For the table was real; it must have been, for you can see it to this day high on the wall of the great hall in Winchester Castle, England.

The custodian of the castle declares that the huge round of stout boards is the actual table around which King Arthur and his knights assembled, and as proof he quotes from the Winchester Annals, an authentic record of all that has taken place in and around Winchester, which was once the royal city of England, and this record runs back for many hundred years.

The table is mentioned many times in the Annals. Once it was shown to William the Conqueror, after his invasion of England, and other entries

prove that it has hung in Winchester Castle for over five hundred years. Think of that, boys and girls of all ages, who have reveled in the stories of the peerless king, his round table and his brave knights.

According to the custodian, the table was made, in the beginning, by Merlin, the wise magician, for Guinevere's grandfather, and her father presented it to her and the young King Arthur on their wedding day. When King Arthur established his famous order of the Knights of the Round Table, and chose from among the many brave men at his court those who were to assist him with their counsel in times of peace and war, he took this wedding gift for his banquet table, as it had neither head nor foot, a higher nor a lower place, and the king, as you remember, wished all who sat there to be equals.

The table has changed since it was used for Round Table banquets and councils, for the Winchester Annals note that Henry VIII. had it repainted, and Henry VIII. never lost an opportunity to emblazon everywhere the emblem of his house, the Tudor rose. So in the center of the table, almost concealing the representation of the sun that was the original decoration, is now a pink Tudor rose. But between the petals the sun's rays can still be seen. Around the flower is King Arthur's motto, and radiating from it to a broad white band that encircles the table are stripes of white and blue. On the encircling band, at the end of each stripe, is the name of a knight, to mark the place where he sat. Looking close one can spell out the quaint English letters and find the old familiar names, Sir Lancelot, Sir Galahad, Sir Bedivere, and all the rest of the brilliant band whose brave deeds and gentle courtesy we read of with delight. Where King Arthur sat, King Henry VIII. had painted a picture of the king in his royal robes.

The table is a huge circular piece of wood, eighteen feet in diameter, and as it hangs on the wall today it is enclosed in a circle of oak to protect its edge.

In spite of King Arthur's wish that all the places at the table should be of equal honor, there are two that are particularly distinguished, the Seat Perilous and the Judas Seat. The Seat Perilous, at the right of the king, was only for the pure in heart, and there Sir Galahad sat. The second special place has become known as the Judas Seat, for it was occupied by Sir Modred, who struck the blow that killed his king.

Neither legend nor the Winchester Annals give a complete record of the famous table and little is known of its history from the death of King Arthur until the coming of William of Normandy. The early historians never doubted its authenticity and confidently referred to it as "Arthur's table." For five hundred years, at least, it has hung on the wall of Winchester Castle, and no one in Winchester will admit that there is any doubt that it is actually the table around which King Arthur and his knights gathered to eat haunches of venison, roast pheasants and herons, rich stews and pastries, and to consult over the wrongs and injustice that were brought to them to be made right.

The grand old hall no longer echoes to the story of knightly deed or the song of the minstrel, and it is only when visitors wander in that it resounds with human voices. The tall marble pillars and stone wall are, perhaps, all that is left of the original castle hall, once the center of royal gatherings; for even the windows and roof have been altered since the days when the shields of Arthur's knights emblazoned the walls with gold and gay colors. The tapestries, embroidered with tales of valor, have dropped to pieces; the brave men and the beauti-

ful ladies, whose battles they fought,
have long since passed away, but the
Round Table still hangs on the wall,
under the high window, mute evidence

of a day when knightly strength
was dedicated to the protection of
fair women and the service of
God.

Once in a While

Once in a while the sun shines out,
And the arching skies are a perfect blue;
Once in a while mid clouds of doubt
Hope's brightest stars come peeping
through.
Our paths lead down by the meadows fair,
Where the sweetest blossoms nod and
smile,
And we lay aside our cross of care
Once in a while.

Once in a while within our own
We clasp the hand of a steadfast friend;
Once in a while we hear a tone
Of love with the heart's own voice to blend;
And the dearest of all our dreams come true,
And on life's way is a golden mile;
Each thirsting flower is kissed with dew
Once in a while.

Once in a while in the desert sand
We find a spot of the fairest green;
Once in a while from where we stand
The hills of Paradise are seen;
And a perfect joy in our hearts we hold,
A joy that the world cannot defile;
We trade earth's dross for the purest gold
Once in a while.

—Nixon Waterman.



CREPE-PAPER TABLE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY
(Buffet Service)

The Decline of Gentility

By Mrs. Charles Norman

THERE was a good deal of public interest a few years ago when distinguished persons all over the land were defining the word "gentleman." One well-known woman included in her list of requirements a college education, but this definition was not popular, eliminating, as it did, men extremely prominent in business and in society, and excluding for many individuals their entire circle of acquaintances.

Even the college men, except those just graduating, were displeased. "Why," said an elderly man, himself a Harvard graduate and a real gentleman, "that even leaves out Jones, my negro stableman; and if manners alone are considered, I vow there is no superior to him anywhere. He is never too much engrossed with his own affairs to lend respectful attention to yours, and, with his mind on you instead of himself, he answers you with unvarying gentility, though his language is unspeakably awkward."

This statement summarizes, about as well as one paragraph can, the entire question of manners. There is, without doubt, an elegance and charm, a confidence, which accompanies mental acquisitions. There is also a sort of lack of barbarism, which follows a study of etiquette, but true politeness cannot be taught. It would be impossible to set down rules of conduct that would make a lady of every woman or a gentleman of every man.

The negro stableman had, as the foundation of his character, unselfishness, and, despite his ignorance, self-reliance. He not only felt well disposed toward mankind and prompted to gentle behavior, but he was unaware of himself and able to speak with naturalness. His place was as im-

portant in the world's economy as another man's. He had, without learning, that which education does not always supply, a free use of one's powers — ease of manner.

Politeness is simply a happy way of doing or saying things. Who of us has not been surprised into rudeness? How many children have been punished for saying impolite things, which they would never have said but for embarrassment? To have control of ourselves, then, to have our tongues governable, these were half of good manners. The other half is in a kindly disposition.

There are always, to be sure, certain codes or rules of behavior, of which it is well for young people to be aware, lest they be guilty of high crime, such as eating with their knives. In such formal matters one may have very grotesque manners simply by being out of style. Fashions differ; present-day manners may not be judged by old-time standards. If one should appear in society in the costume of George Washington, one would be no more conspicuous than by appearing in the manners of Washington. Even if, in so small a matter as letter-writing, a man should revert to the ceremonious style of his ancestors, he would become ridiculous.

We have not time, nowadays, to "remain, my dear sir, your obedient servant." It is the utmost we can do to be "respectfully yours," and when times are pressing, as they usually are, we abbreviate the "respectfully" and cut off the "yours."

A low bow, hat in hand, takes too much time; and it is sufficient, if a man simply touch his hat or lift his hand toward it. Let him not stop us to ask about the family, but shout "hello"

and hurry on. We are marching in line with a few thousand others, and if any one interposes a ceremonious remark, requiring an answer, we may lose our place. Naturally this is extremely vexatious, and with indignation in our hearts, if not on our lips, we crowd back into place. Our neighbor frowns and pushes, but we jostle him hard. This, we admit, is not mannerly, but we must get on in the world. Unselfishness, which must underlie all true politeness, is the very thing we are trying to eliminate. Greed and haste will not keep company with gentility, but these are the watchwords of the day.

We comfort ourselves for this change of affairs by saying it is inevitable, and so it is. In many cases, perhaps, it is not deplorable, but we must not go to the extreme of letting go all our symbols of reverence and regard. True politeness is not superficial.

"Manners are not idle, but are the fruit
Of lofty natures and of noble minds."

Their foundation is character.

We may keep our mouths closed and avoid betraying our ignorance, but no amount of care will enable us to hide our ill-breeding. Our grandmothers were not all wrong, when they shook their heads over the would-be aristocrats and ominously predicted, "Blood will tell."

A New York woman traveling in the South was surprised to have a negro porter say to her: "You's a North'n lady, ain't you? I can tell you ain't use to have'n anybody tote yo'satchel."

We make it a rule to do as the Romans, when we are in Rome; still we are foreigners, for all that, and native Romans know us as such.

Travel, it used to be considered, gave the finishing touch to fine manners; we were reminded that the rolling stone got a good polish; but we assume that somewhat depended upon the original character of the stone and the surface

over which it rolled. Its angles would probably be reduced, but it might tell, in ineffaceable scratches, a hard history. One of the most commonplace women I ever met had "crossed the Atlantic seventeen times." She had spent most of her mature years in travel, while another well-mannered lady drudged all her life upon an isolated farm.

Perhaps I should not say drudged, for she carried her work like a sacred burden. Plain dealing had so well established her character that wise people did not attempt to delude or dazzle her. Her honest eyes would have outwitted them. Her behavior had in it both self-respect and consideration. Self-esteem and esteem for others! These dictated her speech, which was beautiful. These made her a lady in spite of toil-warped hands. There is always some nobility in every land, in every village and community, and it is easy enough to tell of whom it consists.

Wealth and travel may supply what we call polish, but the virtue is only skin deep; it is more disagreeable than the veneer that covers cheap furniture.

I have a strong faith in woman's ability to redeem mankind from any folly, unless she herself be its victim. In this case the woman must cure herself first. She has grown so careless of her own speech that she has lost her dignity and her influence. Her new position in the world is doubtless fortunate in many ways, but it has not improved her own manners nor the manners of men. Chivalry included protection to the weaker sex, but we are not now permitted to use the words "weaker sex." Women have become men's colaborers and competitors, and men will not be more civil to them than they are required to be.

Besides, it is upon women that the child's teaching depends. Slang and familiarity in speech are the first steps toward familiarity in manners, yet in our day, daughters and sons alike are allowed to shout, "Hello" to their

parents and grandparents, and to greet the children as "kids." They have no respect for authority in school, home, church or state; but speak of their teachers and rulers by such nicknames as shall insure ridicule. By such titles as "Silly Billy" they bring, not only the king, but the throne he sits upon, into contempt.

The moral training of children, and especially that branch including civilities, is left to themselves. They learn from each other: the boldest lead. Parents have not time. Haste is the irrevocable order of the day. We cannot even go to church soberly, but must be in a panic getting ready. One might think that, at the table, there would be leisure for decorum, but, on the contrary, the average person does not take time to eat his meals decently. Children come to the table after the meal has begun and leave before it is ended. They are free to cram and talk

at the same time, or to refuse in sullenness everything set before them.

Even the boy of fifteen, though his brain has attained its full size, lacks judgment. For this reason the period is dangerous; his powers are so great, his reason is so feeble. At this time his manners are perhaps the bluntest, for he is at

"that age 'twixt man and youth
When thought is speech and speech is truth."

He says whatever he likes, but he is a young agnostic and his mental attitude is evidenced in every word and gesture.

Let the youth, however, be impressed with heroic life of whatever age, let him get away from avarice and be content with faithful service, and through the admiration of golden deeds and the doing of them his bearing will become manly, his speech will cease to be coarse and unruly. It, also, will be golden, and even in this mannerless age there shall arise a gentleman.

Facts

By Kate Gannett Wells

"**F**IRST get your facts, then you can manipulate them to suit yourself," said Mark Twain. But so many of us don't or won't wait for facts, as we like to go ahead right off at something, and so take inferences, innuendoes, wrong conclusions as facts. It goes without saying that there is nothing so difficult to get at as a pure, unadulterated fact. If evolved from our consciousness it may not be a fact at all, only a sequence in relationships. If subtracted from the universe or the domain of science we ask, has everything been eliminated from the fact which is not it?

It is in this way that the facts of housekeeping and household economics

are so puzzling and assertive. Either what once was economy is not so today, or the extravagance of the past is today's subterfuge for penury. You do something at large expense to find it was useless, as did the theater manager who had violet-colored slippers made for his chorus girls, only to discover that the violet became a dirty gray before the footlights.

The obstinacy of a fact lies in its independence, its glory is in its relation to everything else. Facts are like colors, each one is laden with harmonious or contrasting development, for neither fact nor color stands unrelated. Unconsciously or purposely, we are manipulating both all the time, to

arrive at results. So life gets terribly serious. We don't enjoy as we go along. We use long words and have inchoate enthusiasms, that we may "intelligently advise," as we discuss "vocational environment."

The world has got into such a hurry with its philanthropy that this unconscious, curious manipulation of facts is often in evidence in reports. Written by chairman or secretary, yet the third person plural, the official "we" is used, but with no reference to those who were "we." Then, if one mildly asks whether or not Miss — did not have much to do with the work, one is greeted with an all-embracing smile, a vague wave of the hand, and the sublime reply that one works for the good of the cause, the all-pull-together-Boston-1915 spirit, and so of course no individual names could be given in the collective "we." All the same, the unsuspecting public, if such still exists, thinks the "we" is the embodiment of the chairman, and that she alone or chiefly has done the work. So loyally irate, one still persists that Miss — ought to have had the credit for the work she did. The tone of such a report, and there are many of them, not only militates against the truth of the facts it narrates, but it also weakens belief in justice and courtesy as working assets on committees.

There is no end to the capacity of a fact for skillful manipulation of it by deed or speech. It is more than the difference in which two people see the same thing. The same fact may be an expanding miracle or a groveling necessity. It was said of Mrs. Ripley, of Brook Farm fame, that when she washed three hours every Monday her scholarship, brightness and grace made the laundry "a place of almost seductive cheerfulness." Surely she made drudgery a delight and thereby proved the truth of the Russian proverb, that "Labor is the house that love lies in."

Of all queer pronouncements of

facts that ought to be, the "Woman's Charter" of England is conspicuous. Wives, it says, must be paid wages on the scale of housekeepers' wages in their own station of life. But how such payment is to be enforced is as mythical as another of its would-be facts, that "local authority should be responsible for mothers at certain periods, whether it can recover from the husbands or not." Yet supposing that legislation ever made such assumptions into statutes, is any one sufficiently optimistic to believe that either payment of such wages or such collective responsibility would become customary facts?

Such provisions for the comfort of Englishwomen, though ludicrously presumptive of man's total depravity, are not conclusive as facts concerning it. Nor can it be assumed that all American husbands are conceited enough to think that their happiness is due more to themselves than to their wives, because one valiant man among them is on record as having asserted that it was not so much the affection his wife gave him as that he gave her by which he was blessed. The very height of self-contentment reached by his activity in self-expression! No wonder that the Carnegie Commission found only three hundred and thirty-six heroes out of four thousand cases of supposed valiants.

Of course we all grant that facts are — facts. Still they are liable to the involuntary manipulation of our temperaments. Love discovers beauty where indifference sees ugliness. Yet, when we ask for the truth, we mean we want the fact, which when given, however, is quite likely not to be what we wanted, or to be untrue. Thus we acquire a knack in differentiating what are called personal facts, while those of statistics are subject to recount, and those of science remain until they are supplanted by others larger.

If it is futile to talk of the immuta-

bility or of the evanescence of color, still more futile is it to talk of the permanence of temperament. All the more do we need to understand the phases or temporary facts of temperament, because so much stress is now laid upon industrial education that we are in danger of forgetting the facts of imagination. Not more knowledge of the formal things of art, but the awakening of "an art sense," of study of the intellectual phases of life, is what will make the fact of one's self noble and useful. Said dear old Mother Bickard, of the Civil War nurses, "I never considered myself ornamental or worth making a show of, but I can be useful, and that's all I want." Yet the calico dress and sunbonnet she wore at the review of Sherman's and Meade's armies, when she declined the post of honor she there might have held, were afterwards sold for one hundred dollars, "as relics of the war," and she con-

sented to the sale as the money therefrom would go for the benefit of her "boys," the Union soldiers. Which was the truest fact, her estimate of herself, or the people's estimate of the dress as the outward semblance of herself?

As, after all, one test of a fact is our perception of its truth, its pragmatic value, must we see and think clearly without becoming dilettantes in casuistry through ethical questionnaires, almost as pernicious for adults as for children. Then during our bewildered endeavors to ascertain the truth of a fact, when our courtesy and the apparent fact of another seem to conflict, it is safe to remember that, if fact is revelation of, at least, a partial truth, courtesy is the observance of universal tact and sympathy, by which we try to understand another, before we begin on needless judgment concerning the alleged fact.

A Reprieve

By Cora A. Matson Dolson

The lamp shines on the snowy cloth,
The dark floats outward, and the night
Sends in a silver dusted moth
Whose wings beat madly to the light.

One waits, with blossoms in her hair,
And eyes that tender depths reveal;
Her deft hands giving, here and there,
Last touches to the evening meal.

Only two plates, her boy's and hers,
The slender thread of home life keep;
Far on the hills the watching firs
Hold guard around Love's dreamless sleep.

A step — she listens with tense brow —
Another, nearer — yes, 'tis he:
Her baby once, her big boy now,
Taller, by half a head, than she.

"A lunch tomorrow, Mother mine,
Enough for both my girl and me!"
O mother hands, your right divine,
That held the small child to your knee.

The blossoms waver in her hair,
Yet calmly meets she those clear eyes;
She feels the blundering moth's despair —
"A holiday?" "Yes, a surprise!

"And we are going, you and I —
That silly moth has scorched his wings!"
"But will your girl want me?" Oh, why
The little hope that softly sings.

"We'll dance the round of Pleasure's whirl,
There is no girl yet, honest, true!
Why, jolly mother, not a girl
In this whole world can equal you!"

Three Girls in Gotham

By Barbara Erwin

THERE were three of them; one was a children's librarian, one a kindergartner and the other was studying sculpture in the Art Students' League. Of course they lived in New York; young people who have a desire to be at the center of things always move towards that city of extremes. For, in New York, one finds the best people and the most depraved, the wisest and the most depressingly ignorant, the richest and the poorest rubbing elbows as they do in no other city of the country.

So these three, Jane, Elsa and Mary, found a nest together in one of the great apartment houses, on a cross street, asphalt-bound and haunted by peddlers and organ-grinders. The nest was limited as to space; there were two rooms, very small rooms, indeed, about as large as Mr. Greatrock's winter limousine. Originally these rooms had been designed for a kitchen and a maid's bedroom in a family apartment. Now the kitchen served as a sleeping, dressing and living room for two girls, while the luckiest lady slept on the couch in the infinitesimal parlor.

The kitchen made a most convenient boudoir. The pantry shelves were used for books. Jane kept her best hat in the sugar bin; while the sink, covered with a board and a piece of tapestry, formed a most acceptable study table. The couches made a right angle with the two sleepers' heads at the apex, and a tall and very slender chiffonier took up little wall space and served as a dressing table for all three girls.

The drawing-room was comparatively magnificent. The couch proudly carried twenty cushions, while a tea-table, covered with a soft green skin, displayed a set of pretty dishes which

Jane had picked up at a bargain. Elsa's contribution was two really exquisite Japanese etchings which her soldier-brother had given her. On the rather rickety desk stood photographs of the three, each owned by the other one. A chair and a settle placed against wall and window left about two square feet of space in the middle of the room.

Here a masculine caller, attracted by Mary's pink cheeks and bright eyes, gained an importance that he had never possessed before. He dominated everything; the room shrank around him until he seemed almost to sit with one shoulder out of the window and his feet in the tiny hallway. Once three such visitors came at a time; Mary arranged them carefully, two on the settle, one in the only chair, while the girls sat on the couch. Then no one dared move for the rest of the evening, because it would have been impossible to get back into position again. Afternoon callers were discouraged; the lady in the apartment below used her kitchen for perfectly legitimate purposes, and each day at about five o'clock the odors of roast beef, lamb chops, or fish, if it was Friday, came rolling up and in at the open windows.

The three always had their windows open; they were firm believers in fresh air and went continually clad in sweaters, while the household thermometer, had there been one, would have registered exactly fifty-nine degrees Fahrenheit.

You must not imagine continuous frivolity; on the contrary these three were hard-working girls, happy on fewer pennies than most people of their class and education. They were college graduates. They went frequently to the theater, but fifty cents was the

usual price of tickets; a dollar seat for the Grand Opera was wild extravagance and not often indulged in. Much of their pleasure they took out of doors; for this they were happily situated, living on that height which is crowned by Columbia University, Barnard and many affiliated schools. On one side, the land dropped steeply away to Morningside Park, on the other, was the river, with its stately drive and Grant's tomb; just across the river lay woodlands and rocky bits of country. So that one could easily satisfy diverse inclinations. A ramble in the country on warm, sunny afternoons, or, if the sky lowered and the air was sharp, a brisk walk along Riverside Drive to City College for the four-o'clock organ recital — these were two of the favorite afternoon recreations. Often the Fifth Avenue bus carried three hilarious passengers, sitting atop, warm clad and clinging to hats, when the wind swept off the river. But they avoided the downtown shops and mounts of temptation.

Jane's particular temptation was Brentano's. She could not pass that enticing place without entering, and if she went in it was to come out again with a flat pocketbook. She always gave her purchases away, because there

was no space for more books on those culinary shelves.

But the librarian provided literary pabulum for the household; she was obliged to read a great many of the new children's books, and it often happened that the midnight gas flared and flickered, while three sophisticated people sat absorbed in some charming child's tale. Elsa took the *Times*; she alone read it and passed out items of news to the others at the breakfast table.

The meals, after New York fashion, were served in a basement room, which one reached through devious dark and labyrinthine passages. They were very good meals, nourishing and "homey," because Mrs. Collen, the landlady, a southerner and an excellent cook, kept strict oversight over her kitchen. To be sure, Hulda, the waitress, fired the dishes at the table, as though she were bombarding a fortress, and carried them away piled five high. But she took a motherly interest in her charges and fed them to repletion.

The days were full of work, which made play-times all the sweeter, and the winter passed all too quickly. It left regrets behind, but also dear memories; for one year these girls, full of the love of life, were young, free and jubilant together.

The Last of the Snowiclans

By Charles Elmer Jenney

The fort stood white in the early light,
And the morning air was so clear and still
Of the battle smoke and the crash of the fight
That we knew that the siege must end ere the
night,
And low fall the walls that had crowned the
hill.

Erect at his post, the last of the host
That the fortress so long and bravely had
held,
Stood the single survivor, as white as a ghost,
Who once was the garrison's pride and boast,
Sore wounded and faint but still unquelled.

The heat of the battle had used him hard:
His strength, not courage, was melting
away;
An arm was gone and his chest was scarred;
Forever his friendly features marred,
But still he was holding the foe at bay.

And so, unscared, till the last he dared,
But the noonday sun beat down on his
grave,
And the relics were few for any who cared,
Three coals and a cob and a broomstick bared
Were all that were left of the Snow-man
brave.

The Very Latest—An Easter Vagary

By Kate Hudson

"**H**EIGH ho!" sighed the speckled chickabiddy. "Easter's at hand, once more; and now, I suppose, we'll have to go to work again on eggs for the holidays."

"We just *will*," assented the rust-brown hen, "and we ought to set our best foot forward, too, so's to send a really handsome lot of eggs to market."

"Too bad you ladies furnish plain white eggs only," meditatively remarked the guinea hen, "because, you know, for Easter, folks like 'em just as gay and bright as possible."

"Gay, bright," screamed the rust-brown, rustling her feathers. "*My* goodness, the idea! Who ever heard of such nonsense! If you really believe that," turning to the guinea hen, "why don't you fall to and lay a couple o' dozen of pink and sky blue ones for them?"

"I *am* trying to," modestly admitted the guinea hen; "and have experimented a lot, but so far I've not had much success with the solid colors. But I *have* produced some very pretty speckled ones."

"*Speckled*," sneered a light gray pullet, "they're all speckled, *your* eggs; but they're also only about half the size of an honest, full-weight hen's egg."

"Well, that's the way I like them," said the guinea hen, "small and delicate is my motto."

Above the excited cackling called forth by this injudicious remark, the oily voice of a fat Prima Buddha sounded soothingly: "Well, of course, speckled is not bright and gay; speckled is not pink or blue or purple; but speckled *is* a step in the right direction, and somehow folks *do* like their Easter eggs many-colored. I'm sure I don't know *why*, but they certainly do. I wonder now—don't you ladies think you

might furnish a few red, blue and green eggs just for the once? Just to tide us over the Easter holidays? Would it be quite impossible?"

"*Impossible!*" angrily exclaimed a pert young Shanghai; "what do you mean by *impossible*? There's no such word nowadays. But we find it *impossible*, and consider so doing unwise to absurdity. It would be more than idiotic to make a change in our usual egg-laying methods; and do you know why? Because there'd never be an end to it, *never*. If, this year, we lay a choice lot of eggs in assorted shades and colors for the arrogant, vacillating, unaccountable, fashion-foolish creatures called man, they'll be sure, next Easter, to want them striped or plaid or polka-dotted, and then we'd have to begin our trying and experimenting all over again. Nay, nay, Louise, no colored eggs *this* year or any other year, thank you! And it's not because we cannot do it either; we could and we would, *but* we just simply don't want to."

After the rapturous applause had died away the soft voice of a big white Brahma was heard courteously inviting the lady hens into the upper left-hand corner of the chicken yard. "You'll find there," she cluckingly explained, "a few new-idea eggs of my own invention, decorated expressly for this year's Easter supply and an absolutely new departure in eggs, each one bearing an inscription. This way, ladies, please; and mind your step!"

"*Inscription!*" demurred the rust-brown, hurrying along wing-to-wing with her speckled crony in the long procession of hens and pullets headed for the upper chicken yard. "*Mottoes*, I suppose, and *names!* but how on earth to fit the right ones to all the

many, many folk from among their thousand and one queer and difficult appellations."

"I have not fussed with names," declared the Brahma, stopping before a nest brimful to overflowing with the fruit of her endeavors, "nor yet with sentimental, educational or patriotic mottoes; there's nothing on them but what is practical and to the point. Listen, ladies, while I read;" and adjusting her spectacles the Brahma raised her voice and read slowly and impressively: "Fresh every hour." — "Laid between 8 P.M. and 5 A.M. for the family breakfast." — "Laid to order while you wait." — "Laid at

5 A.M. Three hours only between production and consumption — eaten at 8 A.M." — "*Down, DOWN, DOWN* with Cold Storage!" and so on through the entire nestful.

"What a splendid idea! An inspiration, a revolution in eggs! How could you even think of it? The best ever! How perfectly dear!" cried the entire henhouse community. While little Peckums, the rust-brown biddy's only chick (whom like the poor, she consequently had always with her), snuggled close to his mammy's fusty-dusty wing and whispered, "My! but won't folks make eyes when they find eggs like these upon their breakfast tables!"

That Daguerreotyped Maid

By Lalia Mitchell

I found it today, as I rummaged my way
Through a chest full of treasures grown old,
As fresh and as sweet and as daintily neat
As when first it was framed in with gold.
I parted the hook, and the picture I took
Up close to the window to see,
For I had been told that that maiden of old
Looked wondrously like unto me.
That daguerreotyped maid, with her hair in
a braid,
Was wondrously like unto me.

Her eyes are demure, and her forehead, I'm
sure,
Is broad as a saint's, and as low.
Her wee rounded chin has a dimple tucked in
And her cheeks are like roses aglow.
She's a ladylike air, and demurely doth wear
A kerchief close crossed at her throat.
But her lips have the curl of a mischievous
girl
And her nose is tip-tilted, I note.
That daguerreotyped maid, of a bygone
decade,
Oh, her nose is tip-tilted, I note.

And I'm sorry and glad for the pleasure I've had
In fishing it out of the gloom,
'Tis so long since she smiled, and my sire's sire beguiled,
'Tis so long since she slept in the tomb.
And I think I'd prefer, when I'm old-style, like her,
Just to lie where nobody could see,
So I'll put her away as I found her today,
The maiden that once looked like me.
That daguerreotyped maid, so bewitchingly staid,
Just because she once did look like me.

Miss Eversham's Rug

By Frances Campbell Sparhawk

PART TWO

"YOU don't look one mite as if your mother was going to be arrested for debt today," said Alice Miller's little companion in the store when the following morning the two found an opportunity for a word together. Alice turned to her with a laugh. "Not much, you'd better believe!" she cried. "Say, Flo, didn't I tell you that lady was the real thing? And what do you think? She and my mother used to go to school together, and were real chummy! Oh, it's all come out fine! That horrid man's all paid up clear, and we'll never go near him again. Mother and I are going to see Miss Eversham some evening; she says she won't lose sight of mother again. And mother goes round singing like a little girl."

Elinor found Mr. Parker more delightful in conversation than he had ever proved by letter. As he talked with her she understood why he had wanted to see her elsewhere than at his office. Certain peculiarities in the book she was to illustrate next, and certain predilections of the publishing house could be more freely discussed; and as he sat at his ease in Miss Eversham's drawing-room, toning his comments by personal explanations, smiling his approval of her incisive questions, at the end of half an hour she had learned more of what to do and what to avoid than she would have done in six months of ordinary business intercourse. Thus far she was more than satisfied; she was happy; she believed that her financial future was assured and that a modest competence lay before her. And she told herself with an inward amusement that it had not mattered in

the least about the rug; she had disturbed herself for nothing.

But she gave herself this assurance too soon. For, all at once, in the midst of a description of one of his writers for whose poems Miss Eversham was to try her hand at illustration, Mr. Parker paused and gazed silently and intently at what lay beneath his feet — the rug. After a moment, however, he pulled himself back to his subject, with an effort it seemed to her, and went on talking. But his old vivacity had gone; he spoke in a desultory way, and even as she was answering him, his eyes again sought the floor, not in abstraction here, but, as she saw clearly, with attentiveness. To Miss Eversham's sensitive observation he appeared to be making a note of the thin places and the parts of the rug especially shabby. She was embarrassed; but she threw herself into the discussion of her subject with still more energy, determined to forget what she began to feel was his rudeness, which amazed her.

With a slight access of haughtiness covering her embarrassment, which was growing into anger at conduct so inexcusable, she talked on.

But it was he now who followed her lead, not she who listened with an occasional word and profited by his suggestions.

At last, in the midst of a sentence he broke off abruptly, and turning to her, said, "I've only once in my life seen another rug like this beautiful one of yours, Miss Eversham, and that was — dear old rug! I wish it were in existence at this moment."

"Neither did I ever see more than one other exactly like it, Mr. Parker,"

she answered. "Has it memories for you?"

"Memories!" he said, "sacred memories, if I may say so. It was in the house where I found my wife; and on this old rug—I mean the double of this—we spent many happy hours planning our future. You must forgive my speaking of it; but I believe I'm fond of the dear old thing. I don't mean that your rug is old," he hastened to add. "But the other was."

"This is very old," she answered. "I never remember the time when I did not see it."

"That doesn't make it old," he interposed with a smile.

"It was in my father's house in Appleton," she went on. "And the other rug was —"

"In Appleton!" he cried. "Did you ever live in Appleton? Why, that's where I found my wife. You said you had seen one other rug," he added, taking up her words.

"Yes; in Mr. Wentworth's house."

"And Rachel Wentworth is my wife. You knew her?"

"We were schoolmates," answered Elinor. But she spoke somewhat distantly. For why had not Mrs. Parker acknowledged the acquaintance? Her change of name had hidden her; but Elinor Evershams were not so common as to have provoked no question.

Perhaps Mr. Parker read her thought, for he said, "I don't believe that Rachel has heard your name at all in connection with our house; we so seldom talk shop at home. And she has not seen your last work; I've been meaning to take the sketches to her. She'll be only too glad to find you again."

This spirit of friendliness was in accord with Elinor's memories of Rachel Wentworth, and she responded with a new cordiality. She had been lonely for years when work and poverty had shut certain doors against her and had made her refuse to enter others which had opened. Now, to find two school-

mates in one week! And in positions so different! It came into her thought that, if she had not found the first, she might never have learned of the second; the identifying rug would have been gone.

Now, as with a new freedom she talked to Mr. Parker, a suggestion came to her. She spoke it suddenly, or she might not have had the temerity to utter it at all.

"I want you to do me a great favor, Mr. Parker," she began.

"Nobody would be more happy, Miss Eversham."

"This rug is so worn I'm ashamed to suggest it," she went on. "But if it would give you the least pleasure to throw it into some closet of yours where you can take a peep at it once in a while, I should be so glad to send it to you. I was going to get a new one directly," she added in haste, for the orders she had that morning received from him warranted it. "And then I shall not know what to do with this one. If you really care to look at it sometimes, do put it into your garret. I don't want it at all; I should be obliged to you if you would do it."

"Do you really mean it?" he cried. "I should be delighted to put it into my den, that is, if you will let me exchange one of my rugs for it."

Elinor crimsoned. "Oh, no, indeed, Mr. Parker! Such a thought never entered my mind. It's not worth anything except as a relic—to you who like it."

He laughed. "I understood you perfectly," he said. But he would accept it only as an exchange, and assured Elinor that he should be still greatly in her debt, that the rug was more valuable than she thought and he ought not to take it at all. But he did want it, on those terms. And did she forget how delighted with it Rachel would be?

So she yielded, and the following day the rug, its worn places strengthened by her skillful needle, was wrapped and sent to Mr. Parker.

The same afternoon Mrs. Parker came. She was full of the cordial interest of the Rachel Wentworth of school days. The visit was a delight to both. Elinor learned that Mr. Parker's enthusiasm over the rug had not been simulated, and that it was already on the floor of his den.

"You must come and dine with us next week, Elinor," said the visitor, as at last she rose to go.

"And you must come and dine with me very soon," returned Miss Eversham. "I have very simple doings, Rachel. But you'll not care? It will remind you of the times when we used to take a little salt in a paper and run down into the garden and pick tomatoes off the vines and eat them. I did it because you did; I should never have invented anything so good. So, you see, I know by experience that you don't object to simplicity."

"I think it was odd I never heard your name," said Mrs. Parker, when she had readily accepted the proposed invitation. "Nat kept talking about the new illustrator who promised so finely—"

"Oh, did he?" cried her listener with shining eyes.

"Indeed, he did a number of times, which was unusual in him, for he never speaks of business at home, unless he's so pleased he can't keep it to himself. He never tells me the worries."

"What a model husband!" laughed Elinor.

"Indeed, he is! I wish you had one just as good."

"Thank you, my dear. I'm very glad and quite content to have you and my work."

The light of a sudden thought crossed the other's face, but she did not utter it. She nodded and smiled and went away, promising to remember Mrs. Miller's case, and see if anything could be turned up for her. For Miss Eversham had not forgotten to impress the sadness of the fate which had

fallen upon the once gay and happy Kitty Hunter, whom they both remembered well; she had not only been in the same school, but in the same class with themselves. "Indeed, I've an idea working in my mind now," Mrs. Parker confided. "But I shall say nothing more about it to you until I find out whether it is worth anything. If it is, it's fine, and you'll hear from me. If not — well, we must try something else. We'll not give her up."

Three days later Miss Eversham, to her great amazement, received a visit from Mr. Kent, the author whose book she had just illustrated.

He had come to tell her that he liked her illustrations. How kind in him! If only he liked them one-half as well as she liked his book! "Introduced by Mrs. Parker," was written on his card. It was good in Rachel to care about his doing this.

But Mr. Kent had not come about the illustrations at all; in fact, he had for the moment forgotten that he was an author. He wanted a housekeeper, and he said that he was a difficult person to suit; the housekeeper must have the manners of a lady, to have an authority over the servants; good judgment and executive ability, to see that there was no unnecessary waste — he supposed that there always would be a certain amount in a bachelor's establishment. She must sit at the head of his table when he had no guests; and when he had, must be able to order meals in proper style and to efface herself. He was interested in Mrs. Miller, of whom Mrs. Parker had told him. Did Miss Eversham think that lady would do; and, if so, would like the place? And he stated his offer as to terms and privileges. These were liberal enough to make his hearer ready to promise anything for her old schoolmate. She mentioned reluctantly that Mrs. Miller had a daughter. Would she prove an obstacle?

But Mr. Kent readily settled that matter. "And you'll see Mrs. Miller?" he asked. "How very kind in you, Miss Eversham. And if she should like the idea, let her come and talk things over with me at once, please. She ought to see the house before deciding. Don't you think so?"

Elinor did not think so at all in the face of such advantages; but she was careful not to say it.

Then, when this matter had been settled so far as she could do it, Mr. Kent suddenly looked at her with something quite different in his mind; he had evidently remembered, at last, that there was another subject of interest between them.

"If everybody who goes through the task of reading my new book brings to it your ideal comprehension of the beauties I meant to put there and had not the ability to utter, Miss Eversham, I shall be about the most popular writer in the world," he said abruptly. "So many have bungled at illustrations,

and I've had to be patient and take the best I could get and say 'thank you' for that. But you — why, you make me wish I'd written up to what you saw. I'll try hard to do it next time — if you're going to be willing to try me again some day," he said smiling. "Your work is remarkable; I know it will do much for the book. I think I shall have to go abroad again, to leave you a free hand next time, also."

He was a man well on in his forties. As he rose to go and she stood looking up at him and digesting his sweet morsel of praise, she might be pardoned for thinking him very fine looking; others, without the influence of the personal gratitude she was experiencing at the moment, were of the same mind. But had he been plain of face, the charm of his voice and simplicity of manner, possible only to training, would have made itself felt.

"I shall see Mrs. Miller today," she assured him as he left her.

(To be continued)

The Path

By Helen Coale Crew

The road must hurry on, must cover space,
And hasten, straight and stiff, from place to place.

But the little pathway wanders and winds
'Neath tangled grasses and trailing vines;
Over the brook on a mossy plank,
Slipping and sliding upon the bank,
Breathlessly climbing the wooded hill,

Here and there,
Everywhere,
Just at its own sweet will.

The road lies naked to the sunshine bright,
And bared to starry heavens in the night.
But the little path hides, all modestly,
Till there's only a slender thread to see.
It hides from the sun in shadows cool
By the wooded ledge of a placid pool;
And it smells of the clover-blossoms sweet

As it slips and glides,
And coyly hides
Where the willows bend and meet.

The great road has a duty to be done —
It needs must reach the town ere setting sun.
But the little path, like a child at play,
Loiters at will through the sunny day;
Over the pasture, under the stile,
Through many a fragrant and blossomy mile,
Till, rounding the lake by its sedgy brim,
It will dip and fall
'Neath the pine trees tall
Into the forest dim.

THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics
JANET MCKENZIE HILL, Editor

PUBLISHED TEN TIMES A YEAR

Publication Office:

372 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 10c

FOREIGN POSTAGE: TO CANADA, 20c PER YEAR

TO OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES, 40c PER YEAR

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SOMEWHAT PERSONAL

WE want your name on our list of subscribers. You can help us, and we certainly will try to help you. At present, we surmise, you are not giving overmuch time and attention to the study of sanitary, wholesome living. Do you fully realize how much of your health and happiness depends upon intelligent, good house-keeping? Also the health and well-being of your children, as well as your own, are vitally concerned in the observance of the natural laws of health, which include a knowledge of proper feeding.

The relation of drugs and food to health is regarded quite otherwise today than was the case in former days. Experience has taught us that

health is the main thing needful in life, and that sound health and judicious feeding are inseparable as cause and effect. The saying is now commonplace, that comforts are multiplied and the average period of life is prolonged as scientific knowledge is increased and spread abroad. Does it not behoove us, then, to be alert and ambitious, in order to keep in touch with the advancement of the age?

"They must upward still, and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth."

OUR DAILY BREAD

THOUGH high professional talent is always in demand, the great call today is for commercial or industrial skill. The question most young men and women have to face, sooner or later, is what can you do? What are you fitted to build, manage or direct, as the result of your education and training? Of the making of many books there is no end; talk is cheap.

Pragmatism, that is, of what practical good, is the modern test of the worth of all speculation and endeavor.

Some useful, remunerative occupation, then, is the imperative need of every individual—the thing of first importance to be desired on earth. Even in the calling of the housekeeper, skill and training must be attained somehow, in order that one's labor be efficient or in any wise satisfactory. The times are calling louder than ever before for special preparation and training in the one thing each man or woman is to do. We must prepare to do well, and with might, whatsoever our hands find to do, in order that we may earn even our daily bread.

THE CURE FOR MORBID GIRLS

THE average girl in her teens, from one cause or another, is given to melancholy spells, while not a few are habitually morbid.

The cause is not far to seek. From

girlish carelessness of everything but fun, she has suddenly awakened to a strong sense of care for things. Besides, her ideals have taken an upward flight, and ambition runs riot. She wants to be something she is not, and she does not so much as know how to make a start. She longs for money, beauty, position in society, opportunity to go and see and be; for accomplishments that dazzle, and friendships that flatter. Indeed, she is like a bird that has suddenly discovered its wings, but finds them too weak for use.

For along with the beautiful day-dream comes the realization of its impossibility under present conditions, and the young girl grows proportionately despondent. Who blames her?

Sometimes, because she has these high ambitions, she begins to consider herself superior to her surroundings; to feel herself ill-used by fate and misunderstood and unappreciated by those who love her. She even takes a pride in her blues—it seems so intellectual!

Yet the state on the whole is praiseworthy in that it indicates a certain self-dissatisfaction, and an honest desire to better herself and her condition. But the trouble with her is, too often, she simply bemoans her condition without so much as weaving a plan or lifting a hand to better it. Help, to such, must come from the outside.

In many cases the melancholy state is fostered by overmuch reading of an unhealthy kind; in all cases there is too much introspection. The girl is supremely egoistic without realizing it. She is frankly the center of the universe, feeling that every one is noticing her, her clothes, and her manners. She thinks that her awkward acts and words are remembered and repeated, that she is being ridiculed behind her back. She cries herself to sleep because her nose is ugly, or she has said something that caused a passing smile

on her rival's face. All this because she has become self-conscious and superlatively sensitive to her failings and her lack of belongings and attractions. She is suffering from the kind of vanity that brings misery, not pleasurable sensations. Hence she deserves not censure, but genuine sympathy.

In other cases the melancholy rises from the sheer loneliness of her life. A girl on the farm, for instance, is often isolated from companions of her own age, living, year after year, with people much older or much younger than herself. Her consequent morbidness is a cry for friendship, a cry as justifiable as it is natural.

Or the isolation may come from her being educated above her surroundings and companionships. I once knew a minister's daughters who, after receiving college education, were obliged, by reason of their father's missionary zeal, to return to a place where they had no advantages, where companions were most illiterate and wholly uncongenial. "We will all four be old maids," one of them said laughingly, "unless we catch father's spirit sufficiently to make us love these crop-talking farmers." Verily, the uncongenial, lonely lives some girls are forced to live would take the smile from Sunny Jim!

Others, undoubtedly, are suffering from an overdose of mechanical work—work that demands little skill, that taxes the physical, not the mental strength, admits of no ambitions, and stretches into the future unlimitedly. The girl who stands bravely and uncomplainingly at a task of this kind is a heroine. She is entitled to her fits of the blues.

But whatever the cause of the melancholy—be it justifiable or otherwise—there is one *sure* cure for it,—*a new and absorbing interest*.

To decide what this shall be and to bring it about is the duty, the task,

the infinite privilege of those nearest her.

In some cases a year in college is the medicine needed, or, perhaps, a course of special lessons in something she shows a fondness for, be it music, art, domestic science, dressmaking, millinery, or even embroidery lessons. Or a visit to relatives, near or far, may bring about a happier habit of mind.

If none of these is possible, some new interest may be developed in the home. Learning to make all kinds of cake helped one girl to pass an extremely dull summer. Another became really absorbed in her pigeons, and the work was such a financial success that she not only supported herself, but had the delight of putting many sorely needed comforts into the home.

"I despise cooking," she said, "so I bought mother a fireless cooker to take my place in the kitchen while I play with my birds."

For health's sake an outdoor employment is best, but a definite interest of some kind she must have to take her mind from self, to fill time and hands, to make her feel that she is of some use in the world. A club of congenial spirits is excellent, especially such a society at that of the "King's Daughters."

For this is the age when nature first cries out to be of service to somebody, to be *needed* somewhere in somebody's life. Her ability as a leader, manager and organizer will reveal itself quickly, if it be given an opportunity.

The desire to do good, to help in church and charity is thrillingly keen at this period in the life of the normal girl, though she may not give expression to the desire or scarcely own it to herself; and parents and teachers can not do more for her personally or more for the world, at large, than to tactfully open the way for her—to urge her into work along these lines, creating an interest that will deepen and strengthen with the years, a blessing to

her because through it she becomes a blessing to others.

Thus, as life's realities, happy and harsh, are pressed home to her, the morbid girl wakens to do things, and in the doing her blue glasses are shattered and fall away. Few women are given to deep melancholy (unless in poor health or too rich to be active), for the simple reason that they are *too busy to be blue*.

However, mothers must be careful not to outgrow sympathy for their dreamy, dispirited daughters. It is a state of mind not to be *talked out of* nor consoled with nor openly sympathized with, much less ridiculed. It is a real misery (be its cause real or not) that must be *cheered away* by new ideas, or new scenes, or new love. Help the despondent girl to look out and forward and up, and the troubled heart will gladly respond.

LEE McCRAE.

To a Pupil in Art

What is Beauty? What is Art?
Tell us, Nature, from thy heart!
"Ah, my child, glance round and see —
Open eye and bended knee!

"Everywhere through endless space
One eternal Plan I trace —
Ever one supreme Desire
To Unfold and to Aspire!

"God within and God around!
Dost thou feel His Soul profound
Breathing on, from age to age,
Opening Nature page by page?

"Evermore succeeding years
Each its perfect message bears!
Every stage, through every part,
Glowing bright with beauteous Art!

"'Beauty' is — the perfect Plan!
'Art' is — that *revealed* to man!
'Beauty' is — God's hidden Grace!
'Art' — the features of His Face!

"These we love, and these we seek,
With a conscience brave yet meek!
Till they glow like noonday sun —
Heaven on Earth is thus begun!"

— JOHN WARD STIMSON.



NAME CARDS (FOR TUMBLERS). BONBON AND SALTED NUT CASES FOR FEBRUARY HOLIDAY TABLES

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Truffled Eggs à la Muscovite

HAVE as many rounds of toast, two inches and one-half in diameter, as there are persons to serve. Spread the toast, while hot, with butter. When cold spread with caviare mixed with a few drops of lemon juice. The smallest sized can of caviare and a teaspoonful of lemon juice will be enough for eight rounds. For each service have ready a small, cold, hard-cooked egg, from which the shell has been removed. Cut a slice from the rounding end of each egg, that it may stand level. To three-fourths a cup of mayonnaise dressing beat in one-fourth a cup of consommé, in which a scant tablespoonful of gelatine has been softened and dissolved. When added to the dressing the gelatine mixture must be liquid but not hot. Roll the eggs in the mixture to coat completely, then set one on each

round; or set the eggs in place and with a silver knife spread the dressing over them; sprinkle with chopped truffles, or garnish with four or more figures cut from slices of truffles, or leave plain. Chill thoroughly before serving as an appetizer at luncheon or dinner. Three-fourths a cup of white sauce, made of rich chicken broth (or half cream), may replace the mayonnaise.

Grape-Fruit-and-White Grape Cocktail

Remove the sections of pulp from grape-fruit, cut in halves, keeping the pieces as whole as possible. Remove the skin from white grapes, cut each grape in halves, crosswise, and take out the seeds. Set the pulp, juice and prepared grapes aside in a cool place to become thoroughly chilled. When ready to serve dispose in tall-stemmed glasses, sprinkle lightly with confectioners' sugar, a teaspoonful to each glass, and

add a teaspoonful of sherry to each glass. The sherry may be omitted.

Grape-Fruit with White Grapes

Remove the skin and seeds from the grapes as above. Cut chilled grapefruit in halves, crosswise. With a thin sharp-pointed knife cut around the pulp in each section of the fruit, also cut the membrane separating the sections and the core from the skin, and remove the membrane and core together. Fill the open space in the center with six or eight (or more) of the prepared grapes, sprinkle over a teaspoonful of confectioners' sugar and a teaspoonful of sherry. Serve at once as an appetizer or preliminary course at breakfast, luncheon or dinner.

buttered. Set on many folds of paper in a baking pan. Surround with water at the boiling point, and let cook in the oven till firm in the center. Remove from the water. Let stand three or four minutes, that the preparation may shrink from the mold a little; unmold on hot dish. Fill the center or surround, as required, with peas seasoned with salt, black pepper, butter and a teaspoonful of sugar. Serve Hollandaise or fish Bechamel sauce in a sauce boat.

Fish Bechamel Sauce

Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook three tablespoonfuls of flour and a scant half teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika; add three-fourths a cup, each, of fish broth (made of the



TRUFFLED EGGS A LA MUSCOVITE

Halibut Timbale with Peas

Chop fine one pound of halibut weighed after being freed of skin and bones. Beat the yolk of an egg; add one teaspoonful and a fourth of salt, one-fourth a teaspoonful of white pepper and half a teaspoonful of paprika. Mix a teaspoonful of cornstarch with a little milk, then add milk to make three-fourths a cup in all, and gradually stir into the yolk and seasonings, then stir the whole through the fish. Lastly, fold in thoroughly one-third a cup of heavy cream, beaten firm. Turn the mixture into a border or a Charlotte-Russe mold, carefully

fish trimmings, slice of onion, carrot and branch of parsley) and thin cream, and stir until boiling.

Hollandaise Sauce

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; beat in, one at a time, two yolks of eggs and add one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar and one tablespoonful of boiling water and stir and cook over hot, but not boiling, water until the mixture thickens slightly.

Galantine of Veal

Have the bones removed from a loin of veal; trim the meat to a rectangular



HALIBUT TIMBALE (OR BORDER) WITH PEAS

shape, cutting off the flank at the end of the rib bones, or at such place as will insure, when sewed into a cylinder shape, a suitable diameter for slicing. Remove all skin and unedible portions. Remove the fillet and slice off half, at least, of the flesh on the best end of the meat; set this, lengthwise, near the opposite end. Chop fine one pound, each, of lean veal and fat and lean fresh pork, freed of all unedible portions, then pound these with a pestle to a smooth paste, seasoning, meanwhile, with half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika. Prepare one cup of cooked ox-tongue, cut into cubes three-fourths of an inch thick, and half as many cubes of larding pork. Also cut one or two large truffles into thin slices. Spread the meat on a board, and rub the inside with salt and pepper. See that the tenderloin and other strips of lean meat are in place; be-

tween the strips of lean meat press a layer of the forcemeat, upon this set a row of tongue cubes, salt-pork cubes, and truffle slices and cover with forcemeat; make another layer of the cubes, another layer of forcemeat, then enclose with the ends of the meat and sew the entire length; sew a slice of fat salt pork over each end; fasten a strip of cloth around the meat lengthwise, then tie twice with tape as shown in the illustration. Cook the trimmings of pork in a frying pan; turn the fat into a casserole or an agate dish that can be close-covered, sprinkle in a cup of sliced onion, half a cup of sliced carrot, several sprigs of parsley and one or two stalks of celery sliced thin, let cook until browned; on these set the galantine, cover close and let cook in the oven at a very moderate heat about three hours. Have ready hot butter, bacon or pork fat and use



GALANTINE OF VEAL. READY FOR COOKING

in basting the meat every fifteen minutes. When done, remove the cloth, make smooth and again tie as before; set it into an earthen dish with

the vegetables and let stand half an hour or longer to dissolve the glaze, then strain and chill; remove the fat, add, for a quart, and proportionately for less, a package of gelatine softened in a cup of cold water, the thin yellow rind of a lemon, part of a "soup bag," or a teaspoonful of sweet herbs, seeds, a clove and bit of cinnamon tied in some parsley leaves, and the slight-



GALANTINE OF VEAL, FINISHED

a board and weight above it. The next day remove cloth, stitches, etc., wipe off all fat and remove any unedible portion that is seen. Cover with chaudfroid sauce, decorate with figures, cut from slices of truffle, and cover with liquid aspic. To serve, cut in thin slices, and surround with chopped aspic. Serve at a buffet luncheon or supper, either with aspic or a green vegetable salad or both. Half a cup of sherry or brandy is usually added to the dish in which a galantine is cooked, but it may be omitted. Water or broth should not be used.

Aspic Jelly

Broth should be made of the trimmings and bones of the veal by sim-

mering white and crushed shells of two eggs; stir over the fire until boiling, let simmer slowly ten minutes, let stand to settle, then strain. This makes a firm jelly that may be cut into perfect shapes. A limpid jelly, that will not cut and look as well, tastes better; for this use less gelatine.

Chaudfroid Sauce

Make an ordinary sauce of two tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour, three-fourths a cup of rich, well reduced-and-flavored broth (from the bones and trimmings) and one-fourth a cup of cream; season, as needed, with salt and half a teaspoonful of paprika, and add a scant tablespoonful of gelatine softened in one-fourth a cup of broth; stir until the gelatine is dissolved; stir again until cool enough to remain in place and yet run easily over the galantine.

Chicken,

Princess Style

The day before cooking truss a chicken or young



GALANTINE OF VEAL, SLICED FOR SERVING

fowl in water to cover about six hours. When the galantine is cooked, strain this broth into the dish with

fowl as for roasting. Cover the neck, pinions, giblets and a few bits of uncooked veal, if at hand,

with cold water and let simmer three or four hours; strain off the broth and when cold remove the fat. When ready to cook the chicken, heat the broth to the boiling point. Set the chicken in an earthen dish just large enough to take it, pour over the broth, cover close and let cook very gently until tender, two hours or longer according to age. Pour off the broth, thicken, as needed, with flour mixed with water, and let simmer fifteen minutes. Remove from the fire and beat in three tablespoonfuls of butter, creamed and mixed with half a cup of asparagus purée. Season, as needed, with salt and pepper. Set the chicken

the table. If convenient add one or two yolks of egg to each pint of potato. Keep the mixture quite consistent. Shape into ovals or rounds; "egg-and-bread crumb." Score the top of each lightly about a quarter of an inch from the edge. Fry in deep fat; cut around the scoring and take out the center, to leave a case with walls one-third of an inch thick. Use as designated.

Lamb Chops, Breaded

Purchase either loin chops or those from the best end of the rib; neck chops are not tender, cooked in this way. Remove superfluous fat, rub



CHICKEN, PRINCESS STYLE

on a serving dish; set around it some croustades of mashed potato, filled with asparagus tips (held together with a tablespoonful or more of the sauce), alternated with little bundles of asparagus tips. Pour the sauce over the chicken and the tips of the bundles of asparagus. Canned asparagus tips answer, when the fresh vegetable is not available.

Potato Croustades

Press hot boiled potatoes through a ricer and season with salt, pepper, a little cream or milk and butter, as for

the meat with the cut side of an onion, and season lightly with salt and pepper, roll in flour, brush over with beaten egg diluted with three tablespoonfuls of milk, and then roll in sifted bread crumbs; fry in deep fat; drain on soft paper. Pass at the same time tomato sauce, mashed or scalloped potatoes.

Tomato Sauce

Cook half a can of tomatoes, two slices of onion, a bit of bacon or ham, a few slices of carrot and a branch of parsley twenty minutes; strain and use as the liquid with three tablespoon-

fuls, each, of butter and flour cooked together in making a sauce. For a higher flavored sauce, brown the vegetables in butter before adding them to the tomato.

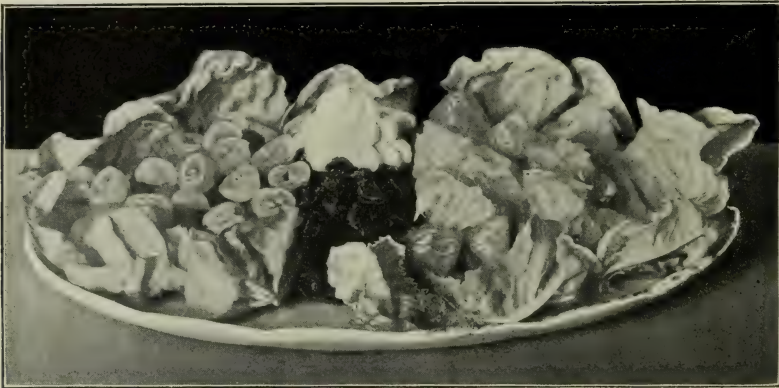
Creamed Turnips

Pare and cut in half-inch slices any variety of turnips; let stand in cold water an hour or longer, then set to cook until tender in boiling water without salt. Cut the slices of turnip in cubes. For a generous (heaping) cup of cubes make a cup of white sauce of two tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour, one-fourth a tea-

until the eggs are smooth and creamy; add the croutons; stir a moment longer and turn upon a hot dish. Scrambled eggs (without the croutons) are particularly good for luncheon served in potato croustades. Asparagus tips, peas or little cubes of cooked ham or bacon may replace the little bread croutons.

Grape-Fruit, White Grape-and-Quince Salad

Remove the pulp from one grapefruit, cut in halves, in as large pieces as possible. Skin and seed half a pound of white grapes. Cut six or



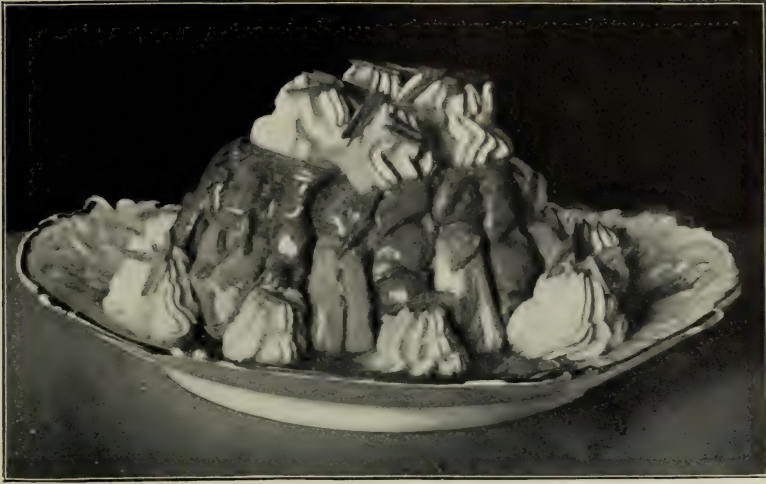
GRAPE FRUIT, WHITE GRAPE-AND-QUINCE SALAD

spoonful, each, of salt and paprika, and a cup of rich milk. Let the cubes of turnip stand in the sauce (over hot water) to become very hot.

Scrambled Eggs with Croutons

For two people take four eggs and one slice of bread; cut the bread into dice (free from crust) and shake them in a pan with a tablespoonful of melted butter until nicely browned, turn upon soft paper and keep hot. Beat the eggs with a spoon, add one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper, turn into an omelet pan in which four tablespoonfuls of cream or rich milk have been heated, stir constantly with a spoon, over a moderate fire,

eight quarters of preserved quinces (canned pears or peaches may be used) in small squares. To three-fourths a cup of cream add three tablespoonfuls of juice from the grapefruit, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, and beat until firm. Dispose the fruit in separate groups, the quince in the center, on a bed of lettuce hearts. Pipe the cream on the quince. In serving put a lettuce leaf on a plate; on this dispose a little of each variety of fruit and a little of the dressing. This salad is good with French dressing, in which use grapefruit juice in place of lemon juice in the dressing.



Caramel Charlotte Russe

Almond Lady-Finger Meringues

These meringues are given as a lining for the mold in which the caramel cream is shaped. Sponge lady fingers may be used in their place. For fourteen meringues select two large eggs; the whites of the eggs will fill a cup to one-third of its height. Two and one-half times the measure (scant three-fourths a cup) of granulated sugar is needed, also a dozen almonds and half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Beat the whites dry, then with the whisk

gradually beat in the sugar. Cover a hard-wood board, an inch thick, that will set in the oven, with paper and fasten the ends with tacks; on this shape the mixture, using bag and tube; dredge with sugar, and sprinkle with sliced almonds; set into a slack oven to dry out the moisture. Do not let the meringues color until after thirty-five minutes, then increase the heat to color delicately. Remove from the paper at once, invert in a baking pan and return to the oven to dry the under side. Blanch the almonds before slicing.



ALMOND LADY-FINGER MERINGUES

Caramel Charlotte Russe

Soften one-fourth a package of gelatine in one-fourth a cup of cold

softened gelatine and strain into a bowl-shaped agate dish; set the dish in ice water (or snow) and stir until the mixture begins to jelly, then fold in



BLUSHING APPLES WITH ORANGE SAUCE

water; beat one cup and a half of cream (one cup of double cream and half a cup from the top of a quart bottle of milk answers the purpose) until firm throughout. Beat the yolks of two eggs. Measure out two-thirds a cup of sugar, add two level table-spoonfuls to the beaten eggs and beat again. Stir the rest of the sugar over a quick fire until it melts to a smooth syrup; add half a cup of boiling water and stir until the caramel is again melted; gradually pour this syrup over the yolks and sugar and when well mixed return the whole to the saucepan and cook over hot water, stirring constantly until the egg thickens; add the

the cream. When the mixture will "hold its shape," set one of the almond meringues, decorated side outwards, upright at the center of one side of a charlotte mold; put a spoonful of the mixture at the base of the meringue to hold it in place; set a second meringue a short distance from the first, add mixture to hold it in place, continue in this way until the mold is lined, then turn in the rest of the cream mixture, which should come to the top of the meringues. If any of the meringues stand up beyond the cream filling, trim them to the level of the filling before unmolding. When unmolded the charlotte may be decorated with



VALENTINE CAKES

whipped cream and sliced and browned almonds, if desired.

Blushing Apples with Apple Sauce

Select eight bright red apples. Wipe the apples carefully and remove the cores. Set to cook in boiling water, turning as needed, to cook the apples uniformly on all sides. When done remove to a plate and with sharp knife cut through the skin on two sides of the apples, remove the skin and with a teaspoon scrape the inner side of the skin to remove from it all red pulp. Return this red pulp to two sides of the apples, thus causing them to have the appearance of blushing. In the mean time cook the grated rind and juice of two oranges, the juice of half a lemon and one cup of sugar to a syrup. Pour the syrup over the apples and serve at once. The apples and syrup may also be reheated for serving.

Valentine Cakes

Bake any cake mixture in a thin sheet; when cold stamp out into hearts with a tin cutter designed for the purpose. Cover one side with confectioners' frosting and ornament with hearts cut from candied or maraschino cherries. A pointed bit of cherry may be set in place for the lower part of a heart and the shape filled in with bits of cherry. Also the edge of the little cakes may be decorated with chopped cherries or with tiny red candies to bring out more fully the shape of the cakes. The cake, given under the name of "chocolate layer cake" among these recipes, may be used for this purpose. For a richer cake use this formula: half a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, four eggs, grated rind and juice of half a lemon, one cup and a fourth of flour and one-fourth a teaspoonful of soda.

Confectioners' Frosting

Boil one-third a cup, each, of sugar and water five minutes; stir in sifted

confectioners' sugar and a teaspoonful of extract to make a paste that will spread and not run from the cakes.

Chocolate Layer Cake

For the cake use half a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, half a cup of milk, two cups of sifted pastry flour, sifted again with three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, the whites of three eggs and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Bake in two layers. For the frosting melt two ounces of chocolate; add one cup of sugar and one-fourth a cup of milk, and stir and cook to 238° Fahr., or until a little, when tested in cold water, will form a soft ball. Beat the white of one egg until dry, then add the yolk of one egg and beat thoroughly; add the syrup to the white and yolk in a fine stream, beating constantly meanwhile; flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla, and use as a filling and frosting for the cake.

Baked Bananas (Mrs. De Rhodes)

Peel and remove coarse threads from six or eight bananas and set them, side by side, in an agate baking pan in which two tablespoonfuls of butter have been melted; sprinkle with half a cup of sugar and the juice of one lemon. Bake from thirty to sixty minutes. When baked the fruit will be tender and the sauce thick and red.

Stewed Prunes

Wash the prunes thoroughly, rinse and cover with cold water. Let stand overnight, then set to cook in the same water; let cook very slowly until the flesh will separate easily from the stones and the liquid has become quite thick. Water may be added during cooking if necessary, but, if the prunes be kept covered, the liquid will not evaporate quickly. Thus cooked both prunes and juice will be very sweet and sugar is unnecessary.

Menus for a Week in February

For perfect nutrition, not only food, but the right food is necessary

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Grape-fruit
Finnan Haddie Baked in Milk
Small Potatoes, Baked
Baking Powder Biscuit. Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Fowl Poached in Water
(Canned) Asparagus Sauce
Asparagus in Potato Croustades
Fruit Jelly
Caramel Charlotte Russe
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Mexican Rabbit. Olives or Gherkins
Pineapple Juice (beverage)
Chocolate Layer Cake

MONDAY

Breakfast
Stewed Prunes
Boiled Rice, Thin Cream
Broiled Bacon. Fried Eggs
White Hashed Potatoes. Toast
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Broiled Lamb Chops
Buttered Parsnips
Cabbage Salad
Squash Pie. Cheese
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Dried Lima Beans, Stewed
Aviation Bread and Butter
Tea. Canned Fruit. Chocolate Cake

TUESDAY

Breakfast
Creamed Chicken on Toast
Radishes
Corn Meal Muffins
Orange Marmalade
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Canned or Frozen Salmon, Boiled,
Egg Sauce
Boiled Potatoes. Wax Beans (Canned)
Cream of Rice Pudding with Meringue
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Cheese Pudding
Stewed Prunes. Biscuit
Cookies. Tea

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Oranges
Finnan Haddie in Milk
French Fried Potatoes
Rice Griddle Cakes
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Fried Chicken (stewed
fowl, dipped in flour)
Kornlet Fritters
Mashed Potatoes
Cranberry Sauce
Date Soufflé, Sugar and
Cream
Half Cups of Coffee

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Barley Crystals with Hot Dates, Thin
Cream
Sausage. Delmonico Potatoes
Yeast Rolls (reheated)
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Hamburg Roast or Swiss Steak
Stewed Tomatoes
Mashed Potatoes
Coffee Jelly. Boiled Custard

Supper
Smoked Halibut
Blushing Apples, Orange Sauce
Pop-Overs
Tea

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Grape-fruit
Chilli Pepper
Beef-and-Potato Hash
Soft Cooked Eggs
Spider Corn Cake
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Veal Cutlets, Breaded, Tomato Sauce
Spinach with Hard Cooked Eggs
Banana Fritters. Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Macaroni with Milk and Cheese
Rye Meal Biscuit
Chocolate Cake. Canned Fruit
Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, Bananas, Thin Cream
Codfish Balls. Bacon
Pickles
Dry Toast
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Fresh Fish Chowder
Philadelphia Relish
Apple Pie
Cream Cheese
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Rice Cooked with Beef Extract,
Tomatoes and Cheese
Cranberry Muffins. Tea. Cocoa

Supper
Cream Toast with
Poached Eggs
Macedoine of Vegetables in
Tomato Jelly
Lettuce, French Dressing
Chocolate Cake. Tea

Menus for Little Dinners and Luncheons

Little Dinners

I

Truffled Eggs à la Muscovite
Larded Fillet of Beef, Brown Mushroom
Sauce
French Endive Salad
Asparagus in Potato Croustades
Fruit Cup
Coffee

II

Grapefruit-and-White-Grape Cocktail
Consommé with Vermicelli
Fried Oysters, Sauce Tartare
Poached Chicken, Princess Style
Celery-and-Pimento Salad
Caramel Charlotte Russe with
Lady-finger Meringues
Coffee

III

Fresh Mushroom Cocktail
Fish Border (timbale) with Peas
Hollandaise Sauce
Olives. Radishes
Guinea Fowl en Casserole (without broth)
Canned Asparagus and Lettuce,
French Dressing
Golden Parfait. Coffee

IV

Scallop Cocktail
Chicken Bouillon
Fried Fillets of Fish, Sauce Tartare
Mushrooms on Toast under Glass Bells
Boned Loin of Lamb, Roasted,
Mint Sauce or Jelly
Pineapple Fritters
Mashed Potato, Vienna Style
French Endive
Biscuit Tortoni. Coffee

Little Luncheons

I

Halves of Grape-fruit with White Grapes
Creamed Oysters and Mushrooms in
Swedish Timbale Cases or Ramekins
Olives. Radishes
Mayonnaise of Cream Cheese and Pimentos
Pulled Bread
Blushing Apples, Orange Sauce
Coffee

II

Halves of Grape-fruit, Maraschino Cherries
Chicken Soup with Meringue
Oyster Croquettes, Sauce Tartare
Yeast Rolls or Baking Powder Biscuit
Asparagus and Lettuce, French Dressing
Coupe Venus
Coffee

III

Macedoine of Fruit in Glass Cups
Fish Timbales, Fish Bechamel Sauce
Cucumbers, French Dressing
Galantine of Veal, Aspic Jelly
White Hashed Potatoes in Ramekins
Vanilla Ice Cream with Preserved
Strawberries or Bar-le-duc
Coffee

IV

Chicken Broth with Rice
Lamb Chops, Broiled
French Fried Potatoes
Lettuce, Macedoine in Tomato Jelly,
French Dressing
Cocoa, Whipped Cream
Sponge Cake

V

Clam Broth
Chicken Croquettes, Peas
Cream Cheese, Bar-le-duc
Toasted Crackers
Grape or Pineapple Juice

Lessons in Elementary Cooking

By Mary Chandler Jones

Teacher of Cookery in the Public Schools of Brookline, Mass

LESSON VII.

Sugar

CARBOHYDRATES consist of the starches and sugars. Not long ago we studied something about starch and its cookery, and in this lesson we shall consider sugar.

Let the pupils recall the appearance of starch, its sources and its behavior in cold and hot water, as well as its taste. Compare sugar in these respects during the progress of the lesson. Test sugars for starch with the iodine solution.

There are many kinds of sugar, obtained from various sources and grown in different lands. Sugar cane, sugar beet, maple sugar and honey form our chief sources of supply for sugar, as such. Let the pupils notice the sweetness of milk and of fruits also. A list may be made of the different forms in which sugar comes to our homes. Which of these are made from sugar cane? Notice that, with the exception of milk sugar, all these sugars are of vegetable origin, as all starches are stored up by plants for their own future use.

A little study may be made of the geographical distribution of the plants producing sugar. Reports may be made upon the process of sugar-making and refining. Pupils who have seen the manufacture of maple sugar will be interested to describe it and to make a comparison between the process of cane-sugar preparation and that of maple sugar.

All these sugars, differing so much in appearance, yet have, in common, one very noticeable property. Let the

pupils taste different sugars. Which are sweeter? Why?

Experiments on the solubility of sugar.

I. Put one tablespoonful of sugar into one-half a cup of cold water.

II. Use the same amounts of sugar and water, but have the water boiling.

Which dissolves more quickly and more completely? What difference is found here between sugar and starch?

Sugar may be cooked by itself or in water. By itself it is cooked for the preparation of sauces, candies and coloring matter. (Caramel coloring.) In water it is cooked for use in syrups for fruit cookery, ices, pudding sauces, frostings and candies. In either case, certain precautions against burning and "sugaring" must be taken.

When sugar is to be cooked by itself it must be placed in a very clean, smooth frying-pan and stirred constantly, to prevent uneven heating and too great browning or even burning. Do not allow the sugar to collect in the bowl of the spoon, as this will be slow to melt and to blend and may endanger the color and flavor of the whole syrup or candy. It is often better, if the sugar has collected on the spoon, to sacrifice that amount rather than to spoil the whole. With care and practice, however, it is possible to melt the sugar evenly and with a slight degree of caramelization or "burning."

The cookery of sugar without water may be illustrated by the making of

Caramel Syrup and Peanut Brittle. In the Caramel Syrup the sugar is first melted, then dissolved in water to prevent its hardening. This makes a sauce suitable for many puddings, for caramel custard and for various griddle-cakes and toasts. It is a wholesome sauce, and a taste for it may be wisely cultivated.

Caramel Syrup

1 cup of sugar 1 cup of boiling water

Melt the sugar in a frying pan, carefully, with constant stirring. When the sugar has become a light golden-brown syrup, add the water gradually and very carefully, as it will cause much bubbling. The syrup is far hotter than boiling water and must be most carefully handled. (What is the cause of the bubbling?) Boil the caramel in the water ten minutes, let cool and serve. Be careful that the syrup does not boil too fast and so become too thick.

Peanut Brittle

1 cup of sugar $\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of peanuts, chopped

Melt the sugar as for caramel syrup and, when it is a light golden brown, stir in the chopped peanuts and pour out at once in a thin layer upon a tin sheet or the bottom of a tin pan. While cooling, shape with two knives into a square and score into small, even squares for breaking after it is cold. If the candy is not scored while it is somewhat warm, it will not break attractively. Any other chopped nuts may be used in place of peanuts, or shredded cocoanut may be substituted. Cocoanut is, however, less digestible than the nuts.

Caramel Coloring

Melt a small quantity of sugar in a pan and let cook until it is a deep, reddish brown. Pour it out upon a pan and let it cool. Let the pupils see the color it gives when dissolved in water. Let them **taste** it and notice that the

sweetness of the sugar has entirely disappeared.

Molasses Puff

1 cup of molasses $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of soda

Butter a smooth, granite-ware saucepan and boil in it the molasses until it is brittle, when a drop is placed in cold water. Remove from the heat, beat in the soda and pour at once upon a buttered pan. Score while cooling. (This illustrates the evaporation of the water and the cookery of the sugar in the molasses, as well as the presence of acid, which is shown by the bubbles when the soda is added.)

When sugar is cooked in water it may be heated to different temperatures, with varying results. If the syrup is boiled for a long time, the water gradually evaporates and the solution becomes stronger, forming what is called a "saturated solution," which easily crystallizes. In order to prevent this crystallizing, or "sugaring," the syrup must not be stirred or disturbed during the cooking or cooling, and a little acid may be added, such as cream of tartar, lemon juice or vinegar. The same syrup may be used for the following tests, by simply boiling it more after each test has been made.

Experiments with Syrup

1 cup of sugar $\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of cream of tartar

Boil the water and sugar together, stirring until the sugar is dissolved, then cook without stirring. From time to time drop a little in cold water and find the following:

I. Soft ball, when the syrup shapes slightly between thumb and finger.

II. Hard ball, when it forms a hard ball in the water.

III. Soft crack, when it is almost brittle.

IV. Crack, when it is entirely brittle.

V. Caramel, when the water is boiled away and the sugar begins to turn yellow or brown. What is left of the syrup may now be poured upon a buttered tin sheet and used as "barley candy."

These tests form the basis for timing the cooking of candy. If the candy is to be creamy, it should be cooked to "soft ball." If it is to be brittle it must be cooked to "crack." To illustrate the creamy candies, mints and chocolate cream-candy may be prepared.

Mints

1½ cups of sugar ½ a cup of water
 ⅛ a teaspoonful of cream of tartar

Cook the sugar, water and cream of tartar together to "soft ball." Remove from the heat and stop the cooking by plunging the saucepan into cold water. Add six drops of peppermint or a sufficient quantity of any desired flavoring. Let the candy stand until thoroughly cool, then beat it until white and creamy. Drop by spoonfuls upon waxed paper or pour out into a pan.

Chocolate Cream Candy or "Fudge"

2 cups of sugar ¾ a cup of milk
 2 squares of chocolate 1 tablespoonful of butter
 1 teaspoonful of vanilla

Boil together the sugar, milk and chocolate until the chocolate is melted. Add the butter and cook without stirring to "soft ball." Remove from the fire, plunge the saucepan into cold water as in the recipe for mints, and proceed as in that case.

It is worth while to spend a little time upon the subject of sugar and candies for different reasons. Sugar is an important article of food and useful, if eaten in reasonable amounts and at the proper time. We must know something of its behavior under different conditions, in order to understand many processes in cookery.

Children desire candy more than grown persons, and it is desirable that they should have that which is made from pure, good materials. Compare the cost of wholesome, clean peanut brittle with that of cheap candies, made under unknown conditions and offered for sale in the midst of a dusty, unprotected news or candy stand. The *making* of candy becomes a pleasure fully equal to that of eating it, and the joy of helping to provide for a little party or candy sale with an inexpensive, yet well-made article, is an incentive to patient, careful, observing work.

A Wish to You, My Friend

By Grace Agnes Thompson

'Every wish is like a prayer with God.'

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Not a bit of sorrow, not a bit of care;
 A sunnier tomorrow, with music everywhere;
 Of joy the sweetest portion, of love the fullest store;
 Safe conduct o'er life's ocean, — what could I wish you more?
 What wish you more? ah, listen! I would have you know
 The precious strength of sorrow, the sympathy of woe;
 The grandeur of the tempest which brings the Iris bow;
 The full symphonic chorus of real life, — some low
 Trilled notes, wild strains, gay songs, great chords, well harmonied.
 Thus shall your joy be perfect, your love-thirst satisfied;
 For loving well, you shall inspire affection to abide,
 And thus be all you may, your noblest self, as gold by fire tried.

Choice Masquerade Costumes

By Margaret Hight

IN the selection of a masquerade costume there are many points to be considered. First of all, make a study of the character you decide to portray, and try to feel as she must have felt. Even the facial expression is of great assistance. Are you light? Pray, do not depict "Minnehaha," as I saw a pretty blonde once try to do. If you are dark, and plump of figure, think no more of "Evangeline." An almost perfect figure is required for an equestrian costume, and then it is certainly most effective.

Grace Darling. A dark blue serge sailor suit, with short skirt, wide white collar and tie, a red felt cap, a life-buoy fastened on the dress, and a fishing net secured at the shoulder. The wavy hair should be arranged in careless fashion at the back of the neck. An oar, to which seaweed is clinging or a small lantern, may be carried in the hand. Gulls' wings at the bottom of the skirt, and the costume is attractive and unique.

Rainbow. A fashionable white muslin gown, with a tulle scarf made of the colors of the rainbow, red, yellow, green, blue, pink, gray, violet and orange, arranged in little folds. A fan of the same, on the right side of the skirt, a pompon as a hair ornament, and the word "rainbow" worked in the colors on a black velvet ribbon around the neck.

Maid-was-in-the-Garden," etc. Short red skirt with flowered cretonne basque. Bandana pinned around the head, and clothes pins fastened on a rope around the waist. On the shoulder is perched a stuffed black bird.

Hornet. Short black dress, black satin boots, tunic-pointed back and front of black and gold stripes, black

bodice, and green and black gauze wings. Cap of black velvet.

Little Nell. Short brown dress trimmed with woolen braid, wide lace collar, white stockings and ankle ties. Light-colored sunbonnet tied under the chin with striped ribbon.

Vivian (Idylls of the King). Long gray robe, gold belt at waist, flowing hair with gold band around the head. Low bodice and puffed sleeves.

Lady of the Lake (to be worn by a blonde). White muslin dress flounced to the waist, black velvet bodice laced with silver cord, scarf of pale blue satin fastened with a Scotch brooch. Hair in curls.

Daughter of the Regiment (to be worn by a brunette). Dark red cloth skirt; made in close plaited folds, white cloth jacket embroidered in gold, red waist coat with revers to the jacket, forage cap with gold band, high black boots and small barrel gun in the hand.

Bunch of Keys. A long black dress on which gilded keys of all sizes are fastened, a huge key is suspended at the waist, and a pointed cap is made with a large key at the top.

"*Two Little Girls in Blue*," speak for themselves!

Bohemian Girl. Rose colored tulle dress covered with coins and gold braid; scarf of many colors round the skirt, gold armlets below and above the elbow, light blue turban.

Magpie. Half black, half white dress, hair powdered on one side and not the other, one white glove and one black, slipper the same, short satin skirt, ribbon tied around the throat, gauze cap half white, half black, so the wearer may appear all white on one side and black on the other.

In February

By Laura R. Talbot

A CLEVER woman paid all her social debts in ten days by giving a Valentine Heart Party for the young people, a George Washington Dinner for older married people, and a Presidential Tea for a Ladies' Literary Club.

PRESIDENTIAL TEA

"Good Old Abraham."

King Richard II

Each of the booklets in which to record answers had on the front cover a picture of Lincoln, and on the back cover a couplet from his favorite poem, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud," etc.

TABLE I

Which President of United States was

- 1 A Wisconsin city. (Madison)
- 2 A noted doctrine (Monroe)
- 3 Doorkeeper of a Masonic lodge (Tyler)
- 4 To concede (Grant)

TABLE II

What President

- 1 — was never married (Buchanan)
- 2 Monticello was the home of (Jefferson)
- 3 — plays golf (Taft)

TABLE III

What President was nicknamed

- 1 Old Hickory. (Jackson)
- 2 Rough Rider (Roosevelt)
- 3 Rail Splitter. (Lincoln)

TABLE IV

Fill blanks with names of Presidents.

When — had his vacation he visited in —, Ohio, and then went to —, D.C. There he saw many sights; among them the Capitol, the White House, and Ford's Theater, where — was killed. He saw "Big Bill" —, and met — who said he was de-lighted. On his way home he stopped in New York. He was much interested in the tomb of — on Riverside Drive, and he went to see a play called Quincy — Sawyer.

He also went to Coney Island, where there was entertainment of all kinds. In one show was a quack dentist who claimed he could — teeth in a day than any other man could in a week.

Answers

Arthur — Cleveland — Washington —
Lincoln — Taft — Roosevelt — Grant —
Adams — Fillmore.

The four who won in this contest then played the rubber at the

LINCOLN TABLE

All about A. Lincoln

- 1 Where was he born?
- 2 Date of birth?
- 3 Whom did he marry?
- 4 When did he die?
- 5 In what city was he killed?
- 6 What play was he attending?
- 7 In what building?
- 8 Who killed him?
- 9 Who succeeded him as President?

Answers

- 1 Hardin County, Ky.
- 2 February 12, 1809.
- 3 Mary Todd.
- 4 April 15, 1865.
- 5 Washington, D.C.
- 6 Our American Cousin.
- 7 Ford's Theater.
- 8 J. Wilkes Booth.
- 9 Andrew Johnson.

The prize winner received a Lincoln spoon, while she who was the poorest guesser received a Lincoln penny. Refreshments were then served.

VALENTINE PARTY

"Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps." *Shakespeare.*

Partners for the evening were found by means of candy "motto" hearts. These were broken in two, and each young lady was given a piece, but the men were obliged to hunt for theirs. As they were carefully hidden, this took some length of time, and proved an excellent "ice breaker." The silly mottoes were read with laughter as the couples chose their tables for progressive hearts; the best player was rewarded with a heart-shaped box of candied violets, while a comic valentine served for consolation.

MENU

Heart Bread and Butter Sandwiches
 Creamed Chicken
 Love-apple (Tomato) Salad
 Heart-shaped Ices and Cakes
 Kisses
 Valentine Nectar

Love Apple Salad

Cut out heart-shaped pieces of tomato jelly (that was hardened in a large, flat dish) and place on lettuce leaves. Mix together chopped olives and cucumber pickle with mayonnaise and place a bit upon each heart.

Valentine Nectar

Melt six rounding teaspoonfuls of grated chocolate and then add quickly six cupfuls of boiling milk; when chocolate is dissolved, add two table-spoonfuls of very strong, clear coffee, one tablespoonful of sherry, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Serve hot with whipped cream and sugar.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DINNER

"The memory and the name of Washington."
Everett.

Flags were used for decoration and the table was lighted with red, white and blue candles. A substantial dinner of hearty old-time dishes was served, and included election cake, cocked-hat cakes and George Washington pie. The host and hostess represented George and Martha, and upon the hatchet place cards was:

"America has furnished to the world the character of Washington." *Daniel Webster.*

During the remainder of the evening, the guests hunted for small silver stars (cut from cardboard and covered with tin foil). The winner, not the one who found the most, but the one who had the nearest to the number on the United States flag, received a huge cherry pie.

Stories were told, and old-fashioned songs finished the delightful evening.

Cookery in Literature

By E. E. M.

LALLA ROOKH, previous to the beginning of her memorable journey, had seen a poet but once, when she gazed at him behind the screens of gauze in her father's hall. She conceived from the specimen, we are told, no very favorable idea of the caste, and if she had formerly believed that poets subsist mainly on conserves of rose leaves and the tongues of nightingales, that belief was doubtless rudely shattered. Poets, as we in the western world have known them, have never been disdainful of the pleasures of the table, although they have taken them for the most part in moderation, and waxed eloquent, usually, over the simplest foods.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said with undoubted sincerity, "Better a hash at home than a roast with strangers." He praised the home kitchen where coffee has pre-existed in the berry, and tea has still faint recollections of the pigtailed that dangled about the plant from which it was picked, where soup can look one in the face, and gentle maids take the place of "napkin-bearing animals," such as he, in earlier days than ours, be it understood, found generally in taverns. "Omelets taste," he grumbled, "as if they had been carried in the waiter's hat or fried in an old boot," while the sources of the soup were a darker mystery than the sources of the Nile, before the

days of the African explorers. He insisted faithfully:

"Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;
If nature can subsist on three,
Thank heaven for three. Amen!"

When Circe, the saffron-vested witch, wished to charm the comrades of Ulysses, she put before them cheese and meat and yellow honey, bringing forth at the same time her jars of potent juices, unsuggestive of the acorns and cornel berries upon which the company were soon to feast. One would miss honey from the repasts of the Grecian poets. Poor little Astyanax was not the only boy to be carefully nourished on honey and the fat of lambs. It is from Attic comedy that we obtain some idea of less poetical foods, and the Sauce Science, as Philoxenus called it, still supplies numberless details about Grecian cooking and marketing to him who is sufficiently learned to study them out. Before the Roman custom of keeping slaves to cook at home had found its way into Greece, the professional *chef* came upon call and provided the elaborate entertainments for invited guests. Cooks were important personages and had at their disposal whole libraries of culinary lore, to master which they needed to be not only trained scholars but metaphysicians to boot. To invent a popular cake was to become a hero. One hears yet of the epicure, who once, forced to stay his hunger with Lacedemonian black broth, declared that he no longer wondered the Spartans were fearless of death, since dying itself would be preferable to living upon their fare. It is small surprise then, that the poets and dramatists pressed the cook into their service, celebrated his achievements in verses, and wrote plays based on his doings.

Pleasant memories cluster about our literary friends and their relation to the food that supplied nourishment to the brains that thought and the fingers

that wrote. We like to think of Harriet Beecher Stowe stopping her writing of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to buy codfish; or George Eliot on the Scilly Islands delivering culinary lectures every morning to develop her landlady's rudimentary ideas of cooking; or Leigh Hunt, serenely inviting his friends to dine with him on mutton in Surrey Jail, whither his libel on the Prince Regent had driven him; or Hawthorne at the Saturday Club, "eating his dinner and doing nothing but that," "burying his eyes in his plate" and ignoring his neighbors until the happy moment when he could fly back to his Concord home and "ask his Heavenly Father why it was that an owl couldn't remain an owl and not be forced into the diversions of a canary."

It has been inevitable, naturally, that the national dishes of the different countries should be widely celebrated in prose and verse. The roast beef and plum pudding of England, the flapjacks and hasty pudding of the eastern Colonies, the salt beef of Holland, the sauer kraut of Germany, the caviar of Russia, the pilau of Turkey, the polenta and macaroni of Italy, the *olla podrida* of Spain, the hot tamales of California and Mexico, the baked beans of Massachusetts, became familiar names in all languages less because the dishes themselves made their way than because they were repeated in novels, poems and dramas. That the charm of national dishes may yield on occasion to even more poetic considerations, however, is indicated in Gay's song of the First Shepherd, in the "Shepherd's Week":

"Leek to the Welsh, to Dutchmen butter's dear,
Of Irish swains potato is the cheer;
Oat for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind.
While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potato prize."

More delicate fancies come to the front when Lizette Reese, a favorite

poet with some of us, breaks her loaf into "the little bowl of white and blue"; or when, with the light of triumph in her eyes, Lowell's Eleanor makes macarons, a truly artistic performance, set to crooned canticles. Even more poetic and mystical is the feast which Keats, in the person of Porphyro, spreads in golden dishes and in baskets bright of wreathed silver, for his lady on St. Agnes' eve. He prepared

"a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and
gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates—and spiced dainties."

Rather more practical are Browning's explicit directions for the proper treatment of ortolans in Italy, with a strong sage-leaf separating the crisp, brown, toasted squares of bread from the luscious lumps of birds. From Browning we have learned, too, that

"nothing stings
Fried liver out of its monotony
Of richness like a root of fennel, chopped
Fine with the parsley;"

and, likewise, that a porcupine must be roasted, never stewed, and a rabbit jugged with sour-sweet sauce and pine pips. Some of these descriptions remind me of Henie's conception of heaven as a place where the geese fly about, ready roasted, with ladles of sweet sauce in their bills.

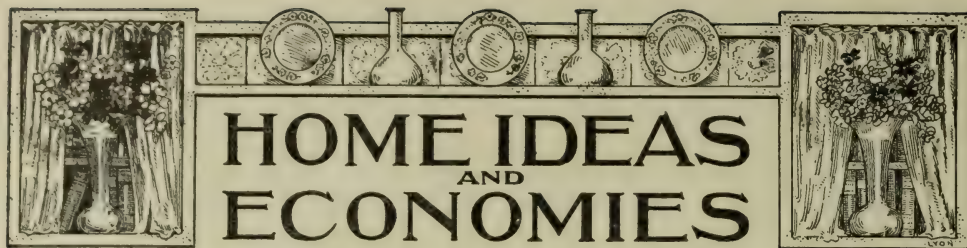
An interesting collection of dinner invitations, both in prose and verse, might be made, which would show the variously significant gastronomic fancies of famous personages. General Washington invited his friends to take what might happen, but he gave them hints of what in the common course of human events they might in reason expect. "We have a ham (sometimes a shoulder) of Bacon," he wrote, "to grace the head of the Table; a piece of roast Beef adorns the foot; and a dish of beans, or greens (almost imperceptible) decorates the center. When the

cook has a mind to cut a figure, we have two Beefsteak pyes, or dishes of crabs, in addition."

When Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith gave a small, genteel dinner for Miss Martineau, she disappointed the "experienced and fashionable waiter" she had called in for extra assistance by refusing to have the thirty dishes of meat which he considered desirable. She carried triumphantly her point of having only eight meat courses, but yielded to his advice on game and desserts, convinced that plum pudding was entirely out of fashion, and nuts, raisins and figs "quite vulgar."

When Ben Jonson invited a friend to supper, he promised him a "sallad," either of olives or capers or something better, to usher in the mutton, that should be followed by "a short-legged hen," with lemons and wine for sauce, and later "digestive cheese and fruit," all set off by canary and tobacco.

With all these memories we have yet said nothing of Thackeray's *bouillabaisse*, or of his "plain leg of mutton," "smoking and tender and juicy," and nothing of the Christmas feasts of Dickens, rich with good things to eat and jolly with good company. Nor have we recalled Sydney Smith's famous recipe for a salad, or his praise of the rosy salmon, "by smelts encircled, born for frying." We have passed over Charles Lamb's glorification of roast pig, finest tribute of its kind; and Goldsmith's memorable haunch of venison, of which the fat was so white and the lean was so ruddy that it was a pity to spoil the picture by eating it; and Burns's homage to "the halesome hutch, chief o' Scotia's food." The list could be prolonged indefinitely. They seem to bring these leaders in literature nearer to us in homely, familiar ways; and they shed a certain poetic luster over the useful kitchen arts, on which our health and our happiness so largely depend.



HOME IDEAS AND ECONOMIES

Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

Keeping Sausage

SAUSAGE may be kept indefinitely by packing it in lard. Make it into cakes by pressing it into small bread pans, making each cake contain about the amount you would need at a meal. After frying each cake slightly on all sides set two of them on end in a small jar, which has previously been well heated, and pour melted lard around them until the jar is filled one inch above the tops of the cakes. When needed for use set the crock in a warm place until the lard is melted, and take out what you want. By laying the other cake down on its side very little more lard has to be added. Of course, lard so used can be utilized a great many times.

C. F. S.

* * *

French Fried Potatoes

I HAVE found, in cooking French fried potatoes, that it does not take as long, that they are a prettier brown, and that they do not absorb the fat, if you remove them all when partly done from the kettle and reheat, then replace the potatoes and in a very few minutes they are done to a golden brown.

M. P. L.

* * *

Utility Rugs

FOR each sleeping apartment in the house you may have made a utility rug that will prove a great saving of both time and labor. The

rug is made of denim of a color to correspond with the room furnishings, and is about a yard square. It is hemmed all round, and has a short strip of the material securely fastened at the center of each side of the rug.

This rug is easily spread upon the floor, before the washstand, during ablutions, and before the dressing table while combing the hair and dressing; it also catches all threads and lint when some bit of repairing or sewing is undertaken in the room. When not in use it is quickly grasped by the four handles and slipped over a closet hook; it then forms a bag that securely holds whatever may have been placed upon the rug.

For Cleaning Knobs

Recently I saw a maid use a clever and simple device in cleaning the brass knobs on some old mahogany.

From a fair-sized, oblong sheet of blotting paper she cut a slit from one side toward the center; here she cut out a small circle just large enough to fit round the brass where it came in contact with the wood. She then turned back the bottom of the sheet about three inches, securing it at the fold with two paper clips. When this was slipped round the knob, it entirely protected the furniture, while the projecting pocket caught any bits of polishing powder that might drop from the cloth. The work was accomplished much quicker than when great care must be exercised in not touching the surrounding surface, and the blot-

ting paper is so soft that it cannot injure the most beautiful surface. If scratches are feared from the clips, a few stitches might be substituted.

In the Upper Hall

In our upper hall we have a most convenient piece of furniture — half bed, half couch. The low, broad frame is of home manufacture. Over this is placed the best part of an old coil bedspring and a cut-over mattress. Above all is spread a large couch cover and many cushions.

This couch is as comfortable as a bed, and is of the utmost convenience during sickness. As all the family sleep in rooms opening from the hall, it is sufficiently close to any of them. It is a great comfort for both patient and nurse; every nervous patient knows how trying it is to endure the immediate presence of a second person, though it is a comfort to know some one is protectingly near; and certainly the nurse — who is usually the mother, in ordinary cases — finds the bed in the open, airy hall a great advantage over the customary Morris chair or diminutive couch in the patient's room.

With Left-Over Bread

Pieces of bread should never be allowed to accumulate. But how may they be used, particularly in a small family?

If not too stale, cut in very thin slices, and make into sandwiches with grated cheese. Dip into a mixture of egg and milk as for making French toast, and fry in butter.

Another simple dish, in which cheese figures, is made by browning some butter in a saucepan, and then pouring in as many bread crumbs as this will absorb. Butter a small baking dish, and fill with alternate layers of the crumbs and grated cheese. Pour over this an egg beaten in just enough milk to cover the contents of the dish, and bake half an hour.

Bread crumbs are a very good sub-

stitute in escalloped dishes for crackers, and should be utilized in dressings also.

A simple and delicious dish of creamed potatoes for the home table is made by melting some butter in a saucepan, placing in this a quantity of diced potatoes, seasoning with salt, and sprinkling over them a handful of stale bread crumbs. Pour over this some rich milk, cover tight, and let simmer slowly. The crumbs will thicken the cream, and a very good dish is inexpensively made.

The left-over toast makes the foundation for an excellent pudding. Crumb, and soak one cup in two cups of milk. Add a well-beaten egg, season with a pinch of salt, and sugar to taste; add a sliced orange and bake thirty minutes. This may be varied with apples, nuts or figs.

A delicious apple pudding is made by buttering crumbs as above directed, and placing in baking dish, in alternate layers, with sliced, tart apples. Serve with thick, sweetened cream.

* * *

Paring Fruit

In preparing such fruit as bananas, oranges, peaches and pears for table use, always use a silver knife instead of the customary paring knife with steel blade. The fruit will not turn dark, if cut with the silver knife, and it presents a much more appetizing appearance.

A. M. A.

* * *

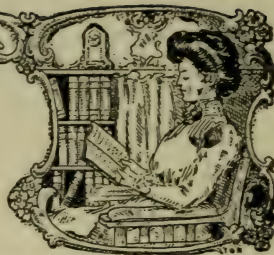
WITH the advent of winter and the little air-tight heaters in nearly every house comes the problem of keeping the stove pipe clean, and I have found that if a bit of zinc be thrown on the live coals occasionally, there will be no more extra work or discomfort from a stopped-up stove pipe.

J. D. D.

The crepe-paper novelties shown in this number are by the courtesy of the Dennison Manufacturing Co. — Ed.



QUERIES AND ANSWERS



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor, BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1681. — "Recipe for Bran Muffins or Bread."

Bran Bread

Boil one quart of wheat bran in plenty of water; wash in a fine sieve with hot water until the water runs through clear (when the starch is largely washed out). Squeeze in a cloth; spread thinly on an agate dish and let dry in a slow oven. Grind fine in a mill and sift by brushing through a fine sieve. Take three ounces of the bran powder, three fresh eggs, well beaten, one-fourth a cup of butter and one cup of milk. Melt the butter in part of the milk, add the rest of the milk to the eggs and combine the two; stir in the bran. Bake in thin cakes in a rather quick oven about half an hour.

QUERY 1682. — "Recipe for Aviation Sandwiches."

Aviation Sandwiches, Club Style

For one service have ready four triangular pieces of toasted bread, cooled and spread with mayonnaise dressing; cover two of these with lettuce, on the lettuce (for each sandwich) dispose a carefully cooked chicken wing, above the wing set a fresh-broiled slice of bacon, above the bacon a triangle of toast spread with mayonnaise. Above or beside each sandwich set a heart leaf of

lettuce containing a teaspoonful of mayonnaise. Cook the chicken wings, on a bed of sliced onion, carrot and parsley, in a covered casserole, basting frequently with melted butter. Do not add broth, and remove from the casserole as soon as tender. The fat with the vegetables gives an entirely different flavor than that secured with broth.

QUERY 1683. — "Recipe for Lamb Chops en Casserole."

Lamb Chops en Casserole

Use chops from the neck end, and do not remove the meat from the bones as in French chops. Heat butter or bacon fat in the frying pan and in it brown the chops, first on one side and then on the other. In the mean time cook a sliced onion or two (for six chops) in a little fat without coloring the slices. Turn the vegetables into a casserole, add the chops, salt and pepper to season and enough white, well-seasoned broth to cover. Heat the whole to the boiling point, cover and set to cook in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Cut six small potatoes in slices, cover with cold water and let heat quickly to the boiling point; drain, rinse in cold water and add to the casserole, with a little salt and pepper. Continue the cooking

Menus for Little Dinners and Luncheons in March



I

Lobster or Fresh Mushroom Cocktail
Brown Bread Sandwiches
Tomato Bouillon
Fried Fillets of Fish (breaded) Sauce Tartare
Parker House Rolls
Boned Loin of Lamb, Roasted
Mint-Jelly or Sauce
Scalloped Potatoes
Pineapple Fritters, Claret or Jelly Sauce
Lettuce-and-Asparagus Cream
French Dressing
Coupes Venus
Coffee

II

Eggs Muscovite
Consommé with Asparagus Tips and
Carrots Julienne
Oyster Croquettes, Sauce Tartare
Lady Finger Rolls
Larded Beef Tenderloin
Brown Mushroom Sauce, Mashed Potato
Cress Salad
Golden Parfait with French Fruit
Coffee

III

Consommé with Macaroni Rings
Ribbs of Beef, Roasted, Brown Sauce
Horseradish
Cress-and-Radish Salad
Scalloped Potatoes
Asparagus, Bernaise Sauce
Orange Bombe Glacé
Coffee

LUNCHEON I

Grapefruit-and-Pineapple Cocktail
Cream of Spinach Soup
Lamb Chops, Maintenon Style
Peas and Carrots
Cream Cheese-and-Pimento Salad
Clover Leaf Biscuit
Sponge Cake
Cocoa with Whipped Cream

II (LENTEN)

Grapefruit with Bar-le-duc Preserves
Cream of Oyster Soup—Olives, Radishes
Cheese Soufflé
Lettuce, French Dressing
Salad Rolls (yeast)
Frozen Apricots
Macaroons
Coffee



THE OLD-FASHIONED CASES, THE WHITE ENAMELLED WALLS, RELIEVED BY FIGURED CURTAINS,
AND THE TILED FIREPLACE ARE EXCELLENT FEATURES OF THIS ATTRACTIVE ROOM

The

Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XV

MARCH, 1911

No. 8

Scallop Fishing from Maine to Massachusetts

By Mary H. Northend

WHILE the scallop industry is no new venture, yet it has, within the last few years, developed so many interesting features, that it is now attracting the attention of not only the Fish and Game Commissioners, but of scientific men as well. The reason for this is partly on account of the dying out of old beds, and the opening up of new ones, making it a problem to be solved as to what the reason for the change may be. A few years ago it was possible for hundreds of thousands of bushels of this most delicious bivalve to be found all along the north and south shores of Massachusetts, where to-day not a vestige remains. There are, of course, spots all along the shores where they are to be found in larger or smaller quantities. Principal among these is the station at Nantucket, a little seagirt isle, thirty miles from the mainland, which furnishes, during the open season, thousands of dollars' worth of scallops for New York, Boston and other markets.

Chatham has scallop beds, as has New



THE SCALLOP FLEET

Bedford, Cotuit, Hyannis, and Edgartown. Within the last few years a large bed has been discovered at Bass River off Yarmouth, consisting of twenty acres, which yield an average of six thousand bushels annually.

On the Maine coast, between Penobscot Bay and Mount Desert Island, are to be found large scallops measuring across their shells from eight to nine inches, that is, from side to side. These are of coarser fibre than are the species

found on the south shore of Cape Cod, and are not as favorite with purchasers, although the great buccinator muscle,



A STREET IN NANTUCKET

which is the only portion that is eaten, is of rich flavor and very juicy, in spite of the larger grain of the eye.

This, however, is not an industry regularly followed by the majority of Maine fishermen. It is carried on for the most part in leisure moments. The boats used are very fast, and they are able to make a good profit out of this industry, as statistics show.

A feature of this industry is that there is no loss connected with it. While the eyes, the only edible part, are shipped to suitable markets, the rims find a ready sale at home, where they bring twenty-five cents per bucket, and are used for codfish bait. The shells, when cleaned, are sold for a variety of purposes. They have a lining of iridescent mother of pearl, which gives them a money value with button manufacturers. Farmers and dairymen are always glad to purchase them for skimming milk, and they are also used for garden borders. Then, too, the Boston market, which is always on the lookout for novelties, has conceived the idea of fashioning them into pin-cushion covers, and fancy souvenirs, to be sold at seashore resorts. So great has become the demand, that one Boston

firm gave an order for five hundred barrels! This is the boys' part of the earnings, for to them is allotted the sale of the shells.

Within the last few years the scallop has found another market, and has come into favor among the exclusive set as a scallop cocktail. This differs from the clam and oyster cocktail, as, unlike its fellow mates, it is baked; but like them, it is served with tabasco and tomato cat-sup in the dressing.

That scallop fishing is of sufficient interest to warrant the outlay of time and money in safeguarding it, is undeniable, for while the catch along the Maine shore is merely off-time work, to the Nantucket fishermen it is often their chief source of income, and the open season, which lasts from the first of November to first of May, is their harvest time. The scallop industry to Massachusetts alone yields a revenue of from \$90,000 to \$100,000 annually. This is in spite of the fact that the area is limited, as the general northern range of the shallow-water scallop extends no further than Plymouth, although they have been found as far south as the Gulf of Mexico.



ON A TRIP

The first of November sees an unwonted activity along the coast of Nantucket and the south shore of the Cape

Catboats which have been hauled upon the beach are made sea-worthy, sails are mended, dredges are examined and repaired, and every possible preparation is



STARTING FOR A DAY OUT

made for the opening of the scallop season.

Even the wives and daughters are interested, and many of them gather in groups along the shore, to watch the scallop fleet make its initial trip of the season. The fishermen, clad in oilskins, laugh and talk and exchange jokes with each new-comer, as they conclude their preparations. Finally, when all is ready, they sail away, and the groups of women and children scatter, to resume their household duties.

Some two hundred men, in Nantucket alone, are engaged in this business. The boats start out at about nine o'clock in the morning. The scallop dredges are drawn along the bottom, and drawn up when they are full. Their contents are dumped upon the "culling-board," and queer indeed are some of the denizens of the briny deep that visit the upper air by way of the scallop-dredge.

In the work of culling, the scallops that appear to be of suitable size are rapidly separated from those undoubtedly too small, and from the foreign substances picked up in the dredge, all of which are swept back overboard. No

accurate sorting of the bivalves is attempted at this time, as that work must be done under the eye of the inspector.

Each man pays a license fee, and these fees pay the inspector. Each fisher is allowed to dredge four bushels of scallops in one day, if he is alone. When two men occupy the same boat, they may take four bushels apiece. No boat is allowed to bring in more than eight bushels, however large her crew; and if the boat contains several men, as is often the case, they must divide the eight bushels among them.

When a sufficient quantity has been dredged, the boats return to the shore. They usually get in soon after one o'clock. At the wharf, they are met by the inspector, and the measuring is done in his presence. There is a good deal of sly banter, at his expense. One fisherman calls jokingly to another, "How many's ye git, Bill?" Back comes the answer, "Just about ten bushel o' little uns, not more'n an inch 'n' a half long!" These dialogues never fail to call forth roars of laughter from the bystanders; and the inspector, knowing well his crowd, usually laughs with the rest.



LANDING A DAY'S HAUL

From the wharf, the catch is taken to some neighboring shanty, and there it is prepared for the market. Here the final sorting takes place. The two-inch stand-



TAKING IN THE HAUL

ard is rigidly applied, and all the specimens that fall short are tossed back alive into the sea.

Those of legal size are then opened, by means of an ordinary table knife, whose blade has been broken off and so rounded that it measures about two inches in length.

The shell is held, dark side up, with the hinge turned away from the workman. The knife is inserted close to the hinge, as in opening oysters. Prying back the upper shell leaves the "eyes" exposed upon the right of the hinge. The "rim" is cleaned out, by a quick movement of the knife, the muscle is cut, and the scallop dipped into a pail. The "rims" are a mere by-product, and are sold as cod bait.



INSPECTOR ON DUTY

The muscle is the only part retained, and for shipment, the marketable scallops are put up in kegs or "packets," each of which holds about seven gallons. Four bushels of shells will yield four gallons of scallops besides a bucket of rims. The four gallons of solid scallops are placed in the packet, and the keg is then filled up with water. By the time that the shipment reaches New York, which is the principal market for the delicacy, the four gallons of scallops have absorbed the three gallons of water, and have so swelled in consequence that the kegs seem to be filled solid with scallops.

The fishermen tell with great glee of



A MODERN KITCHEN-MIDDEN

one of their number who believed it to be wrong to "water stock" in this fashion, and determined to be honest at all hazards, and to send seven gallons of scallops to the packet. He did, and in a few days received, from New York, a letter instructing him to send no more of those little scallops, as there was no sale for them! He ruefully declared that if folks didn't want honest measure, he guessed that he should have to please them; and thereafter, he shipped three gallons of water to the packet!

Another old fisherman, when asked how he made his living, replied, "Waal, I generally cal'late to make it by two

bushels of scallops to one of water!" Despite the old man's quaint reply, the fact remains that these fishermen make for themselves a comfortable living, during the six-months' scallop season. In Nantucket alone—a town of some three thousand inhabitants—more than fifty thousand dollars was realized by the phenomenal scallop season of a few years ago. The usual prices and an

ordinary yield make the returns fall far below this figure, while still presenting a total worthy of consideration.

The packets of scallops commonly sell to the dealers at a dollar and a half per gallon, sometimes falling as low as a dollar. The bivalve is in high favor as a toothsome viand among New York's "smart set" and along the "Great White Way."



CREAMED FISH IN SCALLOP SHELLS

Linda's Dual Personality

By Josephine Page Wright

MRS. BELINDA SMALL was scrubbing her dining room and worrying about her only daughter. When, therefore, she caught sight of that daughter's long legs dangling from the arm of an easy chair in the room beyond, she voiced her anxiety in a shrill query.

"Linda, are you readin' again?"

"I am, mother."

"Linda, what are you readin'?"

"Hudson."

"Hudson what?" persisted the mother in the vague hope that it might be Hudson river.

"Hudson," explained the young reader,

"is the name of the man who wrote the book."

"Is it a story telling book?"

"Truth, mother, is stranger than fiction."

Belinda Small recognized this as an evasion but could not grasp the significance of it. She rose painfully from her cramped position beside the water pail and went to her daughter's side. Linda obediently handed over the book for the inspection of her mother, who thumbed the pages of the volume on psychic phenomena gingerly.

"It doesn't look very interesting to me," was her only comment.

"It probably wouldn't be interesting to you," agreed her daughter.

"Tisn't about spiritualism, is it?" suspiciously.

"I am not interested in spiritualism, whatever may be meant by that. It is not scientific."

This denial relieved the situation somewhat, but Mrs. Small made one more effort to woo her daughter from false gods.

"Why don't you go over to see Mamie?"

"Mamie," scorned the young girl. "I am very sure, mother, you do wrong to urge that friendship upon me. Mamie is by no means my intellectual equal. She does not respond to my deeper feelings; she has no soul life, no aspirations. Her mother tells me that at times she takes delight in dressing and undressing her old dolls."

Mrs. Small, arms akimbo, regarded her daughter intently.

"I'm thinking," she mused aloud, "I'm thinking that for a girl of fifteen dolls is a safer plaything than psycholism."

For this Linda had no answer. She took the offending volume out of sight and herself beyond hearing. Belinda resumed her homely task.

The next morning the busy mother dallied over the belated breakfast in the hope that Linda might be in her place at the accustomed hour. To breakfast with Linda brightened the whole day for Linda's mother.

Linda, however, not unlike many girls of sixteen had evolved from much reading of philosophy and inherent selfishness a theory that repose of soul is synonymous with indolence of body. In consequence, her over-burdened mother opened the house every morning, drew the water, uncovered the fires and prepared the bacon and eggs, while the beloved daughter cultivated the spiritual graces by stretching her shapely limbs and digging her pretty head deeper into the soft pillows.

On this particular morning, however, even Mrs. Small's indulgent nature was tried beyond limit, and a sharp reprimand was on the woman's lips when it was stricken therefrom by an apparition at the foot of the back stairway.

"Linda," gasped Mrs. Small.

"Linda? Did you say Linda?" politely inquired the exquisite young woman in the doorway. "I am not Linda, mother. It is possible you have forgotten your own daughter Sarah?"

The speaker advanced to the kitchen table and gazed down upon Belinda with sweet eyes. She was dressed entirely in white. Her heavy blond hair was piled high on her head and intertwined with pearl colored beads. A long white sash was draped about the modern gown, giving it the semblance of a Greek robe. White stockings and strap sandals completed the costume.

"Of all the crazy performances—" began the mother, "of all the crazy performances—"

The slice of bacon she had just speared was hastily returned to the platter.

"Linda Small, go right upstairs and put on your school dress."

The new comer seated herself at the table quietly. "School? What need have I of school? I have gone to the school of the ages; mine is the wisdom of the ages. Pass the bacon, please."

Mrs. Small, thoroughly frightened, rose from her place and grasping the girl by the shoulder shook her gently.

"Do you mean to say that you are not going to school? What do you mean by parading around here at eight o'clock in the morning like a fancy dress ball and pretendin' you're Sarah something or other?"

Sarah disengaged herself gently. "Do not be so impulsive, mother. You should learn poise. I have been sent to you to instruct you. I am a new being created in the subliminal of that daughter whom you call Linda."

Sarah thereupon proceeded to devour

her bacon and eggs, and Mrs. Small, trembling and distressed, busied herself about the morning household tasks. Never for a moment, however, did she permit her child to leave her sight. That Linda had lost her mind because of much study and meddling with witchcraft, she never for a moment doubted.

The girl in the meantime seemed to be enjoying herself immensely. She re-arranged the draperies, she gathered flowers in the garden, under the curious gaze of the neighbors, and made festoons for the shabby parlor. Mrs. Small felt that duty pointed to the office of a physician, but poor as she was and humble as she was, she had a dread of publicity that too few of her superiors possess. She would give Linda twenty-four hours, at least, to come to her senses. Sleep would do miracles, perhaps a good night's rest would lift the enchantment from her changeling.

This half defined hope seemed realized. Linda appeared at the breakfast table next morning in her rusty brown school dress and her hair in two tight braids down her back.

"Are you going to school this morning?" asked the mother, to remove a lingering doubt.

"Why not?" sweetly.

"You didn't feel some like it yesterday," faltered the mother.

Linda opened her eyes in pretty bewilderment. "Oh, I certainly went to school yesterday," she insisted.

Belinda leaned forward and searched her daughter's face. "Don't—don't you remember Sarah?" she asked in a scared whisper.

Linda shook her head. "Sarah who?"

Mrs. Small was broken. She felt her worst fears realized. After a momentary hesitation, however, she decided to tell the horrible truth to her afflicted child. Linda, very much to her mother's surprise, received the news philosophically.

"Of course, I suppose I shouldn't go

to school for a time. But you mustn't worry about it. It's only another case of dual personality."

She spoke as though dual personality was something like chicken pox or measles. Her disappointment over her inability to attend school was not keen. She sang about the house, removed the withering festoons, read the current magazines, and spent an exciting hour over a new picture puzzle. Her mother's anxiety she seemed not to see. After washing the supper dishes, an innovation that disturbed her mother, she approached the unpleasant subject for the first time voluntarily.

"Mother, you mustn't be surprised or alarmed if Sarah should return to-morrow. She is apt to come after a heavy sleep and I am very weary. I have had an exhausting day."

"Lord," groaned the mother. "I felt it, I just felt it."

The re-appearance of Sarah confirmed the distracted mother's resolve to consult old Dr. Struthers. Here was a gentleman of the old school, a man who could be trusted with the disgraceful secret. To leave Sarah, however, was a risk; to tote her through the streets of the gossip town was out of the question.

Mrs. Small managed to scribble a confusing and alarming message and to smuggle it to the postman. Late the same afternoon Dr. Struthers responded in person, with a frame of mind more curious than that which he carried to most of his patients. The interesting case opened the door.

"Good afternoon, my dear Linda," beamed the physician.

The young Greek drew herself to her full height. "I beg your pardon, sir, did you mistake me for someone of the name of Linda? I am Sarah."

Dr. Struthers looked at her over the rim of his glasses. "Of course, to be sure, my dear, you are Sarah. Very stupid of me. Is Mrs. Small about?"

Mrs. Small came forward, embarrassed

and apologetic. Sarah, with a look that was meant to express her extreme indifference, gathered her robes about her and swept majestically from the room. Dr. Struthers looked after the retreating figure with unconcealed interest. He noted, but made no comment upon the fact, that a whisp of white peeped suggestively from the threshold of the door through which Sarah had left the room.

"Oh, doctor there's two of her! Yesterday she was Linda and to-day she's Sarah. To-morrow she'll be Linda again and betwixt the two of 'em they're driving me insane," moaned Mrs. Small.

"Yes—yes. Very trying, Mrs. Small. These cases are unusual and very trying. But we shall see what can be done," soothed Dr. Struthers.

As Mrs. Small told her tearful tale, her physician stood by the little center table fingering the books thereon and incidentally watching that small patch of white drapery.

"And do you know what is the matter with my child?" besought the anxious mother at the end of the recital.

"H'm, yes. It appears to be a case of dual personality."

"And have you ever cured one like it, doctor?"

"Well—no. To be frank I have never seen a case. I have read of them." Dr. Struthers thumped the table.

"But there's a cure for them? Tell me that, Dr. Struthers."

The good man nodded. "The ordinary method of cure is an elaborate process requiring great patience. It sometimes extends over a period of months or years."

Mrs. Small put her face into her red hands and wailed.

"Wait, wait, my dear. I was about to explain that I have a theory. I can safely promise you that by my method we can, in this case, effect a cure in a marvelously short time."

"To-day?" eagerly.

"Well—not to-day. Let me make my-

self clearer. Serious cases require severe treatment. We must resort to surgery."

The white patch grew larger.

"There is pressure upon the brain. We physicians of the old school recognize no ailment as purely psychic. It must have some cause in the material organism. Let us suppose, in the case of your daughter, that a piece of skull is pressing upon the brain. I cut away the flesh, I lift the bone—"

"Must she go to a hospital?"

Dr. Struthers shrugged his shoulders. "Not of necessity. The operation is painful but not dangerous."

"Painful? Can't you give her something so she won't know?"

"No anæsthetic in this case, Mrs. Small. In fact the intensity of her suffering will produce a change in psychic conditions corresponding to the physical change produced by the operation."

"Oh, my poor baby," sobbed the mother. "To-morrow, doctor, to-morrow?"

"Let me see. Linda will be here to-morrow," mused the physician. "No, I should prefer to operate on Sarah. Suppose you send for me the next time Sarah comes."

Mrs. Small wiped her eyes and followed her adviser to the door. "And you promise to cure her? Do say so again."

The physician looked with compassion upon the woman.

"Perhaps, Mrs. Small, perhaps Sarah may never come back," he consoled.

This faint spark of hope Belinda fed from her own great optimism. It made the night less horrible, it kindled anew with the first light of dawn. She was able to meet her daughter at the breakfast table with some degree of composure.

Linda appeared at the usual hour. She wore her school blouse and her hair was neatly braided. She glanced at her

mother timidly, almost fearfully.

"Mother," she began, "mother, I feel that we have won. Sarah has gone forever. My personalities have merged."

"Do you mean you've cured yourself?" demanded the mother.

Linda assented between gulps of coffee. After breakfast she began to gather her school books. She stood long before the mirror at the kitchen sink, adjusting her hair beneath the coquettish cap. She kissed her mother good-bye affectionately. At the doorway she paused.

"I'm going to stop for Mamie," she announced.

Mrs. Small watched her daughter's retreating figure until it vanished around the corner. In the dining room the water pail and scrub brush were waiting her coming. She dipped the brush into the water.

Then to her, the ignorant, to her, the skeptical, was given the gift of clairvoyance. Her full lips puckered into a low whistle of surprise and then expanded into a joyous grin.

"But I wish—I almost wish I had licked Sarah just once for luck."

Thereupon she began to scrub the dining room.

Common Sense

(The Best Asset for Any Business.)

By Mrs. Charles Norman

DOUGLAS JERROLD once said that he knew a man with twenty-four languages, who had not an idea in any of them. Mr. Jerrold is not the only person who has seen learned fools. It is strange, but no less true, that with all our advancement in education, there has been a decline in common sense. It is strange but no less true, that things are often called precisely what they are not, and that what we have named common sense is the rarest of gifts—common only in the sense that it is commonly needed.

Is it because modern life has done so much for us that our faculties have remained unexercised and our ordinary senses have become extinct? Men and women have two eyes apiece, yet we are surprised when we meet a person who sees. Our three senses combined—sight, hearing, and touch, do not give us half the perceptive power of the blind, deaf-mute, Helen Keller. We delude

ourselves into thinking that we see something; but the object usually lies dim in the distance. It is seldom near at hand so that we are certain of it, so that we can put our knowledge of it into use; and since it is only the present moment that is available, all our vision goes for naught.

One hundred and fifty years ago Jethro Tull complained that men were unwilling to devote their brains to the study of agriculture. He said in substance: "Learned men spend their lives in trying to find out the weight of the planets; in contriving new instruments for measuring the immense distance of the stars, or new implements for destruction of their fellow men in war; in devising new ways of plowing the sea with ships; but they think it beneath their dignity to study methods of tilling the land with plows and increasing the world's supply of food."

It is a common failure, and perhaps

a failure particularly common to women, that they do not give correct values, that they do not see things in their proper relation, that they fail to grasp totalities; but allow themselves to be very fastidious over unimportant details. They "gape at gnats and swallow camels."

I know a woman who dusts her veranda twice a day, as if it were a mahogany table, and I was not surprised to hear her nephew declare that he was never going to see her because she was "too nasty nice." The story comes to me that Mrs. Z. was away from home when Mrs. S. came to call. The week's washing was hanging upon the line within sight of the door at which the visitor stood, and she could not take her departure till she had re-hung a nightgown, which had not been put upon the line properly. So it happened that her visit was not entirely disappointing. She had had "some satisfaction."

There is always something in the point of view. What is trivial to one is vital to another. What one woman approves, another "just cannot stand"—an unironed sheet, for example. A very well known American writer wishes it were a penal offense (one coming under criminal jurisprudence) for boys to whistle indoors. Now surely that woman's mind is not what we could call balanced. If whistling indoors is a crime—how shall we measure punishment for murder? Boys are thoughtless, and it seems to me possible that a lad might even whistle in church—"right out in meeting"—without being a criminal.

My friend wrote me from Switzerland: "Viewed from the place we are now in, Monta Rosa is only a little knob." But she did not come home and paint the sublimest peak in Europe, as "a little knob." She had common sense enough to get other points of view, and the best point of view, and she neither slumbered nor slept till she had an adequate conception of the stately mountain she wished to represent.

I was once staying for a brief time in a Southern city. My days had been very busy, but I promised myself that on Sunday evening I should take time to read. An acquaintance, however, invited me to come to the balcony to meet some of her friends, and to that balcony I went, and on that balcony I spent two golden hours listening to a conversation upon the subject of *bracelets*. The women were well-mannered and kind. They had invited me, thinking I should be lonely, while I was looking forward to being alone, as a blissful opportunity.

They might have done much worse than to spend a Sunday evening talking about bracelets, but they might have done better. Let me quote the words of a French lady who was "deeply and fearfully impressed by what her own country had incurred and was suffering" from continued and ever-increasing extravagance and frivolity, and continued and ever-depreciating good sense and delicacy. She said:

"Paint and chignons, slang and vaudevilles, are in themselves small offences; yet they are quick and tempting conveyances on a very dangerous highway."

It is, however, injustice to American women, as a class, to count them over-frivolous. They are earnest—their earnestness simply being misdirected. Their hearts are better than their heads. (How fortunate for the nation, that the balance is that way!) It surely becomes laughable, however, or would were it not so sad, to hear to what subjects women are applying their brains. There is nothing they are not studying, "from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand," excepting only the things which pertain to their own homes. As to getting them to pay for cooking lessons. I am told, it is impossible. Very few of them would spend \$1 a year for a culinary magazine, except for the "sometime guest," or in the expectation that the editor would plan their meals for them and save them the trouble.

On the other hand, a German woman, though she be too dignified to pick up her own glove when it fell, would do her own cooking. She would not relegate to a hired servant the task which required the largest expenditure of brain power, and on which the welfare of her entire household depended.

It is a good thing to have taste and culture, but before these comes common sense. It is a good thing to be spiritual minded, but give spirit a body! We count it an excellent occupation, not a trivial one, to read Browning; but to read absorbedly and let the potatoes burn and the tea kettle boil dry on the gas stove, argues a lack of wits, not to mention a lack of potatoes and tea kettle. Common sense means sanity, a giving to all matters their due attention. It might happen that a woman needed Browning more than potatoes—for the soul should not be left to starve, and Browning can give it inexhaustible provision!

If there is any place in the world where a good head is needed it is in the home. In the first place, it is as difficult to finance a family as a kingdom, probably more difficult. Then there is no other field where the unexpected happens with such frequency. The home-maker must know not only how to form good plans, but how to set them aside, otherwise she becomes a tyrant and her subjects may at any time rise in rebellion. She cannot sit down and say—"I give it up" as she is inclined every day of her life to do; but she must proceed through all hindrances. She must arrange and execute her own work and direct that of servants or children, keeping each one busy working for the other. She may have the most important task, but the baby is sick, the groceries fail to arrive, callers detain her, plumbing gets out of order, or the paper hangers come! Never mind! When the hour comes for

eating, something is on the table to be eaten. It may take as much concentration as the massing of forces for a battle, but a meal is served.

"Always in peril," is the woman who commands a household, "and only to be saved by invention and courage." Invention! Common wits to meet the difficulty! Invention coupled with courage, for a perfectly sane woman can hardly get along in an insane world without courage. She must first see what to do, and then be brave enough to act. She may have time—let us hope she has—for church, clubs or society—for she should feel the relationship between home and the world; but let her not fail to reserve some of her head power for her family; not for cooking only but for all her manifold duties as wife and mother.

In a small family the wheels may go round with little friction, if the woman in charge has brains and character; but a larger household is more complex, and requires more competence. There may be more hands to do the work, but there must be one mind over all.

"I cannot see," said one of the neighbors, "how Mrs. T. gets along so well with her work. She is not forever at it, as I am; and she does not nag her children and husband as I do. She has as much to do as I, but things come out all right! She must be a philosopher!" Thus the case of Mrs. T. was summed up, and the diagnosis was entirely correct, though the speaker did not see, perhaps, that philosophy is just another name for common sense. She herself was lacking in the power to think clearly—a faculty required for all persons who would bear successfully their part in the play called "Life." We may be only supers, with no speaking part at all; nevertheless we shall need common sense to tell us when to get off the stage.



A Municipal Conscience

By Kate Gannett Wells

A MUNICIPAL conscience seems to be the last accretion of American womanhood, and as a motor power it already has accomplished much. If it can be kept detached from politics and applied to actual conditions of living rather than to theories, it is a first-rate asset for womanhood. For just as long as it is allied with grace and moderation in deed, is neither pertinaciously aggressive or advisory nor stupid, the individuals possessing such a conscience can help to run a city without losing their pre-eminence at home.

But unfortunately such a conscience is often addicted to talk and to the use of current phrases. "Industrial efficiency" is now one of the favorite utterances—as if housekeepers had not always known the difference between slackness and enterprise. The bother with so many new products is that they are not new, only make-overs.

Yet it is an immense advantage for all, when the women of any special locality realize that its appearance and health largely depend on the inspection of one's neighbors by one's self. It may not always be a pleasing occupation, except as ingenuity in devising ways of approach into other's purlieus stimulates mental activity and even in her own area one may long to fall back upon the Korean proverb, "He who would enjoy his food should not look over the kitchen wall."

A municipal conscience, however, without an historical background, is likely to be either too enthusiastic or too dictatorial. It is much safer to read reports, newspapers, especially the Women's Page, before beginning to propound theories, and to discover what has been done before beginning to do, when it is often found that one after all is not so original in ideas of reform. One's

neighbors may be as ignorant as one's self has been of existing ordinances, such as the use of galvanized ash and garbage cans. It sometimes takes a fire or disease to convince a householder that she has been remiss in care; but until disaster comes, any hint to her of her shortcomings is received as a personal insult.

The best gain to a city or village, in the feminine municipal conscience, is its impress on personality rather than on mere organization. Of course many such consciences must touch each other so closely that organization is wise and inevitable. Yet reaction, as inevitable and wise, brings a person rather than the police force of law to bear upon civic annoyances, on dirty markets, rabid rats and destructive flies, grewsome smoke and alley rubbish, and on many another less fatal grievance. One cannot work in such a commonsense organization without seeing that personality holds its own, that mere suggestion and tactful pleading alone accomplish many desired results.

Beautiful, the word is used advisedly. work has already been done in this personal way by the Municipal League of Boston and similar associations elsewhere, and by countless Village Improvement Societies. By and by, it will be easy to keep healthy because one's neighbors are no longer careless, until the perquisites of health will be found in civic beauty and order. The home conscience in maintaining things "clean, tidy and well-kept" expands into the municipal conscience which, when hygiene and sanitation have been achieved, will bring leisure to the quiet, cultivated woman for her "unobtrusive performance of unpretending duties," as she relinquishes the efforts she felt herself forced to make for the sake of others.

in being a combatant in the field of modern social service.

The municipal conscience will have to guard itself from insurgency, since any organization, as it acquires power, begins to make its own laws. As its executive ability strengthens, its members lose prestige and heart, for a few, or more often one, becomes the ruling spirit. Just because a city or town belongs to us all or we to it (which it is depends on one's point of view and makes a lot of difference) the municipal conscience wants to keep all in active work until public opinion has taught each one to take care of herself for the sake of others. It is the consumers, who can make conditions, who more often are at fault than the producers.

On the other hand, our American temperament can easily make the municipal conscience a thing of terror, for we are as apt to sacrifice quality to quantity (the value of the work we do to the amount we do) as to insist upon unnecessary thoroughness, which may be "morally a merit but industrially a defect." Worthy example does not win as frequently as a delightful, easy urgency, in which women can be adepts, capable, according to Pat Donan, of "holding their own

and something more in any assembly on any occasion and under any circumstances." To Pat's panegyric should be added—"and their accounts balance at the end of the year."

Phillips Brooks said, "Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers; pray for powers equal to your tasks." Surely those powers for the tasks of to-day have already been trained by the long centuries of housekeeping in which, as women gained control over their household implements and material, they found through the home the surest way to make the world happier.

The distinction of all this municipal conscience lies in its being the natural outgrowth of the housekeeper's conscience. It already has learned that equity is the basis of successful home administration and now it sees that municipal equity, as women can promote it, lies in the spirit of co-operation and publicity for the sake of others, in those departments of civic housekeeping, good milk for babies, etc., in which an injury to one infects others more or less. We all want to be profit-sharers in civic health, order, beauty, just as all the inmates of a happy home are profit-sharers in whatever increases its welfare.

March

By L. M. Thornton

Oh, little bird, from the Southland winging,
Sweet to my ear the news you're bringing;
Trilling your song, the meadows over,
Pledging your mate a faithful lover,
In measures rhythmic and loud and clear,
Your gay voice tells me that Spring is here.

Oh, little flower, from your low bed springing,
Good to my eye, the news you're bringing,
Painting in colors fair and tender,
A sign of the Summer's coming splendor.
Wakened early my heart to cheer,
You bring a message that Spring is here.

Oh, gentle breeze, through the orchard singing,
Good tidings unto the world you're flinging,
Winter, that ruled so long, defeated,
Cold and snow of their kingdom cheated,
Welcome zephyrs, as far and near
You voice the story that Spring is here.

Miss Eversham's Rug

By Frances Campbell Sparhawk

PART III

WITHIN a week from the date of Mr. Kent's conversation with Miss Eversham, Alice Miller announced to her young co-worker that she was going to leave the store.

"They've turned you off?" cried the other. "Too bad! What for?"

"Turned me off! Not much, Flo! We've had such a streak of luck! But my mother won't let me call it 'luck.' She says it is God's doing straight through—and it does look that way."

"When are you going to tell me?" cried Florence. "They'll be calling us in a minute."

"My mother's going to keep house for a very rich gentleman with lots of servants—three or four, I guess. She won't have to put her hands to any hard work; and the house is beautiful. He's in a hurry; and she's going next Monday."

"But that ain't you," said Florence impatiently. "What's *your* luck?"

"Just a piece of that, Flo. The gentleman says a store's not the place for a young girl. I ought to go to school and fit myself for work that will pay better. So, I'm to go and live with mother in his beautiful house, and go to school and study hard; and if mother stays, I s'pose I shall, until I get into work." Her listener sighed. "And what do you think?" went on Alice. "He's so generous he wouldn't let mother take off a cent of her salary for my board; he said if I was an industrious girl, I was welcome to my bread and butter until I had come to a good way of earning it. My! But I'm going to study!"

Her listener expressed her unselfish sympathy. "And you'll come and see me sometimes?" she asked anxiously.

"Don't worry about that, Flo, dear," Alice called back, smiling and nodding as she ran off to give in her resignation.

The evening that Miss Eversham first went to dine at Mrs. Parker's, Mr. Kent was there. Both he and the host were very bright men, Rachel was the soul of hospitality, and Elinor enjoyed herself immensely. She had been so long restricted in social intercourse that she felt herself in a new world; and as she thought it over that night as she lay smiling to herself at some of the wit she recalled, it seemed to her that she would work all the better for being waked up.

From that day life changed for Elinor Eversham; its even and dull tenor was constantly being broken into by delightful interruptions. Mrs. Parker had taken her up, and, certainly, did not intend to let her drop. Elinor had most decidedly refused to go into general society; she had no time, no money, even no inclination for it. But motoring was not included in this. And Mrs. Parker seemed to have taken up Mr. Kent also; for the two were always calling for Miss Eversham to go somewhere with them.

"Leave your work, leave your work, Elinor," Rachel would say. "The fresh air will do you good; you'll draw all the better for it." And Elinor would yield, because yielding was so pleasant. Occasionally Mr. Parker or some one else would make a fourth; but oftener the three went alone, until Rachel used to say with a laugh as they set Elinor down at her own door, "When shall we three meet again? *Not* in thunder, lightning, or in rain!"

Elinor had Mr. Parker and Rachel to dinner. But no coaxing on the part of the latter could induce her to invite Mr. Kent, also; she declared that she could

not manage a quartette; she had not enough after dinner coffee cups.

He grew into the habit of dropping in, however, almost as frequently as at Mrs. Parker's. He was never asked to dinner, but he had many a cup of afternoon tea, and many a chat not by any means over illustrations. At these visits he was entertaining and appeared in excellent spirits. But going away from them, he would walk with downcast look and meditative air. "She is as bright and gay and aloof as an utter stranger," he would say to himself at such times. "Her work is full of heart and fervor. Does she keep everything for that, I wonder?"

One day as Mrs. Parker was talking of Elinor, he spoke of her great charm and yet her great coldness.

His listener's eyes glowed, and for an instant she did not look at him. Then, "You've not mined in the right place, or deep enough, Mr. Kent," she answered lightly; and added with great seriousness, "Elinor Eversham has heart, if she has nothing else. Take my word for that."

The other made no further confidences. But he began to fear that something was seriously wrong with his mining. Perhaps the ground had been pre-empted.

"Nat," said Mrs. Parker to her husband that evening, "I hate to be beaten, when I've made up my mind to something."

"I didn't know you ever were," he laughed. "Now, when you made up your mind for me, you know—"

She stopped him in a summary way. "I'm laughing," she added; "but really, I don't feel like it. Things are going crooked, or, what's worse, they're not going at all. I've made up my mind to have two persons fall in love with one another."

"And are they not kind enough to do it?"

"I can't find out."

"Ho! ho! ho! I never knew you in

such a place before!"

"Now, laugh, do, when I'm in distress!"

"Well, it's not dire distress, is it?"

"Yes, indeed, it is, sir."

"Then open your heart to me; don't just give me a glimpse of one corner behind the curtain. Are you talking of Kent and that old schoolmate of yours?"

"To be sure."

"Perhaps, now, they'll do better work if you leave them to go each alone."

"Work! work! work! What a machine you are!"

He laughed. "Go ahead then. But let me remind you of the old proverb, 'Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.'"

But Rachel Parker slighted good advice. One day, when she and Elinor were sitting alone together in the latter's house, she began to talk of the success that Mrs. Miller had proved and how well it was for her and the child who was doing finely at school.

"Mr. Kent is so kind; he takes real interest in her progress," Rachel went on. "But, Elinor, that's no way for a man to live, a man like him who would enjoy home life. He ought to marry. I've been trying to think up somebody for him. How do you think Marjorie Gray would do? She is handsome and rich, and bright enough for a fireside, you know; and about thirty, just the right age. I believe I'll bring the two together a little and see how it will come out."

"Yes. Why don't you?" said Miss Eversham briskly, turning away to pull down the shade which was letting the sun into their faces. "It would be an excellent idea; and I don't see why it wouldn't succeed. Go at it, Rachel; and tell me about it when you come again."

"Are you really cold? or indifferent? or mighty clever?" thought the other, watching her closely. Elinor looked a little pale; but she often did. And she went on talking of the last motor drive

they had had and laughing as freely as if her heart were perfectly whole—or even as if she hadn't any; as it seemed she had not at Mr. Kent's service.

It was after her friend had gone, puzzled and half angry, that Elinor Eversham sat for hours alone and faced the situation into which her own carelessness, as she told herself, had brought her. She was keen enough when she waked up to a fact. At last she perceived that Rachel had been first trying on Elinor herself the little game she was now proposing for Marjorie Gray. She, Elinor Eversham, as proud a woman as ever walked, had been trotted out to show her paces and let Mr. Kent see if he liked her—and *he did not!*

She clenched her hands and moaned in her mortification. What had been done was without remedy; she must bear the sting of it as best she could. And in the light of this revelation, she read another truth—she had seen too much of Mr. Kent! But this was a fact for the depths of her own heart; no one else would ever know it.

"She'll not come!" cried Mrs. Parker turning to her companion with a real distress in her tones. "Why hadn't she let things alone? She saw that Elinor was leaving the way clear for Marjorie Gray—ridiculous.

"She'll not come!" echoed Mr. Kent. "Why not? What reason does she give this superb day; and such a run as we should have. What does she telephone?"

"Too busy!" retorted Mrs. Parker with scorn. "Let's go and rout her out."

But they could not shake Elinor's determination to stick more closely to her work; she was getting behind hand, she said. What else she meant Rachel Parker guessed dimly, but did not betray. She was not fond of confessing her mistakes; and she saw no way out of this one.

Three months went by. To Kent they brought more and more days of despair.

More than once he had gone to Elinor determined to speak his heart out to her and try his fate that very day. And each time he had come away from Miss Eversham so chilled by her laughing indifference, her brilliant coldness that he had not dared to utter his hope; to woo her when she was in that mood would be to invite failure.

Mrs. Parker perceived his state of mind. She thought of revealing it to Elinor. But her one meddling had been so disastrous that she feared to try another.

Miss Eversham's work for these past months had been finer than ever. Her face before others had been gay; but her inward life had been a humiliating realization that without Mr. Kent there was no joy for her. She had lived for years without joy, and she could go on doing it. But she certainly was not to be thrown at his head any more. She grew a little paler, and a little thinner, which Rachel noticed, and told her husband what had come from disregarding his advice.

He declared that Cupid was the only legitimate matchmaker, and ought to be left to take care of his own business, and was indifferent to everything but books and illustrations which were doing well.

Elinor now went more frequently to luncheon than to dinner with her old schoolmate, when the women had cozy chats together, with neither saying what was uppermost in her mind.

One morning they were seated in Mr. Parker's den, of which in his absence his wife often took possession. It looked very attractive that keen March day with a bright wood fire on the hearth and the rug which had once been Elinor's lying warm and charming in its soft colors. Glancing at it, she thought that, on the whole, it had brought her more sorrow than happiness. Mrs. Parker had taken up the morning paper and was reading scraps from it to her guest. Suddenly her indifference changed to an exclaima-

tion of horror.

"Another terrible accident!" she read. "A great many hurt and some killed. Why, that was the train Mr. Kent told me yesterday he was going to take to Chicago last night! And, yes—oh, Elinor, here's his name among the killed. They've put his initials wrong; but the name is Kent, and as he went, it must be he—oh, Elinor, how terrible!"

There was no answer, and she looked up.

Elinor lay motionless in her easy-chair. She had fainted. Rachel sprang to get the smelling salts from her bedroom.

At the door of the den she met Mr. Kent face to face. She started with an exclamation. Then recovering her wits, she said in hot haste, pointing into the room, "I just read your name to her among the killed in the railroad accident. You said you were going and I thought it was you; and she fainted dead away at the news. Go and try to restore her while I fly for help for her."

Kent springing forward, caught Elinor in his arms, calling her by all endearing names and entreating her to wake and answer him. To ears that at first were deaf, but roused at his passionate words,

he poured forth the story of his love until color flooded back to her face and her eyes fluttered open. Rachel peeping in and assuring herself that kisses were as effectual as smelling salts, noiselessly withdrew.

But when, at last, Elinor, rallying her forces, endeavored to release herself, he still held her for a moment.

"Oh, Elinor, don't you love me a little?" he pleaded.

"No—not a *little*," she whispered back.

"We're going to have a very quiet wedding in June, and take Europe this summer and the Eastern tour in the winter," explained Mr. Kent when Mrs. Parker at last returned, trying in vain to smother her smiles in her dimples which would have play.

"You planned it," said her husband later.

"No, I never thought of such a thing. I didn't know he had changed his mind about going and was coming here. It was Cupid's doings. But we'll give her the wedding, Nat. And a quiet one, indeed! Ha! ha! At last, I have my hand on something I *can* manage!"

END.

Cookery in Literature

By E. E. M.

PART II

CONSIDERING that roast beef and plum pudding are commonly called the chief national dishes of England, it is natural that hearty eating has been usually accepted as characteristic of Englishmen. Emerson commended the plentiful, nutritious diet of English laborers who had no notion of subsisting on water cresses. "Good feeding is a chief point of national pride among the vulgar," he wrote, "and in their carica-

tures they represent the Frenchman as a poor, starved body," willing to live on soups and sweets. Almost every town has, however, its own famous and peculiar dish or dainty. Yorkshire has its ham and toasted tea-cakes; Devonshire its clotted cream and junkets; Bath its buns, and Shrewsbury its pancakes. Many a hint of the old-fashioned Englishman's lusty enjoyment of food is given to us in the gossipping journal of

Samuel Pepys. When Madam Pepys gave a really fine dinner, she provided a dish of marrow-bones; a leg of mutton; a loin of veal; a dish of fowl, three pullets and a dozen of larks all in a dish; a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies; a dish of prawns, and cheese.

Certain American dishes are no less distinctive. Benjamin Franklin would have preferred the turkey to the eagle as our national bird, considering it a much more respectable fowl, and none the worse emblem because "it is a little vain and silly." Tea has been associated with Massachusetts patriotism ever since the days of the Boston Tea Party in the harbor; and there is a certain national sentiment in Whittier's praise of "the bowl of samp and milk, by homespun beauty poured," which he is careful to extol above the pineapples, oranges, and grapes of other lands. With this belongs Lucy Larcom's assurance that she had grown as fat as a pig through living for a week on johnny-cake and milk. She recommends to a desired visitor cornmeal fritters with sugar and cream, and declares that she can herself make nice doughnuts, and that "it is genteel to drink coffee for breakfast, dinner, and supper."

Hawthorne, as well as Miss Larcom, could turn cook on occasion, and probably he enjoyed the result, as much, at least, as he enjoyed some of his luncheons at the Saturday Club. "Imagine that superb head," wrote his admiring wife, "peeping at the rice or examining the potatoes with the air and port of a monarch. . . . On Christmas Day we had a truly Paradisical dinner of preserved quince and apple, dates, and bread and cheese, and milk." Then they left the dishes for morning work, enjoying "beautiful long evenings from four o'clock to ten."

Speaking of Concord, one recalls Miss Alcott's tea-fight, when more guests came than had been expected, and she let the hungry wait and the thirsty moan for

tea, while she picked out and helped "the regular anti-slavery set" to the best there was. A merry evening followed the speaking, "after which scrabbings of feast appeared, and we drained the dregs of every cup, all cakes and pies we gobbled up; then peace fell upon us, and our remains were interred decently."

On occasion "the regular anti-slavery set" fared less well, according to the testimony of Miss Sallie Holley, who complained that, on her lecturing tour in Pennsylvania, her poor entertainers expected her to "sit down in a dirty, dingy kitchen to highly spiced sausages; or a dish here denominated as scrapple, and hot, thick, heavy, pancakes." She endured it all for the cause, and probably she would never have written the words, had she known that the chance mention of her discomforts would go where the memory of the lectures has been forgotten. There is ample testimony that the efforts of Pennsylvania cooks, then as now, bore usually a far different character.

Lowell, like Whittier, praised homely common vegetables, as if they were flowers. He wrote with enthusiasm of "pie-plants,—compulsory monastics, blanched under barrels, each in his own little hermitage, a vegetable Cortosa." That is news to us, who have always believed that rhubarb should court the sunshine. Of celery Lowell declared rightly that its virtue is its paleness, and it was in an obscure corner of the garden that he found "the sanguine beet, tolerated only for its usefulness in allaying the asperities of Saturday's salt-fish." That was in the days when Cambridgeport was a huckleberry pasture, and when a boy who bought dates bought also a dream of Egypt and palm-trees and Arabs. In those days, too, the students in the college used to hand down a simple joke, from class to class, as follows:

A enters the grocery store and asks, gravely:

"Have you any sour apples, Deacon?"

"Well, no, I haven't any just now that are exactly sour; but there's the bell-flower apple, and folks that like a sour apple generally like that." Exit A. Enter B.

"Have you any sweet apples, Deacon?"

"Well, no, I haven't any just now that are exactly sweet, but there's the bell-flower apple, and folks that like a sweet apple generally like that." Exit B.

Lowell recorded, too, his Maine guide's praise of pork. "It's more nourishin' than anything else. It kind o' don't digest so quick, but stays by ye, a-nourishin' ye all the time. . . . A feller can live wal on frizzled pork an' good spring water, git it *good*."

Hearty appetites have belonged not only to Maine guides but to some of the most poetic and philosophical of minds. Both poets and artists have made much of the fact that Goëthe fell in love with Lotte von Kestner when she was preparing supper for her younger brothers and sisters. Thackeray put it thus:

"Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter."

Thackeray concludes that even after Werther's tragic end Charlotte placidly "went on cutting bread and butter." But disentangle fact and fiction as one may from the Werther story, to understand Goethe's wholesome satisfaction in the less poetic details of physical nourishment, one must read his letters to Frau von Stein, the first of which begins gratefully with thanks for the gift of a sausage and continues with frequent mention of presents of vegetables, game, and cooked dishes. It is not, perhaps, ill-natured to remember, also, that the red-cheeked, curly-haired 'Christine, whom he really married, was famous chiefly for her cooking and housekeeping ability.

It would not be easy to estimate justly the truth of the old saying about the way to a man's heart, at least in the more delicate stages of approach before marriage. There is some evidence to show that as many girls have been won by bonbons as men by beefsteaks. Lawrence Sterne sent Kitty Tourmantelle a pot of sweetmeats and a pot of honey, with the assurance that neither of them was half as sweet as herself, but he added:

"Don't be vain upon this, or presume to grow sour upon the character of sweetness I give you; for, if you do, I shall send you a pot of pickles by way of contraries."

Helen Campbell reminded us once that Thackeray learned to treat all his boy friends to apricot omelette after beefsteak pudding, a combination which he abhorred himself, but which delighted the boys; and she recalled in the same connection the tragedy of the apricot puff in "The Mill on the Floss." Maggie, eager only to please Tom, offered to take the half with the jam run out, but Tom insisted that she should choose blindfold. When the desirable half fell to her and Tom began to be cross because she still begged for the inferior piece, she ate it as ordered and really enjoyed the novelty of Tom's renunciation, only to have her heart broken a little later by the cry of "Oh, you greedy thing!" as she finished the last crumb.

One might trace the changes and modifications in table manners from one generation to another, keeping pace with the gradual substitution of comfort for both luxury and deprivation. The lovely Lady Russell of 1681, before misfortune overtook her, wrote to her ill-fated husband of the merry family celebration of his birthday, the noble lord himself being absent from home: "We drank your health after a red-deer pie, and at night our girls and I supped on a sack-posset; nay, Master (their little boy) would have

(CONTINUED ON PAGE XX)

THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics

JANET MCKENZIE HILL, Editor

PUBLISHED TEN TIMES A YEAR

Publication Office :

372 BOYLSTON STREET BOSTON, MASS.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1 00 PER YEAR SINGLE COPIES, 10c

FOREIGN POSTAGE : TO CANADA, 20c PER YEAR

TO OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES 40c PER YEAR

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Entered at Boston Post-office as second-class matter.

LESSONS IN ELEMENTARY COOKING

THE series of Lessons in Elementary Cooking, which are appearing at present in our pages, are of especial interest to cooking teachers everywhere. Already the lessons are receiving commendation from many sources, with requests that they be continued to include all classes and kinds of food products. These lessons are the result of the practical experience of a teacher in one of the best schools in the State of Massachusetts. While they are simple and yet comprehensive, the method of presentation is both scientific and modern. On the whole this series of lessons can not fail to be helpful and suggestive to all those who are engaged or in anywise interested in the teaching of elementary cooking.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

WE want to retain your name on our list of subscribers. This list is growing steadily, year by year, and especially in this year we have made substantial gains, for which in large measure grateful thanks are due to our readers and patrons. We want you to belong to an ever-increasing number of progressive housekeepers. We might well have the names of thirty thousand more housekeepers on our list, and give them all even better service than we are now giving our present clientage, for our means would be larger. Certainly housekeeping is to play a larger part in matters economic in the future than it has ever done in the past.

And yet we can not desire you to continue your subscription, unless you also want this kind of a periodical. Our relations must be of mutual advantage and profit. We are glad to notice in so many cases that they who do discontinue their subscriptions do so reluctantly and with good and sufficient reason. We are just in receipt of the following: "I enclose check for two dollars. I have concluded to send the magazine to my sisters. I do not think I have failed to get one or two valuable recipes out of each number, and I am not only an experienced cook, but have a good library of cook books. I have had courses under the best known teachers of cookery. I have taken one or two cooking magazines every year since I began housekeeping twenty-one years ago, but I am sure that yours has been as valuable as any I have ever had, and I wish you every success."

This magazine is designed to be instructive and helpful to the housekeeper ; to teach her how to prepare and serve wholesome and palatable food, not only as the safe and sure, but also as the natural means to healthful living. We do not aim at reform, have never had a call to preach. The professional re-

former, we suspect, is always something of a crank. At any rate we have no desire at all to join that sort of a procession. We simply wish to do well whatever we may do and render timely and useful service to our co-workers in the domain of home making. A leading question of the day is doubtless that of home economics. Do not fail to heed well a matter of so much importance as the conduct of your household.

QUALITY AND CHARACTER

IN looking over the numerous publications of the day we constantly wonder at the matter of which they are composed. Apparently the contents of the larger number of these periodicals are made up chiefly of fiction, fiction, fiction *ad nauseam*. Rarely do we find anything interesting, instructive or even readable. The everlasting story becomes tiresome; it surfeits the reader and weakens his power of intellectual application. Does not biography provide a much more valuable and healthy mental pabulum than the ordinary and current class of fiction? By contemplating the lives and experiences of others we learn to fashion our own minds and characters.

Of all the publications we are wont to examine the religious weeklies are best worthy of approval. In general they are well conducted, and, aside from matters of sectarian interest, they do present some articles that pertain more or less to ethics, morality and character. And, after all, is not character, moral character, the thing of greatest concern to us in life? Does not all our digging and delving and thinking lead up to the character thus formed? By this standard the status of every man or woman is determined and fixed. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

THE ETHICS OF COOKING

"ETHICS OF COOKING," Boston Cooking-School Magazine. This is a cooking magazine, and while supplying a popular want in the hunt for a *recherche* recipe, is doing much

needed work in bringing home to the average American woman some ideas of what cooking is. The average cook will invariably over-cook her meats and under-cook her vegetables and she has no idea of the reason why. The average American, deprived of a frying pan and a lard pail, would be utterly lost, and yet the best cooks in the world employ neither. The reason why is never told—not even in the Boston Magazine.—*Inland Herald*, Spokane, Wash.

THIS is pretty good; we like it. It suggests the *raison d'être* of the COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE. And is not "the reason why" a good motto for a culinary publication?

The young cook is often perplexed by the seeming multiplicity of the things she needs to know how to cook, but the matter is very simple, for reduced to lowest terms, the problem reads: learn the principles that underlie the proper cooking of an egg and a potato and apply these to the cooking of all other food products. By a little thought and study, not enough to overtax the time or mind of anyone, and the whole subject may be worked out.

But by no means would we be deprived of the frying pan and lard pail. The best cooks the world over use both, but they should know how to use them properly. It is the abuse and not the use of the frying pan or lard pail that is objectionable. For instance, the flavor and juices of fish, oysters, chops, etc., when properly fried in deep fat, are conserved as in no other way of cooking, and even the napkin on which the finished products are laid are scarcely soiled by the contact. Here the lard pail is in evidence, but no appreciable part of its contents is partaken of. The conclusion is, the culinary art must be acquired; it is the result of both knowledge and experience.

SCIENCE IN THE KITCHEN

The work of the skilful cook is as potential for human welfare as is the work of the physician and the surgeon, for often culinary skill may save us from

the physician's potion and the surgeon's knife. But is there, in the profession of cooking, room for as deep study and investigation, room for such profound knowledge as in the profession of medicine or of surgery? Is there not equal responsibility of life and death? Certain it is that more people die of bad cooking than of either bad medicine or bad surgery. Cooking is a noble science, and need not blush among the other sciences.

The greatest of the sciences is chemistry. It is the science on which all others are founded, and cooking is a child of chemistry. The chemist is verily a cook. In his pots and pans he has tried out of black coal-tar all the colors of the rainbow, and has converted dead, dull, waste things into aromas and flavors that make commonplace the perfumes of Arabia and the spices of India.

The kitchen is the laboratory of the home. Its proper place is not in a dim corner at the rear of the house, but in the front of the house, where the sunlight is. The kitchen should be large and commodious, convenient and accessible.

There is but one best way of doing a thing, and in this scientific age we are guided less and less by guesswork, more and more by accurate knowledge. Cooking, like poetry, conforms more to taste than to science. While the farmer makes requisition on chemistry for the analysis of his soil and for the composition of the fertilizers needed to bring forth the best crop of vegetables, while he makes medicine his ally for the health of his hogs and fowl and cattle, his kitchen often continues under the sway of accident, guesswork and waste.

There are four particulars in which the cooking of the household, of the restaurant, and of the hotel might be improved most effectually. These are economy, taste, digestibility and nutrition.

As with most other things, the demand controls the price of meats. A

select piece of tenderloin from the back of the beef may cost thirty cents a pound, inclusive of the bone and fat that go with it, although this soft and flabby muscle is far less nutritious, and therefore less valuable as a food than are many other parts of the beef. It is, in fact, about the least nutritious. The reason why it is soft and flabby and tender is the lack of work performed by it during life.

The most nutritious parts of an animal are those highly organized portions that during life have been subject to the greatest variety of uses and the most exposed to strains, which they must possess the quality of withstanding.

Youth's Companion

There are houses known by courteous telephoning. Telephone courtesy is a big thing, as courtesy always is. Loss of temper gains nothing.

The less you require looking after, the more able you are to stand alone and complete your tasks, the greater the reward. Then if you can not only do your work, but also intelligently and effectively direct the efforts of others, your reward is in exact ratio.

And the more people you direct, and the higher the intelligence you can rightly lend, the more valuable is your life.

The most precious possession in life is good health. Eat moderately, breathe deeply, exercise outdoors and get eight hours' sleep.

And cultivate Charm of Manner as a Business Proposition.—*Selected.*

Beauty of achievement, whether in overcoming a hasty temper, a habit of exaggeration, in exploring a continent with Stanley or guiding well the ship of state with Gladstone, is always fascinating, and, whether known in a circle large as the equator or only in the family circle at home, those who are in this fashion beautiful are never desolate, and some one always loves them.—*Frances E. Willard.*



MAYONNAISE MIXER WITH THE INGREDIENTS

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

Tomato Soup Thickened with Barley

COOK one can of tomatoes, one onion, sliced thin, and two branches of parsley ten minutes and press through a sieve into a double boiler. When boiling stir in three tablespoonfuls of powdered barley and a teaspoonful of salt, mixed to a smooth paste with water, and continue to stir until boiling; then let cook over boiling water about an hour. Add salt and pepper, also boiling water if needed and serve at once.

Cream of Spinach Soup

Press one cup of cooked-and-chopped spinach through a sieve; add one pint of hot white sauce (two cups milk and one-fourth a cup, each, of butter and flour)

and let boil once; add three cups of white broth and salt and pepper as needed. Strain and serve. The beaten yolks of two eggs, mixed with half a cup of cream, give a richer soup. Do not boil the soup after the addition of the egg.

Cocoa to Serve Thirty

Put one cup and three-fourths of boiling water into a double boiler; add three-fourths a cup of cocoa and let stand undisturbed till the cocoa is moistened; stir thoroughly, then add one cup and three-fourths of boiling water and stir again. Let cook one hour; add two and one-half cups of sugar, stir till dissolved and let cook half an hour. When cold add half an ounce of vanilla extract and strain through cheese cloth. There will be one quart of cocoa syrup. This may

be used at once or it may be set aside for use as needed. To serve two divide one-fourth a cup of the syrup between two cups and pour three-fourths a cup of hot milk into each cup. Stir and it is ready. For thirty scald six quarts of milk in a large double boiler, add the quart of cocoa syrup, beat with spoon or egg-beater and serve at once.

Cocoa to Serve 125

Use one pound of cocoa, five pounds of granulated sugar, three and one-half quarts of boiling water and two ounces of vanilla. Prepare as above, putting half of the boiling water into the boiler at first. A spoonful of whipped cream or two marshmallows, floating on the top of the cocoa in each cup, are additions generally approved.

of salt and one-fourth a teaspoon of pepper; add one cup and a half of milk (or one cup of fish broth—left from boiled fish—and half a cup of cream) and stir until boiling. Butter scallop shells; put in a little sauce, then a layer of fish and cover with sauce. Mix one cup of cracker crumbs into one-third a cup of melted butter and spread over the sauce. Pipe a little hot mashed potato on the edge of the fish, brush this with the beaten yolk of an egg, diluted with one or two tablespoonfuls of milk, and set into a hot oven to brown the crumbs and the edges of the potato. Creamed oysters, shrimp, lobster or crabflakes may be prepared in the same manner. If oysters are used, bring quickly to the boiling point, drain and use the liquid (strained) with cream for the sauce. Often better



COCOA SERVICE

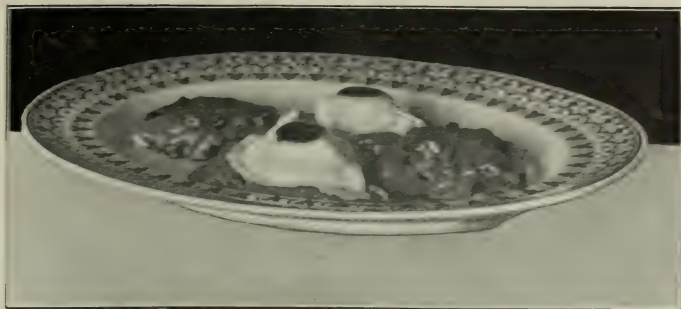
Creamed Fish in Scallop Shells

Any cold cooked fish may be used. Separate into flakes while hot if convenient. For each cup of fish prepare three-fourths a cup of the sauce. For two cups of fish a cup and a half of sauce is needed. For this melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook three tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoon

results will be secured, if the article (fish or oysters, etc.) be stirred into the sauce, and this mixture used for filling the shells. Oysters should be cut in halves.

Mexican Rabbit

Melt a scant tablespoonful of butter in the blazer of a chafing dish, turning the blazer that the surface may be



MEXICAN RABBIT

evenly oiled; add half a pound of cheese (common factory) cut up as thin as possible, and stir until the cheese melts; add three-fourths a cup of kornlet and a large red pepper cut in squares or shreds and stir a moment, then add the yolks of two eggs, beaten and mixed with half a cup of thick tomato purée, half a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of paprika; stir constantly until the mixture thickens to a smooth consistency. Have ready four slices of bread toasted on one side. Cut a sound clove of garlic in halves and touch the untoasted side of the hot bread here and there lightly with the garlic; pour over the rabbit and serve at once. A carefully poached egg, set above the rabbit on each slice, insures a hearty meal.

Molded Eggs with Pimentos, French Fashion

Butter eight small timbale molds very thoroughly. Rinse two or three canned pimentos in cold water, then dry on a

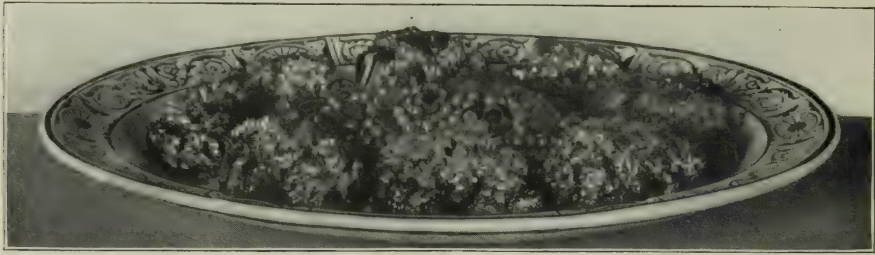
cloth. From these stamp out eight stars (or other design) and set one in the bottom of each mold; add a few drops of melted butter to each, to hold it in place. Cut the rest of the pimentos into small bits. Beat five eggs with a spoon; add the bits of pimento, a scant half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of paprika. Put three tablespoonfuls of cream in a hot frying pan, turn in the eggs and set over a moderate fire and stir constantly with a spoon to keep the eggs smooth and creamy. When slightly thickened throughout remove from the fire, add three eggs, slightly beaten, with one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper and mix thoroughly. Turn into the prepared molds, set the molds in a baking pan on many folds of paper, surround with boiling water and let cook in the oven about ten minutes or until the egg is set. Remove the molds from the water and after a few minutes (the mixture by standing will shrink from the mold); unmold on croutons of bread (toast), over which a little cream or



MOLDED EGGS WITH PIMENTOS. FRENCH FASHION

tomato sauce has been poured. Serve additional sauce in a bowl.

spread a little cheese sauce over one half, then fold and turn the omelet upon a hot



ENGLISH LAMB CHOPS, MAINTENON STYLE

Rice Omelet, Cheese Sauce

Have ready a cup of hot boiled rice (measured after cooking) so cooked that the grains are distinct. Beat the whites of two eggs dry and the yolks until thick. To the yolks add the rice, half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and a tablespoonful of water; fold these over and over to mix thoroughly, then fold in the beaten whites. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in an omelet pan; turn in the rice and egg mixture, let stand over the fire to become "set" on the bottom, then remove to the oven to remain until a knife cut down into the mixture is removed without uncooked

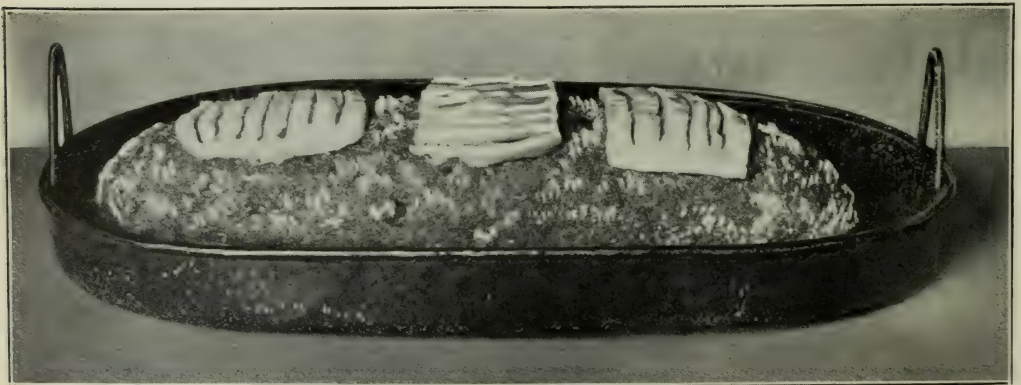
dish; pour the rest of the sauce around and serve at once.

Cheese Sauce

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook two tablespoonfuls of flour, and one-fourth of a teaspoon, each, of salt and pepper; add one cup of rich milk and stir till boiling; add half a cup or more of grated cheese and stir without boiling till the cheese is melted.

English Lamb Chops, Maintenon Style

The flank ends of the chops may be retained or removed, as desired. The flank ends will not be made tender in



CHICKEN LOAF, READY TO COOK

egg adhering to it. Score the omelet at right angles to the handle of the pan,

the short time given to the cooking of the rest of the chop. When retained

they simply furnish more space for the Maintenon mixture. If these be discarded, there will be enough of the mixture to dress four additional chops. Trim off the flank ends or roll them and press close to the rest of the chop. Broil the chops, or cook them in clarified butter, on one side only, to stiffen them. Set a rounding tablespoon of Maintenon preparation on the cooked side of each chop; with a silver knife, wet in water, give the preparation a smooth dome shape. Cover with cracker crumbs (one cup) stirred into melted butter (one-third a cup). The chops may be cooked at once or set aside in a cool place for

through a sieve. Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook half a cup of flour, half a teaspoon of salt and pepper to taste, then add the onion purée, white broth and cream to make in all one cup and a third of liquid; stir until boiling; add one-fourth a pound of fresh mushrooms, chopped and simmered two or three minutes in one or two tablespoonfuls of butter and stir until the mixture boils again, then add two yolks of eggs, well beaten, and stir, without boiling, until the egg is set. The mixture should be of the consistency of a croquette mixture.



CHICKEN LOAF, SLICED FOR SERVING

some hours. Cook in a rather hot oven about eight minutes. Serve around a mound of cooked peas and carrot slices, dressed with salt, black pepper and butter. If canned peas are used they will be improved by the addition of a teaspoon of sugar.

Maintenon Preparation

Peel one medium-sized onion, cover with cold water, bring to the boiling point and let cook four minutes; drain and dry on a cloth; slice the onion and let simmer in two tablespoons of butter without taking color. When the butter is absorbed, add one cup of white broth and let simmer until the onion is tender and the broth evaporated, then press

Chicken Loaf

Remove the flesh from a fowl weighing about four pounds; to this add about a pound and a half of veal and a pound of fresh pork (containing considerable fat) free from unedible portions. If the pork be rather lean, add also about one-fourth a pound of bacon. Pass the whole through a meat chopper. Add four crackers rolled fine, three eggs, well beaten, a tablespoonful of salt, two pimentos, cut in small pieces, or two chilli peppers, chopped exceedingly fine, one-third a cup of sauce (white or tomato) or cream and one-fourth a teaspoonful of ground mace or nutmeg. Mix all together very thoroughly, then shape into

a long smooth loaf. Put thin slices of fat pork in a baking dish; upon these dispose the roll of meat. Have ready two or three truffles, sliced very thin, and about one-fourth a cup of blanched almonds. Press these down into the loaf to make several rows, a little distance apart, the entire length of the loaf. The first row should be pressed down nearly to the bottom of the meat, the meat brought into shape and another row pressed down towards the first. Reshape the roll as needed, set salt pork above and set into a hot oven to cook

Mayonnaise Dressing, Latest Method

(Quickly made without danger of separation.)

Beat the yolk of one egg; add one-fourth a teaspoon, each, of salt and paprika and beat again, then, use an egg-beater, and beat in two tablespoonfuls of vinegar or lemon juice; beat vigorously, then add a teaspoonful of olive oil and continue the beating; add oil, a teaspoonful at a time, three or four times, beating vigorously meanwhile, then add the oil by the tablespoonful, un-



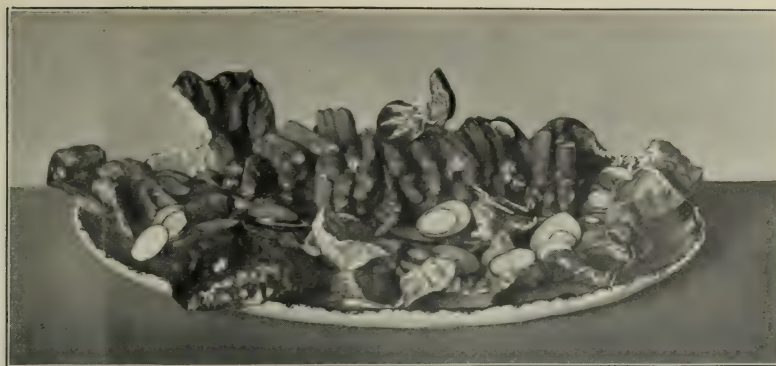
ASPARAGUS SALAD IN PIMENTOS

for fifteen minutes. Lower the heat and let cook very moderately, basting often, about two hours. Serve cold, sliced very thin. From the chicken bones and trimmings of the meat and cold water make broth. Use this for a soup or for aspic jelly to serve with the loaf, or with the browned juices in the baking pan as a sauce.

Asparagus Salad in Pimentos

Mix chilled, cooked asparagus tips with French or mayonnaise dressing and dispose in whole pimentos, set on heart leaves of lettuce. Set half a teaspoon of mayonnaise above the asparagus in the cases and serve at once.

til a cup in all has been used. Finish with one tablespoonful of boiling water, beating it in, in the same manner as the oil. By adding all the acid to the yolk before oil is used, the egg-beater may be used from the beginning and the larger surface over which the oil is spread lessens the liability of the mixture to curdle. The boiling water at the last also assists in preventing the "turning" or curdling of the sauce after it has been set aside. After the sauce is mixed cover with an earthen dish and set aside in a cool place. The sauce will thicken upon cooling. If a mayonnaise mixer, like the one shown in the illustration, be used, the "dropper" filled with oil may



ASPARAGUS AND RADISH SALAD

be set to deliver the oil in a small steady stream. Constant, uninterrupted beating is essential, however.

Asparagus-and-Radish Salad

Slice a bunch of radishes, crisped in cold water, very thin and make dry on a cloth. Have ready cooked a bunch of asparagus tips, and the heart leaves of a head of crisp lettuce, washed and dried. Dispose the lettuce on a serving dish, the asparagus above and the radish slices around the asparagus. To three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, add a scant half a teaspoon, each, of salt and pepper, about ten drops of onion juice, a teaspoonful of fine-chopped parsley and six tablespoonfuls of olive oil; mix thoroughly and pour over the vegetables. Serve as a dinner salad or add three or four cold hard-cooked eggs, cut in even slices, and serve as the main dish at luncheon or supper.

Salad of Asparagus Mousse or Cream

Cut cold, cooked asparagus stalks of a length to stand upright in individual timbale molds; set these, head downwards, a little distance apart or close together to line eight small molds. Put the rest of a bunch of asparagus in a cup of chicken broth or water over the fire; add two slices of onion, a clove pushed into each, three slices of carrot, two sprigs of parsley and half a teaspoon of sweet herbs and whole spices tied in a bit of cloth, cover and let simmer until the asparagus is tender and the liquid is somewhat evaporated. Remove the onion, carrot and herbs and press the asparagus through a sieve. There should be one cup of asparagus pulp and liquid. Add half a teaspoon of salt, a dash of paprika and one tablespoonful of gran-



SALAD OF ASPARAGUS MOUSSE

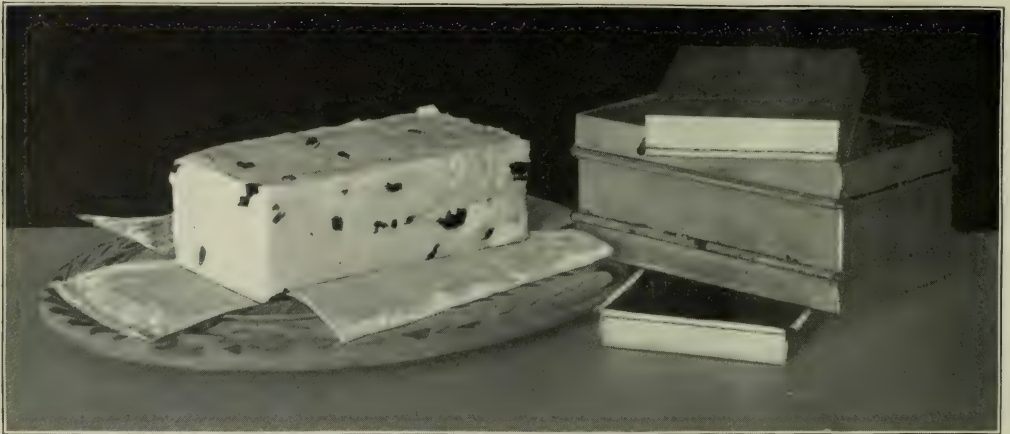
ulated gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water and dissolved by setting the cup in a dish of boiling water. Stir occasionally while cooling. When the mixture begins to thicken, fold into it one cup of cream, beaten firm, and turn into the lined molds. The recipe will be enough for eight molds. Serve, unmolded, with lettuce hearts and French dressing.

Quick Yeast Rolls

To one cup of scalded milk add one-fourth a cup of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt and a level tablespoonful of sugar; stir till the butter is melted and the liquid is lukewarm, then stir in a cake of compressed yeast, mixed with one-fourth a cup of lukewarm water, and as

Turkish Cream Candy

Put one cup and a half of rich sweet cream and three and three-fourths cups of granulated sugar over the fire. Cook, stirring often, until a very soft ball may be formed in cold water or to 238° on the sugar thermometer. Let cool a little, then turn upon a marble or a large platter. When quite cool work back and forth with a wooden paddle until it shows signs of turning to a cream; add one-third a cup, each, of candied fruit and blanched almonds or pistachio nuts and continue to use the paddle until the mixture becomes "set." Let stand ten or fifteen minutes, then break off a small portion and knead until softened and pliable throughout, then press into a mold



TURKISH CREAM CANDY

much bread flour as can be conveniently mixed in with a spoon. The dough should not be mixed stiff enough to knead. Mix, cut and turn the dough over and over with a spoon or knife, cover and set aside to become light. When the dough has doubled in bulk, with buttered fingers pull off bits of the dough and work into smooth balls and set them close together in a buttered pan. When very light bake about twenty-five minutes. These are good reheated.

lined with oiled paper. Continue in this way until the whole mass is pressed into the mold. This quantity will about fill a quart mold. This may be cut, at once, into slices and the slices in cubes or other shapes, or it may be set aside for future use. The cubes of candy are at their best when coated with chocolate. A pound of "Dot" chocolate will be needed to dip the quantity of cubes that may be cut from the above recipe. Cut the chocolate into small pieces, melt in a double boiler, beating vigorously mean-

while. The water around the chocolate should be considerably below the boiling point. Dip the cubes, one by one, into the chocolate and drop upon table oil-cloth. After ten or twelve have been dipped set them (on the cloth) aside in a cool place to harden.

Lenten Fritters

Scald two cups of milk over boiling water; stir vigorously while gradually sprinkling in a generous half-cup of fine corn meal, sifted with half a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a cup of sugar, continue to stir until the mixture is smooth and thick, then cover and let cook an hour longer. Beat the yolks of two eggs; add a little of the mush and mix thoroughly, then stir into the rest of the mush with such flavoring as is desired; a teaspoonful of brandy or a larger quantity of maraschino or a teaspoonful of vanilla are the usual flavorings. Turn into a shallow pan to make a sheet not more than half an inch thick. When cold cut into rings (a doughnut cutter may be used); dip the rings in flour and fry in deep fat; drain on soft paper, sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve at once.

Mock Mince Pie, Spring Style

Chop together one cup, each, of rhubarb and raisins; add the grated rind and juice of one lemon, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one cup of sugar, one egg, well beaten, and mix thoroughly. When turned into the plate lined with pastry, dredge on a little flour and half a teaspoonful of salt. Bake with two crusts.

Banana Pie

Pass enough peeled bananas through a vegetable ricer to fill a cup. To this add half a cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, or the grated rind and juice of half a lemon, half a teaspoonful of salt, one beaten egg, one-third a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a cup of

milk, and one-third a cup of cream. Mix all together thoroughly, and bake until firm in a pie plate lined with pastry as for squash pie.

Cottage Pudding

Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream and the yolks of two eggs until thick; then beat half a cup of sugar into the butter and one-fourth a cup of sugar into the yolks and, finally, beat the two mixtures together. Sift together, three times, one cup and a half of flour, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt; add to the first mixture, alternately, with half a cup of milk and, lastly, add the white of one egg, beaten dry. Bake in a sheet about twenty minutes. Cut in squares and serve hot with Frothy or Creamy Sauce.

Creamy Sauce

Boil one cup of granulated sugar and half a cup of boiling water to a thick syrup (six to eight minutes) and pour in a fine stream upon the white of one egg, beaten dry, beating constantly meanwhile; beat occasionally until cold, then fold in one cup of whipped cream and flavor to taste—a teaspoonful of vanilla extract is appropriate.

Honey Wafers

Cream half a cup of butter; gradually beat into it in the order enumerated half a cup of powdered sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, one cup of strained honey and two cups of flour. Spread the mixture on tin sheets, or in baking tins, to form very thin rounds about two inches in diameter. Use a palette knife to spread the mixture. Bake in a moderately heated oven. After they have been removed from the oven about one minute, lift them from the tins with a palette knife and shape them over a piece of clean brown handle.

Menus for a Week in March

"Idleness should be classed with hunger and thirst, and the one should be avoided just as much as the other two."

SUNDAY

Breakfast
 Creamed Finnan Haddie in Shells
 Radishes. Baked Potatoes
 Quick Yeast Rolls (Reheated)
 Grapefruit Marmalade
 Cocoa. Coffee
Dinner
 Fowl en Casserole
 Asparagus-and-Radish Salad
 Prune Parfait
 Turkish Cream Candy,
 Chocolate Dipped
 Half Cups of Coffee
Supper
 Cream Cheese-and-Pimento Salad
 Quick Yeast Rolls (Reheated)
 Sponge Cake. Cocoa

MONDAY

Breakfast
 Cereal, Stewed Peaches (Dried) Cream
 Hashed Fowl on Toast
 Pop Overs, Coffee. Cocoa
Luncheon
 Molded Eggs with Pimentos,
 French Fashion
 Canned String Beans (Hot)
 Aviation Bread and Butter
 Sliced Pineapple, Tea
Dinner
 Hamburg Roast, Tomato Sauce
 Buttered Parsnips
 Chocolate Cornstarch Pudding,
 Boiled Custard
 Half Cups of Coffee

TUESDAY

Breakfast
 Gluten Grits, Stewed Prunes, Cream
 Broiled Ham, Fried Eggs
 White Hashed Potatoes
 Doughnuts, Coffee. Cocoa
Luncheon
 Beef, Potato-and-Red Pepper Hash
 Buttered Toast or
 Baking Powder Biscuit
 Jellied Cabbage
 Stewed Figs, Cream, Tea
Dinner
 Tomato Soup (Cream)
 Broiled Lamb Chops
 Spinach with Slices of Hard Cooked Egg
 French Fried Potatoes
 Chocolate Eclairs
 Half Cups of Coffee

SATURDAY

Breakfast
 Oranges
 Corned Beef-and-Potato Hash
 Eggs Cooked in Shell
 Fried Mush, Maple Syrup
 Dry Toast
 Coffee, Cocoa

Luncheon
 Ham Timbales, Tomato Sauce
 Bread and Butter
 Baked Bananas, Sultana Sauce
 Cream Cheese, Wafers
 Pineapple Juice

Dinner
 Beans Baked with Tomato Sauce
 Canned Beets, Pickled
 Tomato Catsup
 Quick Yeast Biscuit
 Pineapple Tapioca Pudding
 Half Cups of Coffee

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
 Sausage, Creamed Potatoes
 Hot Apple Sauce
 English Muffins, Toasted
 Fried Rice, Maple Syrup
 Coffee. Cocoa
Luncheon
 Mexican Rabbit, Cold Slaw
 Brownies Pineapple Juice
Dinner
 Hot Boiled Ham, Horseradish
 Mashed Potatoes
 Stewed Tomatoes
 Prune Souffle or Whip,
 Whipped Cream
 Orange Cookies
 Half Cups of Coffee

THURSDAY

Breakfast
 Cereal, Thin Cream
 Broiled Honeycomb Tripe
 Creamed Potatoes
 Kornlet Griddle Cakes
 Coffee. Cocoa
Dinner
 Thick end of Corned Brisket, Boiled
 Boiled Turnips, Boiled Potatoes
 Spinach
 Banana Pie (made like Pumpkin)
 Coffee
Supper
 Boiled Rice, Milk
 Hot Ham Sandwiches, Apple Sauce
 Fig Layer Cake, Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast
 Grapefruit, Cereal, Thin Cream
 Eggs Poached in Broth
 (Extract of Beef or Water)
 on Toast
 Doughnuts, Coffee. Cocoa
Luncheon
 Salt Codfish Balls, Sauce Tartare
 Whole Wheat Biscuit (Quick Yeast)
 Blushing Apples, Orange Sauce
 Grape Juice
Dinner
 Creamed Corned Beef Au Gratin
 (Flavored with Onion and Celery)
 Boiled Onions, Buttered
 Celery or Cabbage Relish
 Cottage Pudding, Creamy Sauce
 Half Cups of Coffee

Menus for Week in Lent

"When tissue change is slow and the supply of energy equals the demand, as in well-nourished persons in middle life and old age, the quantity of nitrogenous food should be diminished."

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream
Waffles, Maple Syrup, Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner

Emergency Soup
Onions Stuffed with Pecan Nuts, Baked,
Cream Sauce
Lettuce-and-Egg Salad,
Mayonnaise Dressing
Baked Indian Pudding, Whipped Cream
Coffee

Supper

Mexican Rabbit, Olives
Sliced Pineapple (Canned)
English Tea Cakes, Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Grapefruit, Baked Potatoes, Butter
Eggs Cooked in the Shell
Buckwheat Griddle Cakes, Maple Syrup
Coffee, Cocoa

Dinner

Creamed Lobster or Other Fish
Hot House Cucumbers, French Dressing
Quick Yeast Biscuit
Pineapple Sherbet, Mock Angel Cake
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Cream Cheese-and-Pimento Salad
Whole Wheat Bread and Butter
Honey Wafers
Cocoa with Marshmallows

MONDAY

Breakfast

Eggs Poached in Milk on Toast
Rye Meal Muffins
Stewed Peaches (Dried)
Coffee, Cocoa

Dinner

Kornlet Chowder
Canned Beets, Pickled
Dutch Apple Cake, Hard Sauce
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Macaroni Baked with Tomatoes and
Cheese Canned Fruit
Baking Powder Biscuit
Dry Toast, Tea

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Barley Crystals, Thin Cream
Rice Omelet, Cheese Sauce
Doughnuts, Coffee, Cocoa

Dinner

Succotash (Dried Lima Beans and
Kornlet)
Lady-Finger Rolls
Spinach with Hard-Cooked Egg
Stewed Figs, Whipped Cream
Honey Wafers
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Finnan Haddie Cooked in Milk
Baked Potatoes
Canned Pears, Cream Cheese
Biscuit, Tea

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Boiled Rice, Thin Cream
Salt Codfish Balls, Sauce Tartare
or Horseradish
Pop Overs, Coffee, Cocoa

Dinner

Baked Beans, Tomato Catsup
Nut Bread
Cottage Pudding, Creamy Sauce
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Cream Toast with Cheese
Canned Fruit, Gingerbread
Cocoa, Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Oranges, Gluten Grits
Finnan Haddie-and-Potato Hash
Kornlet Griddle Cakes, Coffee

Dinner

"Breaded" Fillets of Fish Fried in
Deep Fat, Sauce Tartare
Mashed Potatoes
Scalloped Tomatoes and Onions
Mock Mince Pie, Spring Style
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Hot Cheese Sandwiches
Stewed Prunes
Turkish Cream Candy
Chocolate Dipped
Tea

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Oranges
Scrambled Eggs
White Hashed Potatoes
Fried Cornmeal Mush
Caramel Syrup
Coffee, Cocoa

Dinner

Cheese Soufflé or Pudding
Lettuce, French Dressing
Lady-Finger Rolls
Hulled Corn, Syrup, Cream
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Tomato Soup with Barley
Molded Eggs, White Sauce
Lady-Finger Rolls (Reheated)
Chocolate Layer Cake
Canned Fruit
Tea



Food and Economy

By Janet M. Hill

IN a recent lecture before the New England Home Economics Association the idea was presented that, on account of the attention given to cookery in the daily papers and a large number of monthly magazines, the women in this country were pretty well posted in culinary matters and did not need much further help along the lines of food and cookery.

When we listened to this statement we were inclined to be sceptical, and the thought arose what culinary matters or topics on food, save occasional reports of controversies on pure food, and contributed recipes, often of negative value, do the daily papers publish. This was followed by the mental question, where does this woman find such clean food and well-prepared luncheons as to cause her to feel that the millenium in cooking has come, the last word on food and cookery has been said, and people in general are well-fed and nourished?

No doubt advance in these matters has been made and women, more and more, are coming to recognize what is meant by properly prepared food; at the same time few have any passably accurate knowledge of food values and the uses in the body of the two great classes of nutrients, and but little understanding of the necessity of varying the ratio between these nutrients, in accordance with changes in age, health and season of the year. No, we are sure the last word

on food and cookery has not been said or written, until every mother in the land knows how to cook an egg and other proteid substances without hardening and toughening them, unduly; to set before the family bread that is light and not doughy, and to make tea and coffee so as to retain the valuable constituents and free them from those that are harmful, until, finally, she understands how to select food so as to secure for her children, when they come to set out in the world for themselves, good digestion, sound nerves and robust constitutions.

Only a few days ago a well-dressed young woman, in passing us on the street, said to the young man by her side, "Isn't it funny that, now that I have had something to eat, I don't feel cold in the least." Surely the young woman who sees no other relation than a "funny" one between food and the heat of the body is not very well-equipped to take charge of the feeding of growing children.

In *Collier's Weekly* a letter from a Missouri "Poor Man's Wife" was printed recently, showing how she and her husband had lived on \$600 a year. The outlay for food was given as \$99.00, thus making the average cost of each meal about nine cents. To preserve health on an outlay for two individuals of only nine cents a meal, it is absolutely necessary that she who expends the money have some knowledge of food composition, and, also, be able to spend

time in an effort to present the food in a palatable form. That this thing be possible in New England we doubt. In Missouri it may be done, but would not this couple have gained a higher efficiency on a more generous diet? After maturity one may "get along," *for a time*, on an insufficiency of any one of the necessary food principles, but such procedure invites an attack from every sort of disease, and is a constant menace to health. The question should be, does it pay, on an income of \$600 a year, to sail in the matter of food quite so close to the reef of physical wreckage?

In regard to the food supply of another family, described in a later number of the same paper, nothing but condemnation can be expressed. Lack of knowledge can be the only excuse for this case, for the letter was written evidently with the expectation that the writer would be praised and commended for her business ability as shown in the feeding of her family. Women have got to learn that judicious buying of essentials and not going without is true economy.

The latter family consists of husband and wife and four children under four years of age. The salary is \$55.00 per month and free rent of a five room house. Out of this salary \$35.00 are deposited in the bank each month, leaving \$20.00 a month for living expenses. This \$20.00 covers, besides the cost of food, the following items per year: city water, \$5.00; telephone, \$15.00; two daily papers, \$8.32; two magazines, \$8.50; life insurance, \$5.00; and fuel (gas) from \$0.18 to \$3.00 per month. A simple example in arithmetic discloses the amazing fact that \$16.50 is left for food and fuel per month. Here are the weakly items of food: One pound of butter, .30; one pound of lard, .15; one-half bushel of potatoes, .32½; milk daily, .08; meat (round steak, veal or pork), .15. Breakfast consists of griddle cakes and coffee, with milk and sugar. "We

all" (four children under four years of age?) "drink tea and coffee with milk and sugar." Griddle cakes and coffee for a child's breakfast! Tea and coffee for children of four years and younger! The "last word" on food has not yet been said or written. The women's clubs have still missionary work to do in teaching women how to feed children.

One of the daily papers or one of the two magazines taken by this family better be exchanged for a culinary publication. Is it a mark of true economy to save \$35.00 per month, when, in order to do so, one's children are liable to be handicapped by poor health in the struggle to earn a living, or perhaps become a future charge to the State?

On every hand are seen young men and women failures, a disappointment to themselves and their friends, who bitterly complain because of under nutrition during the formative period of life; they are already hampered in their ambitions by chronic ill health, anæmia, the incipient stages of tuberculosis and other wasting diseases. No patent medicines nor abundance of food, later on in life, will make up for the deficiency of building material during the time of cellular or tissue formation.

What are proper building materials, one may ask? Milk should be the sole food for the first year of childhood, and it should be provided liberally during the whole period of childhood, especially if eggs and meat-broths are not available as supplementary foods. Towards the end of the first year carefully cooked cereals, light, well-baked, homemade bread with plenty of butter, fresh soft-cooked eggs, and well skimmed meat-broths should be added. At about three years of age fresh fish or tender meat, cut in tiny bits, baked potatoes, well-mashed, spinach, celery and green peas in the form of purées, an occasional slice of carefully-cooked bacon, baked apples, cooked prunes and dates with fresh fruit juice may be given in small

quantities. Boys and girls of Grammar and High School age require as much food as a man at vigorous work, and the food to satisfy must have flavor and relish.

But how about the nourishment of this mother with four children under four years of age? Are not prenatal conditions the predisposing occasions of

healthful offspring or the reverse? Money in the bank for the inevitable rainy day is a condition devoutly to be desired, but why push the saving habit to such an extent as to speedily bring about the rainy day? Let us not live to eat, but certainly let us eat in order that we may live efficient lives.

Lessons in Elementary Cooking

By Mary Chandler Jones

Teacher of Cookery in the Public Schools of Brookline, Mass.

LESSON VIII

Fish

BY the term fish we mean sea food in general, though mollusks (clams and oysters) and lobsters are classed as shell-fish. Fish are divided into two great classes, from the waters where they are found, whether such waters be fresh or salt. Inland, at some distance from the ocean, the kinds of fish that are caught in brooks and lakes are much more attractive than those that must be carried for a long distance. Fish spoils much more quickly than meat and must, therefore, be very fresh to be in perfect condition for use as food. Fish will keep much longer and be of better value if carefully handled after being caught, and especially if they are killed quickly, instead of being allowed to die slowly. This is a fact worth knowing from the point of view of humanity as well as in the interests of proper food. There are three tests for freshness of fish:

1. The flesh must be firm, especially along the back-bone.

2. The gills must be red and bright.

3. The eyes should be full and clear.

If the dealer has cut off the head of a fish which might naturally be sold whole, it is safe to question its freshness.

Fish may also be divided into dark and light-fleshed fish. In the former class we find the fat distributed throughout the whole body, while in the latter it is collected in the liver. (Examples of dark-fleshed, oily fish may be salmon and mackerel, and of light-fleshed, cod and haddock. "Cod-liver oil" is not an unknown substance to many pupils.)

Before beginning the actual cooking of our fish, let us try a few experiments to find out its composition and, therefore, the proper temperature for its cooking. Let us remember some of the facts we have already learned about albumin, in our study of eggs and milk. (Review, with quick questions, the effect of cold and hot water upon the white of egg and the temperature at which the egg was found to be best cooked. Recall, also, the fact that milk is scalded and not boiled.)

Experiments with Fish

- I. Compare the appearance, both in color and consistency of cooked and uncooked fish. Compare each with albumin as seen in the white of egg.

- II. Put a small piece of fish, cut into bits, into one-half a cup of cold water. (A piece of fish one inch square is sufficient.) Let it stand several minutes,

then carefully strain the water. (Filter paper is best for this, if it be obtainable.) If well strained the water will be very clear. In what state must any substance be, if present? Heat this water and notice the white, milky appearance at a low temperature. Heat to boiling and observe how the albumin gathers together into tough flakes, separating from the water. Why should not fish be washed in cold water?

III. Plunge a piece of fish (an inch cube) into boiling, salted water and notice the instantaneous whitening of the surface of the fish. Remove from the boiling water, after one minute, and examine the inner fibres. How deeply has the heat penetrated? Replace the fish in the water and continue the boiling. What changes take place in the consistency of the fish?

IV. Plunge a piece of fish into boiling water and, after it is thoroughly covered with the layer of whitened, thickened albumin, lower the heat and cook *below the boiling point* until it is flaky, but not broken. What will the quick cooking of the outer surface prevent, as concerns the inner juices? Compare these results with those in Experiment III. Notice, in that piece of the fish, that while the fibres fall apart because the connective tissue has been broken and dissolved by the heat and motion of the rapid boiling, still each individual fibre is tough and tasteless.

In cooking fish we may desire to do any one of three things:

1. To retain the juices.
2. To extract the juices.
3. To retain and extract the juices.

The first object may be attained by four methods:

1. Cooking in hot water. (Popularly called "boiling fish"—why not correctly so named?)
2. Broiling.
3. Frying and *sautéing*.
4. Baking.

The second is the method used in pre-

paring soups and broths, where the fish is not to be eaten at all, but only the extracted juice. Clam bouillon is a good example.

The third object is illustrated by fish stew, more commonly known as chowder.

Let the pupils tell, in the light of the previous experiments, how each of these methods accomplishes its purpose.

General Rules for the Preparation of Fish for Cooking

Fish must be perfectly fresh and must be kept on ice or in as cold a place as possible until cooked.

Wash the fish both inside and out with a cloth dipped often in clean cold water. If the fish is in slices or "steaks," be especially careful not to waste the juices in cleansing.

There are many kinds of fish, cut in a variety of ways for different methods of cookery. In general, a medium-sized fish, or a piece cut from the middle of a large one, may be used for cooking in water. Fish are often baked whole. Small fish are used for frying and broiling and "steaks" of larger fish are *sautéd* and broiled.

Fish Cooked in Water

Prepare the fish by the general rule. Weigh it. Lay it on a plate and tie both in a piece of boiled cheese cloth. Plunge it into boiling water, which contains salt and vinegar or lemon juice. Be sure that there is water enough to cover the fish. The amount of salt and vinegar must be proportionate to the quantity of water. Let the fish boil one minute, then lower the heat and cook below the boiling point, fifteen minutes for each pound and about ten minutes extra, to allow for the heating through of the whole piece. Remove from the water when white and flaky and take off the skin, if that can be done without breaking the flesh. Serve hot with an egg sauce. (The fish may be garnished with well-prepared parsley.)

The salt and vinegar are added to the water in which the fish is cooked, to give flavor, to help keep the flesh white and to help in retaining the juices and in preventing the breaking of the flesh.

The egg sauce is simply a modification of white sauce, to which has been added a hard-cooked egg, cut into small pieces. For the liquid of this white sauce, in place of a part of the milk, some of the "fish-stock" may be used. In that case it is better, perhaps, to omit the cloth in cooking the fish.

Let the pupils report upon the "fish stock" (the water in which the fish was

cooked.) What advantage is there in using this for the liquid, in part or in whole, for the egg sauce? What disadvantage in using it for the whole liquid? What is the necessity for a sauce rich in butter with a white-fleshed fish? What is the disadvantage and lack of economy in this method of cooking fish? Which would be better, cooked in water, a piece of haddock or a piece of salmon? Why?

We shall continue our study of fish with a consideration of other methods of cookery, of dried and salt fish and of how to use some left-overs.

The Light Suppers of the French

By Frances Sheaffer Waxman

NO nation on earth understands better than the French the art of designing a lunch or a dinner, and yet, curiously enough, their late suppers are rather mondescript affairs, not at all thought out or "created" like the two principal meals of the day. Long established custom has no doubt a good deal to do with the French way of regarding the several repasts, and it would indeed be something of a task to design three succeeding meals of the type of the French lunch and dinner, more particularly the dinner, which is the relaxing moment, the time of greatest enjoyment of all the twenty-four hours.

The French dinner is as a rule both gastronomically and aesthetically satisfying, and these people cherish too dearly their finer sensations to wish to spoil a complete success of any kind by an anticlimax. It is, therefore, a trifle, an affair of art, with them that the arrangement of their meals does not allow a place in the scheme for a very elaborate late supper. The "little" breakfast, the

lunch and the "gouter" all lead up to the dinner, and whatever is eaten after the dinner must, logically, be delicate and extremely well chosen. The heavy "Dutch" supper, which sometimes follows a theatre party in America, would be considered here a sort of æsthetic sacrilege—while, on the other hand, it requires a long foreign residence to satisfy a luxury-loving American with a glass of liqueur and a few nuts as a "night-cap." The amount of time any French person can consume in absorbing an *aperitif* is an international joke; and, given the genius for making things last, the French can also get as much entertainment out of a delicate late supper as they really wish, or need—the fact being that many other sensations than that of a satisfied appetite must contribute to their enjoyment. The French are ever looking for "nuances" in their pleasures, and tradition helps them to be satisfied with what they believe to be satisfying. "Paris by Night" has for so long stood for the epitome of all possible after-dinner gaiety that the breath of its nocturnal

air alone is often sufficiently stimulating to the native French man or woman, without other material aids. Its every aspect intoxicates them, and when they return from their vacations, they will look out of their tram windows upon the dullest streets, and, with a little flutter of excitement, they will tell you that "Paris is so gay at night!"

In many ways the French are a child-like people. The inherited reputation of their beloved capital is one of their legacies; and, though you know it to be stupid like any other city in spots, you would never hurt their sublime faith by telling them so. After all, imagination is a blessed gift, and the practical American need not entirely despise "Johnny Crapaud" for using this piquant sauce to help along his enjoyments—in- stead of a Welsh rarebit.

That English and American concoction is, by the way, almost unknown in France. There are one or two English houses in Paris which serve it, but I have yet to see a French person order it. Hot things are not popular any way for late suppers here. A late supper may include any of the *hors d'oeuvres*, smoked sausages in very thin slices, occasionally lobster, which is very good in France, sardines or pickled herring; but more often the "snack" is made up simply of sandwiches and something to drink. It is seldom more elaborate than that, and frequently it is simpler still, a glass of sweet wine or cordial, some *petits fours*, or the mixture of nuts and raisins known here for some inexplicable reason as "mendiants." In warm weather you may see a party at any restaurant making merry, the men over their beer and the women with their ices. That is enough to satisfy a thirst, and after all the occasion is not so much one to satisfy physical hunger as an opportunity for pleasant, sprightly companionship.

The light refreshments which the French serve in their own homes at

small evening entertainments are looked on in much the same way. Among the intellectual set in Paris evening tea parties are quite common, although tea after dinner, by some prejudice, seems an anomaly to an Anglo-Saxon. The French, however, have adopted the custom of evening tea drinking in the blissful belief that they are being very English. They can no more accept entire a foreign mode than they can a foreign word. It is on record here in Paris that a certain French professor, who has given lectures at Harvard University, can never bring himself to write the name of Cambridge college as it is really spelled. According to his notion the word should be *Harward*, and so he writes it. Therefore, if the French have accepted the English convivial beverage, that is the most any one could ask of them; it would be folly to insist on their accepting it without reserves or alterations. The evening tea party is a French adaptation of the English "5 o'clock." You go and you sit down in a pleasant little salon with some ten or twelve other persons. You are served almost immediately with your tea—chocolate, if you prefer—thin bread and butter sandwiches, called here *tartines*, and a variety of small sweet cakes. You are always given a perfectly new fringed napkin folded flat and very glossy. I have never been able to account satisfactorily for those napkins, but I have a suspicion, since I have never seen any one use them, that they do a sort of perennial duty. Clean napkins are regarded as a luxury anywhere in France.

Though the refreshments on these occasions are the simplest, the conversation may be an intellectual treat, and since it was, after all, for the truly French, scintillating interchange of ideas that you were invited, the "*soirée*" is generally an entire success.

If the invitation argues a more pretentious entertainment with perhaps music, the refreshments will be corres-

pondingly more elaborate, *paté de foie gras* sandwiches, coffee and liqueurs being added to the simpler tea party menus. And even at a function, with the addition of ices and champagne, this is all you will get to eat. I have seen the President of the Republic at a quite *chic* ball offered these same refreshments. As a matter of fact they are enough, and no one sleeps the better for a lobster or a chicken-salad supper.

Though the French evening refreshments are so simple, they are much more inevitably a component part of any after-dinner entertainment in France than they are with us in America, perhaps because of their simplicity. An after-theatre repast at home means the expenditure of at least several dollars. In France it may easily mean less than several francs, with a correspondingly better digestion and a heavier pocket book.

No good French person, above all no true Parisian would think of returning home from the theatre or from a concert without stopping somewhere along the boulevards for a glass of beer or liquor. It is the finishing touch to their *fête*, without which the evening's entertainment would not be complete. In our American cities, where there are fewer cafés patronized by respectable people, and where the price for the simplest supper is about triple what it would be in France, we may often hesitate before we decide that we will celebrate to such an extent, and so we go home supperless.

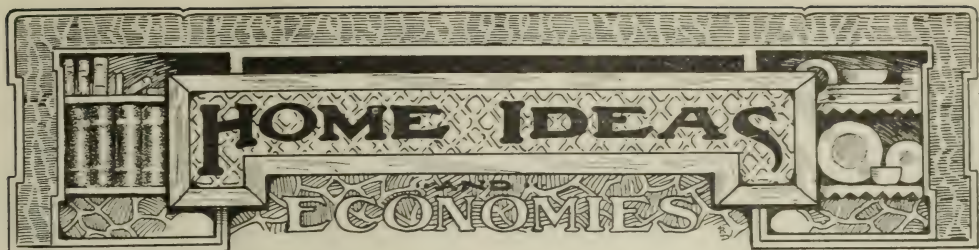
The French, in common with all Continental peoples, have the agreeable habit of serving light refreshments at most of their concerts, and at their music hall performances. There are a number of excellent evening concerts given in Paris, the price for seats varying from one

franc twenty-five to three francs, according to their location; and this modest charge includes also a "*consommation*," the list of beverages served being nearly all those available at most cafés, including also tea and coffee and brandied cherries.

The latter confection, served in small sherbert glasses is considered the lady-like "treat" of the French *jeune fille* completing her musical education with a concert course. The programmes of these concerts are of the best, and I know of no more satisfactory way to pass an evening, at so trifling an expenditure, anywhere.

The French temperance in the matter of evening eating has just two exceptions during the year, and these only a week apart. They are the *reveillons* of Christmas and New Year's Eves. Both are occasions for a most unusual feasting. At midnight every French person, who can afford to do so, sups *en ville*. Tables are reserved weeks in advance at the very *chic* restaurants, and the more popular the establishment, the gayer the assemblage, the more elegant the gowning of the women patrons. The midnight spread is elaborate and it is served with an abundance of champagne. It will be made up of all sorts of *patés* and meat loaves done in fancy jellies, all the *hors d'oeuvres*, lobster with mayonnaise, fowl, game, in short all the delicacies of the French table. Only twice during the twelve months, the French "*font la bombs*" as consistently and thoroughly at midnight as ever we could with our Welsh rarebits and our lobster Newburgs—but they give their much-prized digestions eleven months in which to recover from the shock.





Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

Mock Angel Food Cake

I MAKE a mock angel food cake, that we think is very delicious, even more so than the regular angel food, and with quite an economy of eggs.

I set a cup of milk in a double boiler and heat to boiling point. Put into a sifter one cup of flour, one cup of sugar, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Sift four times. Into this pour the cup of boiling milk and stir smooth. Then fold in the whites of two eggs, beaten dry. Fold them in carefully, drawing spoon through the mixture toward you, then push it back with back of spoon, then draw it from right to left and push back. Repeat until the whites are evenly folded into batter. Do not grease tin or flavor cake, and bake in moderate oven. C. W. M.

* * *

Lady Baltimore Cake

MAY I say that in my house we have a rule less expensive, which was used by my grandmother "when eggs were high," and when I was a little girl eggs were high in the Baltimore markets at 25 cents a dozen. Then, too, there were a goodly number of grandchildren always at home for the holidays and all festive occasions. I have no doubt the same conditions exist in many homes where your magazine is read, and with eggs at 42 cents a dozen, Lady Baltimore is a very expensive article. My rule is, one-half a cup of butter worked to a smooth cream; one cup of granulated sugar (sifted), creamed

with butter until very light; three yolks of eggs, beaten into the cream; one-half a cup of milk and water (equal parts); two cups of sifted flour, sifted again with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; one teaspoonful of rosewater; one teaspoonful of almond flavoring; three whites of egg, stiff-beaten and folded in the mixture and then beaten for two minutes, only *never stirred*. Turn into three layer pans and bake a delicate brown in a quick oven. For the filling take two cups of granulated sugar, and eight tablespoonfuls of boiling water; let stand in a warm place until the sugar is dissolved, then boil until the syrup will spin a thread an inch in length; pour on the stiff-beaten whites of two eggs. When cool pour half the icing into a bowl containing half a cup of seeded raisins, half a cup of walnut meats, broken in small pieces, three figs, chopped fine, one teaspoonful of lemon juice and a little grated lemon rind. Spread the layers and top with the fruit mixture, then cover the top and side with plain frosting. Decorate with walnut meats and raisins. With the two egg-yolks I make either mayonnaise dressing or Floradora buns. In using the rule for date loaf, published in April, the cake was pronounced good but sticky. The next time I added one tablespoonful of water to the yolks of eggs and the beaten white of one egg, mixing them thoroughly, then added the remaining whites and my cake was much better.

Hoping you will pardon my assurance in sending this, I am,

C. A. A.

Celery Relish

PLACE one-half a box of gelatine in a dish. Add enough water, from a pint of water, to cover it. Let stand twenty minutes. Heat the remainder of the pint of water to boiling, and pour over the dissolved gelatine. While hot add the juice of two lemons and one-half a cup of sugar. Let cool. Then add one tablespoonful of strong horseradish (use the fresh-grated root) and a dash of cayenne pepper. Color a light green. When almost ready to set add one cup of celery, cut in small pieces. Set in icebox to harden.

Mold in pan 6 x 9 inches or in individual molds (I use the pan), and when cold cut in squares. If served with roast leg of lamb add scant teaspoonful of essence of spearmint. This relish is both delicious and attractive. H. J.

* * *

Croquette Making

LONG practice in croquette making for a large family who are fond of croquettes, has led me to economize the time spent in their manufacture in every possible way. There are many rules for them in the cook books and cooking magazines, but one does not always have enough time at one's disposal to follow the conventional directions. I have learned, by long practice, one or two points in which time is gained. The following recipes for croquettes are favorites with us, and are somewhat different from the ordinary varieties as to the general process. Carry on the whole manufacture in *four*s, and many motions of your hands are saved. Put the crumbs in a small, deep pie plate, the beaten egg in another; with a fork toss four shapes of croquette mixture in the crumbs; roll them about, with almost one motion of the hand; remove to the egg, which can be thrown over them all almost at once, and then the four are back in the crumbs again, the final rolling and shaping being with the finger

tips on a small board directly in front of you. In almost no time the dozen, sixteen or twenty (in my case, two dozen or more) will be done. Try the "four" method once, and you will never go back to the unnecessary motions, necessary in crumbing, egging, and re-crumbing and rolling them, tediously, one by one! Also, in spite of the general idea to the contrary, six or seven can be fried at once, perfectly well, the secret of success is, that the fat must be very hot. This shortens, materially, the time spent in frying.

I would also suggest, that when eggs are dear, the "one tablespoonful of water to each egg," allowed in the cook books, can be almost indefinitely extended, with no difference in the process of frying, or the appearance of the croquette. Nearly as much water as egg can be used. Practice will enable one to add the amount of water to the egg, to correspond with the amount of croquette mixture. So that none of egg and water is wasted.

White Sauce for Any Kind of Croquettes

1 pint of cream or milk	2	teaspoonfuls of butter
4 even tablespoonfuls of flour		

Melt the butter; stir the flour smoothly in; add the milk or cream nearly, but not quite, at the boiling point; stir until smooth; let it boil for two or three minutes, until very thick. Add salt, paprika, or a few grains of cayenne, and a little celery salt. This is the plain foundation sauce for any kind of croquettes. Add special seasoning for the different kinds.

Four level tablespoonfuls of flour to a pint of milk will not make a *thick* white sauce such as is used for croquettes. Probably the "even" spoonful, designated, corresponds to the spoonful, rounding as much above as the spoon extends below the level. This would give the consistency considered desirable in a croquette foundation. By milk "nearly, but not quite, at the boiling point," scalded milk is evidently intended. The last part of the milk might be added hot, but certainly the first part of the milk, poured onto the hot flour and butter, should be cold.—*Editor.*

Surprise Croquettes

1 pint of hot mashed potato	Salt, cayenne, celery salt to taste
Yolk of one egg	A few drops of onion
1 tablespoonful of butter	juice, or chopped chives

A little chopped parsley

Beat until very smooth and light. Take half a dozen small cold sausages, cut them in halves, and mould a half in the centre of each croquette, entirely covering with the potato. Shape into rolls and crumb, egg-and-crumb, as above.

Cheese Croquettes to Serve with Salad

Make a thick white sauce, as above. Season with salt, a bit of cayenne, and mustard. Melt in it one-half cup of any good rich cheese, cut into dice; beat until smooth. Remove from stove, and add the beaten yolk of one egg. Pour into a pieplate, and set away to cool. When perfectly cold, it will be stiff enough to mould, form into small rolls and crumb-and-egg, as above. Cold Welsh rarebit may be used instead of the above mixture.

Salmon Croquettes

Free a can of salmon from skin and bones. Flake, and mix with white sauce. Season with chopped parsley and chopped chives, if at hand; salt and pepper to taste, and a bit of cayenne. Put away to cool and then form into croquettes. A fifteen-cent can will make enough for a dinner for a large family.

Macaroni Croquettes

Break macaroni into very small pieces and boil until very tender in salted water. Drain, and mix with thick white sauce in which a little grated or diced cheese has been melted. Put away in a shallow plate to cool, and shape and prepare in the usual manner.

Surprise Croquettes No. 2

Cook eggs in the shell so that they will be soft, but the whites perfectly firm. Chip off the shell carefully when cool, roll in beaten egg, which has been seasoned with salt and pepper, then in crumbs, then in egg and crumbs again. Fry in very hot fat, and garnish with nasturtium blossoms and leaves, or parsley.

L. E.

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Suggestions for Cooking at High Altitudes

1. Longer boiling is necessary on account of the lower degree at which water boils; the time varies according to the altitude, the higher the altitude the lower the degree of boiling.

2. Less shortening is required. Any of the recipes for cakes, cookies, baba, etc., given in the *Boston Cooking-School Magazine* can be used successfully by simply cutting down the quantity of butter and sugar one-fourth.

3. The quantity of baking powder and the number of eggs I do not change, and the finished products are invariably commended.

4. Syrups for sherberts, candies, etc., require longer boiling; and in candy-making, when the mixture is boiled enough, the thermometer does not register as high as at sea level. Syrup for icing and fondant is at the soft ball stage, when the thermometer registers from 218° F to 222° F.

5. In making "Choice Caramels" (as in *Cooking for Two*) I boil to 230° F. upward, according to stiffness desired in the caramels and the season of the year.

6. Distilled water boils at 204° F. Hydrant water at 205° F.

7. The syrup for fruit punch, as given on page 58 in *Practical Cooking and Serving*, which reaches, at sea level, a density of 35° after twenty minutes' boiling, requires thirty-three minutes' boiling. The time is varied somewhat according to the depth of the syrup in

the pan, as the evaporation depends on the amount of surface exposed as well as the pressure of the atmosphere.

8. Syrup for sherberts, page 614 *Practical Cooking and Serving*, which calls for twenty minutes' cooking, requires thirty minutes' boiling in this altitude; or

9. One pint of sugar and one quart of water boiled gently thirty-three minutes produces a generous cup and a half of syrup of a density of 35°.

10. High altitude sponge cake: Five eggs, one and one-half cups of pastry flour, one cup of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of water, one teaspoonful, slightly rounding, of baking powder, grated rind and juice of half a lemon. Beat the yolks; add the sugar, water, three-fourths of the flour, the lemon juice and rind. Beat thoroughly; add the baking powder and the rest of the flour and fold in lightly; fold in the whites, beaten dry, and pour into an unbuttered cake pan with tube. Bake from an hour to an hour and a half.

11. High altitude sunshine cake: Yolks of ten eggs and one whole egg, beaten very light, one cup of granulated sugar, beaten into the eggs with beater, three tablespoonfuls of boiling water, poured into eggs and sugar, one cup of flour, sifted with one level teaspoonful of baking powder; flavor with lemon and vanilla. Pour into a dry, cold pan.

long and narrow in shape.

12. Angel cakelets: Sift together one-half a cup of flour and one-half a cup of fine granulated sugar (both sifted five times before measuring) and one-half a teaspoonful of cream-of-tartar; fold in the whites of five eggs beaten dry; flavor with one-half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract; drop from a spoon upon buttered paper and bake from ten to twelve minutes in a slow oven.

13. Sponge drops: Three eggs, one-half a saltspoonful of salt, one-half a cup of sugar, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of vanilla, one-half a cup of cake flour. Beat yolks until thick and creamy; add sugar and continue beating; add the salt to the whites and beat until dry; fold in the whites and the flour; drop the mixture gently from the tip of a spoon on an unbuttered tin sheet; sprinkle with pulverized sugar and bake in a cool oven about eight minutes. Put together in pairs with jelly or preserves between.

14. Before cooking meats in liquid (boiling, en casserole, etc.), sear over the outside either in a hot oven or in the frying pan; the time required for this will depend upon the degree of heat applied, but it takes longer than at sea level and it also seems to be more necessary than at sea level, when the final cooking is to be conducted with moisture.

MRS. E. F. D.

Spring

By Lalia Mitchell

I can not say, my listening ear hath heard,
 The strange elusive birth call of the flower,
 I can not know, I'm victim to the power
 Of song that fills the throat of homing bird.
 I am not sure of anything, save just
 That earth and air and nature "Welcome!" cry,
 Fair Spring, you come a priestess from on high,
 And, lo, I join them, just because I must.
 I have no knowledge that the brooklet brings
 A message fraught with mystery and grace,
 I am not certain that a fair, new face
 I see in glade and glen, familiar things
 Familiar are, and yet my blood to-day
 Exultant flows, as does the maples, and
 We neither of us claim to understand
 Save that Spring calls, and perforce, we obey.



QUERIES AND ANSWERS

THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor, BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1695. — "Recipe for Curing or Pickling Tongues."

To Pickle Tongues (English Recipe)

Let simmer gently for twenty minutes three pounds of common salt, one pound of brown sugar or molasses, three ounces of saltpetre and seven quarts of water; skim carefully while boiling, and when quite cold pour it over the tongues, which must be completely covered with the brine.

QUERY 1696. — "Recipes for Taffy Candy of Sugar, a Soft White Layer Cake with not too many eggs (give exact manner of mixing), and Fruit Salad of Oranges and Bananas."

Taffy Candy

2½ cups of sugar (granulated or coffee A)	¼ a cup of butter.
¾ a cup of water	½ a teaspoonful of salt
¾ a teaspoonful of cream of tartar	

Put the sugar, water and cream-of-tartar over the fire and stir until dissolved; cover and let boil three or four minutes. Uncover and let boil to 340° F, or until it cracks in cold water. It is cooked before it begins to color. Remove from the fire; add the salt and the butter in small pieces; stir in thoroughly and pour on an oiled marble or platter, spreading it evenly with a palette knife. Score or cut into squares one inch and a half in size. Run the

palette knife under the candy as it cools to loosen it from the marble. Break apart the squares when thoroughly cold.

Soft White Layer Cake

½ a cup of butter	2 cups of sifted flour
1 cup of granulated sugar	3 level teaspoonfuls of baking powder
½ a cup of milk	3 whites of eggs

Beat the butter to a cream (until light, smooth and creamy with whitish edges); gradually beat in the sugar, keeping the mixture light and fluffy; sift together the flour (sifted before measuring) and baking powder. Beat the whites of the eggs dry. Add the milk and flour mixture, alternately, (milk first) to the butter and sugar and, lastly, beat in the whites of the eggs. Beat thoroughly that the cake may be fine-grained and velvety. Bake in layers, loaf or sheet from twenty minutes to three-fourths an hour.

Orange-and-Banana Salad

Remove the peel from three oranges; set them, one at a time, on a board and cut down into thin slices lengthwise of the orange; or with thin sharp knife cut the pulp close to the membrane, dividing the sections, and take out each carpel in one piece. Remove the skin from three bananas, scrape the pulp free from coarse threads and cut in thin slices. On a serving dish make a bed of carefully

washed-and-dried heart leaves of lettuce; on these dispose the prepared fruit in layers or each separately. Mix half a teaspoonful of salt and two or three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, stir in four or five tablespoonfuls of olive oil and pour over the fruit. Serve as an accompaniment to a dish of meat (hot or cold) or with bread and butter.

Orange-and-Banana Salad (Sweet)

Prepare the oranges and bananas as in the preceding recipe. Cook the thin yellow rind of an orange (no white part) with the juice of the orange or half a cup of water and one cup of sugar six or eight minutes to form a syrup; add the juice of half a lemon and let stand to become cold. Pour over the fruit and if desired sprinkle with grated cocoanut or other nut meats, chopped fine.

QUERY 1697. — "Recipes for some of the Little Cakes served in the tea rooms of Paris."

Gauffres

Melt two level tablespoonfuls of butter. Gradually beat in two-thirds a cup of granulated sugar, then the beaten yolks of two eggs, half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract, two-thirds a cup of pastry flour, and, lastly, the whites of two eggs, beaten dry. Beat all together very thoroughly. Have a gauffre iron moderately heated over the fire. Oil the surface very thoroughly. Put a teaspoonful of the mixture in the centre of the iron, turn down the cover, and, when the mixture spreads to the edge of the hot plate, clamp the handles together; turn to cook the other side; trim off the wafer to the edge of the plates, remove to a clean paper, and roll at once while hot. This recipe will make from twenty-two to twenty-four gauffres. Gauffre irons consist of two round plates about three inches and one-half in diameter, hinged together on one side; on the opposite side are long handles;

the plates rest in a frame similar to that seen in waffle irons. The plates are ornamented and the design appears on the cakes when baked.

QUERY 1698. — "Recipe for Cooked Apples Served on Sponge Cake."

Apples, Manhattan Style

Core and pare six or eight apples. Cook in a syrup made of a cup and a half, each, of sugar and water, turning often, until the apples are tender throughout. Have ready as many rounds of sponge cake (stamped out from slices half an inch thick) as apples. Set an apple on each piece of cake. Reduce the syrup until it will jelly—half a tumbler of currant jelly simmered with it gives a pretty color—then pour it over the apples and cake. The rounds of cake may first be browned in a little hot, *clarified* butter in a frying pan, or, spread with butter, they may be browned in the oven. Thus treated the shape is better preserved.

QUERY 1698. — "I am an old experienced bread maker, but for the last year or so my loaves burst open on one side after they are put into the oven. I would appreciate an explanation as to the cause and how to correct the same."

Cause of Bursting of Bread in Oven

We can think of but one reason why a loaf of bread should burst open on one side after it has been put into the oven, *i. e.*, insufficient rising. To remedy, pay no attention to the time the bread has been shaped for the pans; wait until it has nearly doubled in bulk, then set to bake in the middle of the oven. The heat of the oven should be such that the bread has risen to its full height, crusted over and browned slightly in spots, at the expiration of fifteen minutes.

QUERY 1700. — "What is the difference between Bread and Pastry Flour? Is there a decided difference in Lightness, Texture and Flavor between a cake made of Bread Flour and one made of Pastry Flour? Where a

Menus for Company Luncheons in April

I

Grapefruit-and-Canned-Cherry Cocktail

Oyster Croquettes, Cucumbers, French

Dressing

Yeast Rolls

Lamb Chops, Broiled, French Fried Potatoes

Asparagus, Maltese Sauce

Simple Charlotte Russe

Coffee

II

Halves of Grapefruit

Consommé with Poached Eggs

Radishes Salted Nuts

Fried Sweetbreads with Peas

Salad Rolls

Prune-and-Pecan Nut Salad

Whole Wheat Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches

Pineapple Sherbet

Coffee

III

Tomato Soup

Fresh Mushrooms, Newburgh

Baking Powder Biscuit

Glazed Sweetbreads, Asparagus Tips

Lettuce-and-Radish Salad

Sponge Cake

Cocoa, Whipped Cream



WELL LOCATED AND ARTISTIC

The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XV

APRIL, 1911

No. 9



CHIMNEYS BOTH ORNAMENTAL AND USEFUL

The Humble Chimney

By Margaret L. Sears

THE humble chimney has a long and interesting history, which is full of surprises, and leads the searcher for facts into unexpectedly pleasant ways.

From the earliest times, when the house itself was a chimney—being hut-shape, with an opening at the apex for the escape of smoke—to the present time, in most countries the chimney

has held the place of honor in the construction of the home.

And it should hold the place of honor; it carries the smoke from the fireplace, the altar of the home. The exigences of modern life have removed that altar from many of our American homes, but nothing can ever take the place of the charm of its presence.

Many people can remember hearing in their youth the word "chimley" applied to the vertical structure that graced the roof of all houses. This curious word was invariably used by some elderly person, or a newly-arrived emigrant, and to the very young person it seemed a sign of gross ignorance. In reality, it is an old form of the present word "chimney," and its use was, perhaps, not so much an evidence of wrong pronunciation after all.

It is rarely, if ever, that the word

"chimley" is heard in these days, and it was during the period of the "elderly person" and the "emigrant" that a determined movement was made to remove the chimney stack from the American roof, or, at least, to put it in such a position that it would be most inconspicuous; or not visible from the street.

It was during this attempted reform that the great, hospitable fireplaces of Colonial days, and of fine Colonial design, were "walled up," and "air-tight" stoves installed in their place. Sometimes a shallow fireplace with no outlet—none being needed—was built into the wall, and sham logs with gas lights introduced here and there to simulate the fire. This gave the required heat, but was a poor substitute for the homelike fireplace of former days.



CHIMNEY WITH OUT-DOOR FIREPLACE



HOUSE AND CHIMNEYS IN HARMONY

The steam radiator and furnace completed the reform of the enterprising American; and the one chimney—hidden as much as possible—was made to serve for kitchen stove as well as the furnace; and the house shorn of its crown, like some bald creature, was without the character or charm which a cluster of well-arranged chimneys always gives to the construction of a building.

This was a long departure from the old English days, when chimneys were considered of such value that they were taxed by the crown; and "chimney money" brought in a considerable sum to the public exchequer.

It is also supposed that the idea of constructing the fireplace against the wall originated in England, at the time of the Norman conquest in the eleventh century. Until this time the chimney was merely a hole in the roof, with a small wooden tower above to carry off

the smoke.

For a long time it was a question whether the chimney was in use in other countries before it was first introduced into England. More recent discoveries show that in Greece and Rome kitchens were provided with chimneys, but it is doubtful if they were used in other apartments.

An ancient mosaic found in Algeria, representing a country mansion, shows chimney stacks projecting above the roof.

Before this, the earliest record of chimneys was before 1638, when the Lord of Padua introduced them into Rome; but the use of the curfew in England before 1368 would seem to indicate their absence in that country, as the curfew summoned the people to cover over the fires that burned in the pits in the centre of the floor under an opening in the roof.

When the chimney was finally estab-

lished it was used only as a luxury in the houses of the great, and in Queen Elizabeth's time people were sent to these houses to enjoy the privilege of this new convenience.

Ever since its introduction the chimney stack has always been an important part of the English home; and nowhere is the home in all its completeness a more perfect type than in England. In the cottage, as well as in the manor house, of whatever period, the chimney is always incorporated into the architectural scheme in a most fitting manner, so that if taken away there would be a lack in the otherwise perfect whole.

The chimney reached a high degree of perfection, also, in French chateaux, where the multitude of elaborate shapes in which it is introduced makes an interesting study. In one chateau it is found in graceful renaissance designs; in other groups are dainty little gothic patterns; and in some the tracery is so delicate that they are called "brodered chimneys" by an

early writer; and these exquisite clusters are worthy conveyors of the smoke that rose from the magnificent fireplaces within.

With all these artistic examples before them it is not surprising that of recent years Americans are beginning to have more respect for the one-time neglected chimney, and in all parts of the United States, where domestic architecture has been intelligently studied, the chimney has a prominent place in house construction.

A simple, but effective, chimney on a small house at Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, is one example of this tendency. The house is of chalet style and at both ends of the roof is a chimney with a square opening at the top—somewhat resembling the diminutive bell towers on little English chapels—and these chimneys give an air of distinction to an otherwise plain structure.

A good example of the Elizabethan chimney is seen in the house of Rudyard Kipling, Sussex, England. The row of five chimneys, corner to corner, is very



WITH ENGLISH CHIMNEY POTS

effective.

Hundreds of examples might be given of the many artistic shapes into which the chimney has been turned since its long and interesting record has been in progress. When one has also considered its many-sided history from its earliest beginnings, the feeling that it is a thing to despise must inevitably give

way to admiration for what it has been, to comprehension of what it should be, and to wonder as to what in the future it may be. The chimney has great possibilities, and the future, if it fulfils its promise, should show a strong artistic development in this important architectural feature of the home.



BRICK AND SANDSTONE

The Home Light

By Lalia Mitchell

Whether the road be steep or whether the sky
 be gray,
 You can sing and smile, o'er each lagging
 mile,
 If only you know, that after a while
 There's a tryst to keep, and a tear to stay
 And a hand to greet you, though long away.

Whether the task be hard, or whether the
 hand be weak,
 You can laugh and jest, if the hours for
 rest
 Brings peace and calm to your troubled
 breast,
 The flush of joy on a dear one's cheek.
 And home the haven you joyful seek.

Whether the night be dark, or whether the
 toil be vain,
 You can lift your voice and at heart rejoice,
 Though lost the effort and ill the choice,
 If the courage lost you can find again
 In a light Love sets in the window pane.

The Hands That Wash Dishes

A Man's Remarks

By Emmet Campbell Hall

THE other day I picked up a magazine and started to read a story. My first glance caught this:

"Would he care to kiss her hands when they smelled of dish-water?"

That was quite enough to brand that particular story "impossible!"

In the first place, the question furnished its own obvious answer—he would not. But why the question? Without reading the story we may infer that the fair maiden, in some proposed capacity—presumably as the wife of the poor but honest youth—was expected to souse her hitherto lilylike hands in dish-water. Dish-water smells; that is admitted by most persons of broad minds. But would it be either necessary or convenient for him to kiss her hands while they were engaged in the homely but necessary process of washing the dinner dishes? If he could restrain his demonstrative nature for fifteen minutes or so, would her hands of necessity retain the perfume of the kitchen sink? If that author gets his ideas from real life, I am sorry for him and for his women-folks. If not, I am sorry for him just the same, for he has no acquaintance with what is the cornerstone of this nation—the self-respecting, well-bred, but frequently financially limited, American family.

There are in the United States a little more than 1,500,000 persons classified by the Census Bureau as "servants and waiters," of whom perhaps one million are employed as private domestics, or about one to each sixteen families. Eliminate one-half of these families on account of race, extreme poverty, low breeding, etc., and there still remain eight average American families with but one servant between them. It is not my experience that the hands of seven out

of each eight women of average station smell of dish-water.

It is high time for the eradication of the idea, still possessed by many otherwise intelligent persons, that a woman's most natural occupation, the care of her home, necessarily involves slavish drudgery and an unattractive person. It is unfortunately true that some women allow themselves to sink to the status of domestics in their own homes. And more, they usually present an appearance far less neat and attractive than they would demand in a hired servant—then wonder why their husbands do not offer the caresses that were lavished during the honeymoon. But such a falling off is due to choice, disregard, or indifference, not to necessity.

Take the matter of dish-washing, for instance. I know well a pair of hands that have washed dishes almost daily for three years, yet few women of any station could show hands more soft and attractive, or better shaped or more polished nails, and one would as soon expect to find a disagreeable odor in a newly opened lily as upon them. Nor is dish-washing the only labor performed by those attractive but capable hands. All the usual work of a household, with the exception of floor-scrubbing and the handling of fuel and ashes, is done by them, and yet they present no disagreeable contrast to the ivory keys of the piano, on which their touch falls with as much delicacy and skill as any which have never known the feel of broom handle or soiled pot and pan.

Intelligent care is certainly necessary, if the woman, who, from choice or necessity, does her own housework, is to avoid having the scarred, reddened and unsightly hands sometimes observed when

defect-hiding gloves are removed. Cuts and burns, usually due to carelessness and which are not inevitable incidents to housework, should receive instant and careful attention. Absolutely essential are rubber gloves, four sizes larger than the kid gloves usually worn. These should be worn whenever "rough" work is to be done, or fruit and vegetables prepared. By having the gloves full large, they readily slip on and off, and the habit of their use is soon acquired. Dishwater should not be so hot that the hands placed in it instantly resemble a boiled lobster. Good white floating soap should be used, not the rough brown bars usually sold as "kitchen soap," and lye should be carefully avoided. The white soap is little more expensive than the brown soaps, which injure the texture of the skin. As soon as the dishwashing is finished, the hands should be bathed in lukewarm water, using a pure, white soap, then dashed with cold water, and then thoroughly but gently rubbed with a little soothing and softening lotion. This process must be gone through with invariably, whether dishes are washed once, twice, or three times daily.

If the nails require attention, they should receive it as soon as the hands have dried and cooled. The nails will then be in an elastic condition and not likely to break or split. Many volumes have been written upon the proper care of the nails, but there is really little to do, if they receive daily attention, the skin being pushed back with an orange-wood stick, *not* with a steel instrument, and the ends carefully filed. It will not be necessary to use a polishing powder every day, but the nails should be rubbed a little with the buffer. Altogether, fifteen minutes a day is ample time to devote to the care of the hands—and they are surely worth that, even to the busiest woman.

There seems to be a very general impression among women that a man

"doesn't notice" his wife's appearance at home, and that it would be a waste of time and effort to "fix up" in the morning, when he is going to hurry right off to the office, or on Sunday morning, when *he* is loafing about the house in smoking jacket and slippers, and even in the evening, sometimes, when it is almost certain that no one will call. This is a grave mistake for any woman to make. The man *does* notice, though he rarely makes any comment. Only a most unreasonable person would expect his wife to "fix up" upon the easy occasions mentioned, but she owes it to him, no less than to herself, to appear with neat hair and in dainty and attractive garments. Many a man has been rather shocked to observe the growing carelessness of his bride in the matter of her morning toilet, the disposition to "slap up her hair" and "slip on something," but has said nothing, fearing to hurt her feelings. Later he accepts the situation as an unattractive matter of course, and perhaps in time he does not notice, having lost interest. He would have noticed always, and secretly if not openly admired, had she clung to the dainty and pretty things of the early days.

Nor should utter indifference on a man's part be taken for granted, if he himself happens to be somewhat indifferent to his own personal appearance when at home. It must be remembered that the average man is what a woman would call "fixed up" every day while at his office or store, and he is naturally inclined to relax upon reaching home. There is no excuse for shirt-sleeved and collarless abandon, and few men would go that length unless encouraged by a correspondingly "sloppy" appearance on the part of the wife. If he is provided with a light house coat or pretty smoking jacket, he will wear it. If the high collar has become irksome, why not give him a pretty and comfortable soft shirt with attached low collar when he comes

home? Moreover, there is this kink in the average man's nature. Whether or not he himself is spick and span, he wishes his surroundings, his belongings, and his friends to be so, and will unconsciously resent it, if they are not. Who has not seen a man work until the last minute mowing his lawn and then not have time to shave himself; neglect to get his own hair shampooed and spend hours currying and brushing his horse to shining beauty; or spend earnest hours cleaning and polishing his guns, rubbing up his buggy, or painting the fence, while his best suit of clothing sadly needed cleaning and pressing?

The average man admired his wife before he married her, and wants to continue to admire her, and will, if she will let him, but it takes an enormous number of inward virtues to outweigh outward untidiness. As an abstract proposition it may be stated that a man is so constituted that he *must* admire someone

of the opposite sex, and if he cannot admire his wife (he cannot admire a woman whose hair is done up in curl papers, when she wears a shapeless "wrapper" of dejected color, and when her feet are thrust into ragged bedroom slippers) it is worth remembering that every other woman he sees is prepared for inspection, and he is apt to get the foolish notion that his own wife is the only really dowdy and unattractive woman he knows. He doesn't know how very fine she looked when she "fixed up" and went out some hours after he left the house, and the peacock plumage has been shed before he returns. However, we are rather wandering from the text.

Of course "he" would not wish to kiss "her" hands when they smelled of dish-water—that goes without saying. What annoyed me was the assumption that such a perfume was bound to exist, if "she" was not provided with a dozen or so of servants.

Moral Housecleaning

By Mrs. Charles Norman

IN the beginning, I will admit that I do not understand the subject I am about to discuss—that I do not even know if there is such a thing as moral housecleaning! I simply have a feeling that the ordinary semi-annual cleaning is immoral, and that something must be done about it. My own experiences have kept me, from year to year, in the valley of humiliation. Not the valley of despair, however—not the valley of despair.

One morning, not long ago, when I was newly released and partially recovered from the tyranny of house cleaning, I called at the home of a friend and at her request took a seat on the veranda.

"And what are you doing, this beau-

tiful spring day?" I asked.

"Picking up dirt in one place and depositing it in another," she answered with a sigh.

I thought I detected, in her voice, a decided weakness, and I said, "Have you tired yourself out, at this business?"

"Have I tired *myself* out?" she moaned. "If it were only myself! Why, I have been a perfect demon all week. And the worst of it is," she added, "my husband has done everything he could possibly do, to make the burden lighter, and I haven't the grace to thank him or even to seem grateful. I have been ugly, ugly, ugly! And I could not help it."

I was thinking the case was about duplicated in my own household, but I

said nothing. I could not think what I should say. My friend at length continued:

"Another thing, we have not had half enough to eat for three days. I forgot to order anything and am too tired to prepare what we have. Now last night, after we had worked so hard and I had put off dinner to the last possible moment and we had been seven hours without food, and had had only half rations at the previous meals, and the children were already sleepy and fretful,—what do you think we had to eat?"

"Pickles," I guessed.

My friend gave a hysterical little laugh. "Well, no," she said, "but it wasn't much better. We had absolutely nothing but baker's bread, which tasted like sawdust, and a can of tomatoes, very sloppy! There were peas in the store room, which would have taken no more time to prepare and which would have served us much better as food, but I did not have the sense to choose. Neither did I know enough to open a jar of preserves to help us forget the taste of that bread; and when, at the conclusion of the meal, one of the children meekly asked if he might have an apple, I discovered that there were no apples. It dawned upon me then, that the children were hungry and that I was hungry and that my husband probably was hungry—that all of us were, in consequence, half sick and unhappy! I could not sleep for a bad conscience and for thinking what we should have for breakfast."

"Why," said I, "this is really a pitiful tale. I ought to report it to the charity organization."

"No!" she answered solemnly. "Take it to the managers of the insane asylum. I have resolved over and over that this thing should never happen again; and it continues to happen twice a year, with perfect regularity. Why, my dear," she said, looking me hard in the face as if it were the most serious moment of her

life, "I never appreciated till now what a hard life my laundry woman has. She washes six days in the week. Even if she could afford good food, she would never have the strength to prepare it, would she? Poor thing! She told me once she had to do 'a right smart bit of cooking' on Sunday. I dare say she needs 'a right smart bit,' and she could not act more righteously than in preparing it. But, in my case, such troubles are preventable! There is no need of this house cleaning commotion."

"And this emotion!" I added.

She paid no attention to my remarks, but went on: "I think the whole difficulty begins with those large rugs—rugs which are too large for any woman to handle, and which must be put down and let alone. If it were not for them, we could keep clean and would not need to get clean; but with great heavy rugs and furniture on top of them, what can a woman do? She cannot even begin till the very foundations are removed with their accumulated filth—for however much you may dislike that word—it is the proper one for such stale and poisonous dirt."

I was glad to have my existence recognized, and I hastened to improve my opportunity to speak, so I said: "Why don't you sell your large rugs to a second-hand man or give them to the poor? I know you would like to do that and God loveth a cheerful giver."

She looked at me reproachfully and said: "Do not be sacrilegious! Tell me—what have you done with your large rugs?"

"Gone through the whole performance you have depicted, fussing, fasting and all; and finished it with the rugs in place again and the furniture on top of them, immovable, irrevocable, uncleanable, indecent! Who was it who said, 'If I have got to drag my trap, I will see that it is a light one and does not nip me in a vital part'?"

"Well," I said,—and I, too, began to grow serious,—“not only large rugs but some other possessions have entrapped me, and I am afraid they are ‘nipping in a vital part,’ but the rugs are the most of it, as you suggest. I bought them in my benighted days. I got good ones and they refuse to wear out. Rugs of some kind are needed in winter to make the floors warmer. In summer we do not need them, and they have no excuse for being; but the floors are not sightly and I lack the moral courage—or common sense—to discard them. I have no defense to make, but I shall never, never, never buy another. Some day we will see the last of semi-annual upheavals and do the cleaning as it is needed and as circumstances permit. We will let brooms go with the large rugs. Small rugs can be cleaned out of doors every week or two, and the floors brushed and wiped clean, and we shall never more raise a great dust inside and poison the atmosphere and load our lungs (and the bric-a-brac) with dirt. And we will have less bric-a-brac, too! They say that in every storm there is a center of perfect calm, but the house cleaning cyclone has no such point!”

I was growing eloquent but my friend checked me. “Why,” she said, “you talk well; yet you have laid those rugs and you mean to lie upon them and repeat your house cleaning in the autumn and then go through the winter, and have house cleaning again in the spring! Well, you have come in time to save me. This house is clean, clean from garret to cellar, floors, ceilings, walls, wood-work, windows, to say nothing of rugs! And all this has been done with no outside help but that of one skillless man, who could do nothing without being directed, but upon whom, nevertheless, the whole thing depended. Without him not a wheel could be turned, and he knew it. And so it is! When this business begins, it cannot stop and it cannot go on, if the men we engage conclude to stop it.

“This moment is for me the period of calm in this storm, though it seems not to be in the center. And I have decided since I have been sitting here that this clean house shall never again be spoiled by those large rugs. I cannot afford to buy new ones, but we will go without this summer and next winter I will, if necessary, cut the old ones into strips rather than be rendered by them, helpless to clean a room. The floors may not look very well, but they will be ‘*an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace*.’ Already I feel emancipated. And there is someone besides myself who will appreciate my change of heart! Most men are sufficiently oppressed with business cares and they ought not to have the added responsibility of home. What is the use of a man having a home, if it is presided over by a creature who has not mind enough or courage enough to manage it?”

With this speech my friend “cooled down.” She had apparently forgotten my presence—I was discreetly quiet. It might seem that, under the circumstances, she was not very polite; but I justified her vehemence. She was a righteous little lady and I could take no offence. Besides it was Alice, my most loyal and devoted friend! She and I were under no contract to make commendatory speeches to each other. When I started to go home, she asked me, out of habit, to stay for luncheon.

“But is there going to be any?” said I.

She laughed and assured me she would divide her last loaf with such an old friend—especially one who had helped to save her from continuance in a grave error.

I prudently refused her refreshments, believing I could do better elsewhere; though she told me she was really feeling vastly better than when I came and that she meant to go at once to order something to eat; which I took as consolatory proof that she was in her right mind.

A Friend's Friends

By Kate Gannett Wells

ONE of the best results of organized social service is the ability it indirectly creates to get along in the world without exclusive comradeship. The close intimacy of two men or of two women for each other, though still existing in numerous instances, is not so marked a feature of modern social life as it was in Greek or mediæval and renaissance days.

Yet friendship itself is as universal a need as ever. While its boundaries are enlarging so that we are apt to have several friends for the several needs of our souls, we are still so bound by the traditions of caste and by natural circumspection, that we hesitate about making a friend's friends our friends. We are not quite sure whether or not we shall like them. Then, our minds warped by such fear, we wonder whether or not they will like us, in our modest self-consciousness not taking it for granted that they cannot help doing so.

Perhaps it is only in middle life that it is wise to increase greatly the circle of friendship. Evidently we do not do it in early life, as shown by the sudden, short-lived friendships of school girls for each other or by a kind of fag-like devotion of one boy to another. Even if school societies, fraternities, and girls' clubs are really movements towards wider circles of friendship, one need but to know a very little of the secret discussions anent membership in sewing circles, (the fashionable lunch club of debutantes) to see how far such a circle is from being more than a coterie of a certain kind of a friend's friends. Such social fear is more comical than pitiful, for it is so youthful. Fortunately, as debutantes grow older, the best of themselves comes more to the surface and they are apt to take up social service

where their very grace and zeal helps them over the pitfalls of their ignorance. Then they may begin to find that there are other girls than those they have always known. May sympathy now be their guide rather than aggressive, pertinacious helpfulness.

Mothers usually are not of much use in guiding their daughters through this labyrinth of friendships. Not that they might not be, but they are not wanted round, so girls have to learn by experience, a costly guide. But if mothers themselves had a more extended circle of friends, their example might become an hereditary quality. Even at the largest afternoon teas, supposed to be general gatherings, only certain kinds of friends are found. Such teas are not even as good an indication of the social interests of hostesses as are funerals, where meet all the various kinds of friends one has had.

It is, however, in narrowing from afternoon teas into smaller circles that the frequency with which a friend's friends are more or less unknown to each other becomes noticeable. Each one is likely to be relegated to some one distinct function, as good for certain uses or seasons, but not as all round delightful and serviceable beings. Probably they are not, but the very way in which each is kept distinct from the other prevents expansion of interests and is one cause of the fewness of salons and of the lessening of those whom we might know as we grow elderly. If youth must be chary of intercourse, middle life ought to revel in it, that there may be a residuum left for old age.

But people are so apt to set apart one day for one kind of friend and another day for another, alleging to themselves by way of excuse that each might bore

the other! Oh, the social terror in that supposition, when being bored or boring another is merely due to not having tact or sympathy enough to draw out another. It is in this reluctant fear of consequences that is found the meanest form of snobbishness, as when a somewhat socially inclined person brings others together, yet stating as apology that so and so is remarkable for this or that quality, or that some one else is very nice when you know her. We never can be democratic, yet gifted with the grace of serenity, until we get rid of such subterfuges for knowing people whom otherwise we would not know. We do not want to confine our friendships to self-limiting circles any more than we want to get rid of the intimate companionship of one or two friends, which unless one is happily married is a vital necessity for the heart. There is in each of us so much unrecognized capacity for the exercise of some humdrum quality or doing, that, if we have not at least one friend who believes in us, life is very lonely. All the same, if we wish to grow into comprehension of what life means, we need to know the friends of our friend.

There are periods in life when exclusiveness seems to be natural, for neither boy nor girl springs full armed into the plentitude of friendships. Little girls are as proverbial for their childish secrets with each other as boys are for their home silences, and when they become engaged they fancy for the time being that human nature is arranged in couples only for a perpetual duet of feeling and intercourse. If it is the prerogative of youth to be disinclined to the solidarity of humanity, it is, also, the part of growth to care more for "causes" as one grows older and to discover that causes are ennobled by enlarging circles

of noble friendships

Yet, just because of such growth, we discover that there is a rift in the possibility of friendship, for how far can we, ought we, to have as friends those who are not worthy? As philanthropists it is easy to define our relations to those criminally wrong, but it is on the edges of vulgarity, meannesses, little wrong-doings of many kinds that we hesitate how far to cross over to those committing minor offences and we cannot always bring them over to us, since they will not come. Shall we lower our instincts for the true by too extensive acquaintanceship? Have we a right to force the meeting with doubtful people upon others, even if we valiantly accept it for ourselves? Shall we pass over the derelictions of silliness or thoughtlessness as not being contagious? If we would let acquaintanceship last longer before it becomes friendship and neither indulge in rhapsodies over each new person we meet nor give ourselves away right off we should not need to be so cautious in our selfishness, lest we know some one who might injure us. If we can resist such pressure, we yet have no right to subject others, less strong than ourselves to the peril of contagion. As, after all there is so much good in everybody, middle-aged women, at least, need not fear the risks of a wide circle of friendship since by being true one's self reflex action obtains. Let us know each other's friends in their varying degrees of shortcomings and excellencies, never being jealous if in the end our friends learn to care for others more than they once did for us, remembering that, though "everybody is lonesome" at times, the larger the range of friendship, the less acute will be our loneliness.



Her Potatoless Dinner

By May Belle Brooks

SHE would do it! She would run the gauntlet of the uncomprehending stares and shocked countenances of carping relations and begin to put into effect some of the ideas she had absorbed from her recent study of household economics.

Had she not taken a correspondence course in dietetics, and wasn't she qualified for knowing things? What availeth a woman, if she learn the whole alphabet of scientific feeding, yet keepeth on cooking as mother used to cook? Verily, verily, she would sit no longer in the shadows of revered grandmotherly institutions, but would come into the light of modern methods and hygienic ways.

Her very first effort at reformation should be a potatoless dinner. Shades of tradition! How that prosaic company would stare! She wondered whether she could endure the ordeal. Their very presence would cry "Potatoes! Potatoes!" so great was their slavery to the tyrant. Perhaps she had better prepare a few and hide them away in case she *did* relent at the last moment. She knew her susceptibility to other people's opinions. Alone, she could challenge the gods to a contest, but in their presence, she said, "I think so, too."

But she must steel herself for the fray! She would steep her brain in her "Hand-book of Dietetics" and get upon that superior scientific plane where personal opinions of benighted relations could not reach. She had attained that pinnacle once or twice, but, then, none of them had happened around at that time!

She sat down to write her menu, ever keeping an eye to the "balanced ration."

"First, there'll be a vegetable bouillon, which will gently draw the digestive juices into the stomach. Then I'll have

a chicken for the nitrogenous course, for tissue building and muscle repairing and energy producing. Meat-eating I am convinced is wrong, but you can't reform folks all in one meal. Now comes the backbone of my contention: the starchy element shall not consist of the everlasting mashed potatoes, so dear to Bobbie's heart, 'with plenty of gravy on 'em,' but of macaroni, which is a substitute for the tuber, so my handbook reads. It shall be deviled macaroni, in deference to brother James' taste, who liked things hot and peppery. Then I'll have a green and succulent vegetable and a salad to furnish the mineral salts so necessary to the properly nourished body. Let's see, creamed cabbage (boiled, it is indigestible) and Waldorf salad will fill the requirements. And I won't serve a pernicious boiled mayonnaise, either, which is so hard upon the stomach, but a dainty dressing of oil and vinegar. I know Aunt Molly detests olive oil, but she's so backwoodsy in her knowledge of food values. Now for the saccharine element. None of those heavy puddings, pies or cakes of which John so persistently carols! Of course, I am aware that the proper ending to a heavy dinner should be the salad, but pampered appetites demand a sweet. So I'll be killing two birds with one stone, if I serve a gelatinous dessert with fruits molded in it, for the gelatine has no specific value as a food, but will serve as a setting for the fruit which should be an accompaniment to every meal, and not one of those folks are fond of fruit. Marguerites, instead of rich cakes, although Uncle's teeth are bad and he likes things soft. No huge cups of coffee as has been their wont, but tiny after dinner affairs, and served at the end of the meal, as should be for proper diges-

tion. No cream or sugar, but black. And there won't be enough for a second helping either. 'One small cup of black coffee, taken at the end of the meal, aids digestion; more than that retards it.' Those are the very words.

"I might just as well begin now to put my knowledge into practice, no matter what they say about it."

So down came Uncle Jim and Aunt Molly and James and little Bobby to break bread with the Enlightened One. Their mouths watered for the good square meal that had always been their portion on former occasions. If they only knew what awaited them instead of the good old chicken, gravy and mashed potatoes, browned sweet ones, too, boiled cabbage, cold slaw, mince pie and pound cake!

The Enlightened One started for the kitchen to prepare dinner. Her heart was brave yet! Aunt Molly went along to help.

"Now where are the potatoes?" she asked, innocently, "I'll be peeling them."

The first little tremor shook the Enlightened One's voice as she answered:

"I'm not going to have potatoes, but macaroni, instead. It's starchy, you know." She ended with a little appeal in her voice. It's hard to face a woman with years of reputation back of her, when you've a new idea to exploit. It's as if you were treading upon holy ground—rushing in where angels fear to tread, don't you know.

Aunt Molly dropped the paring knife and just stared. But the Enlightened One had her back turned so that she wouldn't see the look which she knew would be there. She was conserving her courage.

Dinner was being carried into the dining room when Bobby offered his services.

"I'll carry the potatoes," he said.

"I haven't any potatoes. I have macaroni instead." She took a deep breath before answering.

Bobby also stared with wide open eyes like a boy who has just had a peep into the unreal.

At the table, the man who does the carving gazed around questioningly.

"Where are the potatoes, Patsy?"

But that was the last straw!

"I haven't any!" She was indignant now. "It's perfectly absurd to suppose one can't get up a dinner without potatoes! I've macaroni instead," she finished with all the courage of her convictions in her tones.

The carver subsided, and a strange silence fell upon the astonished group. All eyes were on the Enlightened One and each eye said, "Why, what's the matter with Patsy? The poor child's not right!"

And their apprehensions were not lessened by the ensuing courses, goodness knows!

But Patsy had made a beginning, and the campaign was on!

The Sun's Wooing

By Helen Coale Crew

In the shadowy glens and aisles

April smiles.

Under willows, dim and sweet,

Where within the quickening mould

Buds unfold,

Gleam the prints of April's dancing feet.

I will seek this maid divine,

Make her mine;

Clasp her closely, still her fears.

She shall have for bridal veil

Windflowers pale.

I will kiss away all trace of April's tears!

And what music follows after!

April's laughter!

By a thousand feathered throats,

By warm whispering raindrops falling,

She is calling,

She is singing all her scale of joyous notes!

An Interlude

By Alice Thom

IT was Cynthia's thirtieth birthday. I repeat it was her thirtieth, and *because* it was, she put on her very most becoming frock, a pink one, whose severe lines suited well her slim shape, and whose tint always seemed to add a soft glow to her rounded cheeks. "Undoubtedly, my throat *is* good," remarked Cynthia, addressing her mirrored image, and patting the white column affectionately, "hair thick and rather shining, even if I am—" but she paused, refusing to breathe the hateful figures even to herself, for this especial birthday she found decidedly trying.

"I believe I shan't mind being fifty any more than I do thirty," she mused drearily, as a few moments later, her toilet completed, she stood by the window, looking out over the snowy landscape, the quiet avenue with its lines of leafless trees, and beyond the open stretch of campus surrounded by tall buildings. Bright lights gleamed from the dormitory windows, and now from some side street she heard a rollicking air, boomed out by a not unmusical baritone.

"I'm glad Mrs. Johnnie is going to have a little dinner to-night," she continued, "I need to be diverted. Guess I'll relieve my mind by telling her the horrid truth. She confided to me last summer that she was thirty-three, and she'll like me just as much when she hears my age. I feel as if I had known her a great deal more than seven months, but it doesn't take congenial spirits long to become well acquainted at a mountain inn. I know from what she said that she thought that I was younger than I am."

Mrs. John Dunscombe, known to her intimates as Mrs. Johnnie, was awaiting her in the hall, as she came slowly down the stairs, slipping one hand along the banister's polished rail.

"Well, you are a refreshing sight," exclaimed Mrs. Johnnie, as she spied Cynthia in her pink frock, "too bad I've no young man for you this evening, only Dr. Appleton—to give him his rightful title, Dr. Ithamer Appleton. He's fifty-five if a day, and looks his age, I feel to say, but he's learned, my friend, oh, monstrously learned, awe-inspiringly so, and a confirmed old bachelor. It is but fitting that I should inform one guest about another. All these items I gleaned from my John, who once in the interest of science (doesn't that sound well?), was his guest for a day, a year or so ago. Well now, Dr. Appleton is here in Croxton, giving a course of lectures at the College. True, he is old, but is an unmarried man ever too old to be talked to? And right here, I'll promise to do better by you next time."

"What a superior occasion it bids fair to be," laughed Cynthia, tucking in a rebellious lock of hair as she spoke, "your own wise Professor, and now this Doctor, too,—can't we weave in, the two of us, Mrs. Johnnie, some frivolous side remarks?"

"We'll try," agreed Mrs. Johnnie.

"You don't know that to-day is a certain horrid anniversary," began Cynthia nervously as she settled herself in a broad wicker chair by the open fire.

"Oh, your natal day, is it?" was her hostess' reply—"well, I certainly would have had at least two more courses at dinner, and a sparkly birthday cake therewith to end the feast, had you not waited thus late to inform me. You look about twenty, to-night; I've seen you look twenty-two, but you probably are really older. Want to 'fess? If not, I may think you forty at least."

"Mrs. Johnnie," whispered Cynthia, acquiring a decided color, "just listen,

I'm old, I'm truly old—of course I mean for an unmarried person, I'm, well—I'm thirty! Now what do you think of that!"

"Why," said the older woman, with a merry laugh, "that isn't so alarming; I'm older, myself—all the women of the faculty are old—cheer up, you give the lie to the calendar. Always wear pink, and never tell anybody but me your real age."

"I feel just at this moment," sighed Cynthia, "as if this Dr. Ishmael, or whatever his name is, were about a fit playmate for me, so old do I feel."

"Wait until you see our honored guest," broke in Mrs. Dunscombe, "his Christian name is Ithamer, by the way, should you feel impelled to-night to address him thus familiarly, be sure and say Ithamer. Wait until you see him, and then tell me truly if he be a mate for you, you disgracefully blooming creeter."

It was at this moment that the tread of masculine feet sounded in the hall, and Prof. Dunscombe ushered in a tall, thin, blonde man, who adjusted his eye glasses as he acknowledged the introduction, and smiled in wintry fashion at the two smiling women.

It was not until the fish course that Cynthia found herself studying the intent, scholarly face across the table, the alert blue eyes, noting the low, well-bred tones. He was deep in a discussion with Prof. Dunscombe, evidently forgetting for the time his hostess and her guest, and Mrs. Johnnie herself was too busy watching her new waitress to have eyes for anything else. But I am sure she would have given her undivided attention to her attractive friend, had she been able to read Cynthia's thoughts, which ran something after this wise:—"He doesn't look so old; I've seen men of forty-five that were every bit as gray. Lots of girls marry men much older than themselves. An elderly husband would

make one look truly young, always. He's interesting, no doubt of that. I believe I could like him. Fancy Mrs. Ithamar Appleton, on one's visiting cards! Wouldn't such a well known name impress the people at home? I think I remember studying one of his text-books at college—wonder if I can't entertain him!"

Before he quite realized how it came about Dr. Appleton found himself talking exclusively to a starry-eyed young person, who smiled innocently, and made sundry pertinent remarks that appeared to interest him. Mrs. Johnnie and her John, left perforce to their own devices, conversed together in comfortable married fashion, though Mrs. John, it is true, did, not without inward amusement, steal occasional glances at her friend Cynthia, whose natal day it was.

"My collection of uncut stones is at the College Museum for two weeks," said Dr. Appleton, "now if you and Mrs. Dunscombe are interested in such a collection, it would be a great pleasure to show them to you, say Friday of this week."

Cynthia, all eagerness and attention, looked enquiringly at her friend, and, thus implored, that young matron responded cordially, that it would be most delightful, and that Friday would suit them exactly. "I know Miss Boardman's feminine love for stones, cut and uncut," she added, and Cynthia chimed in, "I should like it immensely."

Half an hour later Cynthia's sympathetic mezzo was assuring the group gathered in the drawing-room that, given the choice, she would certainly choose love instead of peace, as one could in no wise have both. Dr. Appleton was leaning forward, a most gratifying listener, and when he asked for one more song, Cynthia's cheeks glowed their tribute as she very sweetly consented to give an encore.

"Well, Cynthia," began her friend as

the door closed on the courteous Doctor and, John having sought his den, they were left alone, "on the whole, my dear, I think I'd better ask Dr. Appleton again to dine; he'd come. You certainly made a pleasing evening for our learned friend, and," diplomatically, "really he didn't seem nearly as elderly and settled as I thought him. John says his old colonial house just outside Hartford is beautiful. Such treasures of antique furniture, family pieces, all of them, and there he lives alone, with just his ancient housekeeper and the servants. Isn't he distinctly agreeable? But Cynthia,"—as the clock struck twelve warning strokes, "Cynthia, I don't quite understand you, I'm inclined to think you're rather the bad child. Oh, yes, you are. Good night."

Long after she should have been asleep the girl lay with wide-open eyes, gazing at the wavering curtains and the glow of the street light upon the wall. Was she fated to become interested in a man of fifty-five, actually *was* she? Could it be because she was just turned thirty? But how stimulating was this new experience! A picture of that old home rose before her: only an aged housekeeper to run it. How odd would a young mistress look in those quiet rooms! A pink cheeked chatelaine, who might do as she would, changing the furniture to suit her younger notions, displacing sober hangings; adding the needed feminine touch to the whole. Meeting graciously and tactfully the older friends and neighbors, coming like a ray of sunshine into the precise dwelling. Free to go in and out of that holy of holies, the library of the Master of it all, with a frou-frou of frilly skirts, resting her hand upon his desk, looking ridiculously girlish.

"Why, Doctor," she could almost hear, "is this then, that young—" and then she fell asleep.

Cynthia and Mrs. Dunscombe were duly delighted with the collection that

Dr. Appleton, not without pride, exhibited the following Friday. "I have no doubt," he remarked, smiling rather grimly, "that had I been a woman, a goodly share of these stones would long ago have been set in rings and brooches."

"But," retorted Cynthia, gaily, "being a mere man, you have not spoiled your treasures by having them polished and mounted."

Mrs. John stole a wicked look at her guest as she fingered an interesting looking bit of diamond crystal, and Cynthia, understanding perfectly that look, returned no answering glance, but gave flattering attention to the collection, as a proper maid should.

Dr. Appleton came again to dinner early in the following week, made his dinner call duly, and now Cynthia's visit was drawing to an end. Even the obtuse John had ventured a jovial remark or two to Cynthia about his elderly doctor friend, and as for Mrs. John, her joy in the whole thing was apparent.

"That nice, dark, assistant professor, is coming to call to-night, Cynthia," announced Mrs. Dunscombe one morning. "I trust you won't find a mere child of thirty-five or so, boring. He accepted my invitation, with effusion. By the way, where are you bound for now, oh, worldly, scheming maid!"

"No worldly schemer am I," was Cynthia's reply,—*"as for your assistant professor, bring him on by all means. I'm on my way to the library,"* taking on an added color as she spoke, *"there to feed and refresh my mind. I won't be late for lunch, Mrs. Johnnie."*

She walked briskly down the street, humming softly as she went. It was late March, and a fresh dust of snow powdered the bare shrubs and stone cornices. A chill wind found her as she turned to cross over to the library, and she gathered her dark furs more closely about her throat. Seeking one of the little reference rooms, she chose a bulky vol-

ume, opened it in rather aimless fashion, then quickly laid it down, and began to adjust her toque and blown hair. One was so apt to meet acquaintances at a library, and should Dr. Appleton happen on her, she was sure ruffled locks would shock his sense of propriety! A familiar voice behind her roused her from the reverie into which she had fallen, and she turned to see the man of whom she was thinking, holding out a thin gloved hand.

"So you, too, find your way here," he said, glancing at the book in her lap.

"I'm very fond of this little library," glowed Cynthia, "it's such an artistic place!"

"I'm fond of it, also," replied her companion, "the arrangement and the coloring are admirable, and the lighting of these reference rooms especially fortunate," and then Dr. Appleton launched off into descriptions of different college libraries with which he was familiar, and with wide, gray eyes lifted to his, Cynthia formed an attentive audience of one. She had never noticed before that his face was so deeply lined; it looked almost pinched to-day. Doubtless it was a trick of the pitiless March sunshine, that streamed into the window by which he was standing, and as he passed his hand, once, nervously, through his hair, she observed that the graying locks were sparse.

A round-faced young fellow, evidently an upper classman, passed the alcove, and Cynthia heard him say to his companion, in a low tone, "Why, that's Dr. Appleton, freshie, he's giving lectures here. Guess the girl with him must be his daughter!"

The girl hoped that the subject of their discussion had not heard the remark, and not until a few moments later she began, "I believe, Doctor, we shall see you Monday evening when the Faculty Club meets with Mrs. Dunscombe."

"I am sorry to say no," responded Dr. Appleton, "I am sure I should have found it most enjoyable: truth to tell, I

have been idling too much, and my inexorable publishers summon me that day for an interview in New York."

"I am going home Tuesday," added the girl rather soberly.

"Indeed!" was her companion's response, "I trust your stay here has been a pleasant one. Personally, I feel almost an affection for Croxton and its college, so many agreeable hours have I spent in the little town. Nearly thirty-seven years ago," smiling quizzically, "just think of that, my dear young friend, what a length of time, I visited a college chum of my father's, whose home was here. He was a good man, and gave me much advice, rather unpalatable at the time, I recollect, but some of which I might, with profit, have followed.

His indulgent, older manner made Cynthia feel, somehow, young and inexperienced, oddly out of touch with the man beside her, and it was with a trace of awkwardness that she said: "Do you never come to New Hampshire, Doctor? It would be delightful to welcome you to my home. My father knows your books well."

"Now that's very kind of you, very kind," was the reply, "but, as I sail for England the last of May, there to remain a year, I fear I cannot take advantage of the many delightful invitations that my friends extend to me. However, I will make a note of your address, and it may be that some time we shall meet again. I know I am keeping you from your reading, and now, if you will excuse me," his eyes wandering to one of the professors just entering, "I want to speak to Brittingham—" "Oh, Professor, will you wait one moment?—Good-bye, —Good-bye, Miss Boardman," and he was gone.

Cynthia drew on her gloves hastily, watched intently for a few seconds the tall figure with its scholarly stoop, then passing through the main room, opened the front door and went slowly down the long steps. Suddenly to her surprise

her eyes blurred with hot tears. She winked hard, gave a few furtive dabs with her handkerchief, and straightened her shoulders as if to pull herself together. "Said he'd make a note of it," she murmured, gave an hysterical little laugh, and felt, all at once, strangely free, even buoyant, as when a child, lessons over, she ran out of the confining school room into the familiar garden spaces, at liberty to wander at will. What a logical ending it was, after all, to her, could she call it, romance? Rather say the fall of an absurd air castle she had built, adding to it from day to day.

Around the corner of the campus a

tall man appeared, not elderly this one, but broad shouldered, brown skinned and strong; instinct with life who, as he passed, met her eyes with evident interest.

She observed that the sun had quite melted the snow. On the terrace of the gymnasium the grass was really green; in the President's grounds a few adventurous crocuses lifted their purple cups, and a wind, sweet with promise, swept across the hedges.

"Why, it's spring!" whispered Cynthia to herself; involuntarily she quickened her steps, and all her dimples deepened, "Young Spring."

A Baseball Entertainment

By Mrs. S. J. H.

A MOTHER, with an only son, to whom she was devoted, planned this characteristic party for a surprise. The guests were just the members of his baseball nine, and they were invited to luncheon at twelve prompt. Places were found at the table by the position the boy held on the "team" and the cards were tiny fans with simply the word "pitcher," "catcher," etc., on them. For menu cards there were booklets of the team's colors which read "Official Score." There were nine courses or "innings." I give them entire, but the eatables were not on the cards given the boys, and guessing what came next broke up any stiffness that there might have been. The favors were tickets to a big game which the boy's father provided as his share of the treat, and a doting aunt had a tin horn for each one tied with long streamers of the "nine's" colors. The mother said afterward that she never gave a party with such enthusiastic guests, who relieved her afterward of all responsibility for their entertainment. The menu for baseball luncheon was as follows:

First Inning

First strike (Oyster cocktail)

Second Inning

Where the losing team lands ... (Soup)

Third Inning

Caught on the fly
(Small trout with diamonds of crisp toast)

Fourth Inning

A sacrifice
(Lamb chops with potato balls)

Fifth Inning

A "fowl ball"
(Chicken croquettes, French peas)

Sixth Inning

The umpire when we lose
(Lobster salad and cheese straws)

Seventh Inning

A fine diamond
(Ice cream in diamond-shape slices, cakes)

Eighth Inning

Necessary for good playing
(Preserved ginger with wafers and coffee)

Ninth Inning

Everybody scores
..... (The passing of favors)

THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics

JANET MCKENZIE HILL, Editor

PUBLISHED TEN TIMES A YEAR

Publication Office :

372 BOYLSTON STREET BOSTON, MASS.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1 00 PER YEAR SINGLE COPIES, 10c

FOREIGN POSTAGE : TO CANADA, 20c PER YEAR

TO OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES 40c PER YEAR

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WITHOUT good reason we hope you will not decide to discontinue your subscription to a culinary publication. Do you think it wise or profitable to do so? You wish to be progressive and intelligent in the preparation and service of food. Both health and happiness—your own and that of your family—depends so much on wholesome proper feeding, the subject deserves a measure, at least, of your thought and study daily.

We do not intend to increase the price of this culinary journal. On the contrary we propose to make it a better household companion, if this be possible. Please consider that we are striving to meet your special needs as housekeepers and home-makers, and favor us with your continued patronage.

ECONOMICS

ECONOMICS has already become an accepted branch of study in many of our schools and colleges. It is well that this subject be thus recognized, for it seems destined to be the question prominent above all others in future legislation, both state and national.

The cost of living and the rate of taxation seem to increase in direct ratio; and, without good and sufficient reason, people do not take kindly to advance of rates in either of these lines of expenditure. No economic policy that calls for increased general taxation is likely to be anything else than unpopular and disastrous to its advocates. Hence we can easily account for the great popularity of the proposed pact of reciprocity on the part of this country and our next door neighbor on the north. The wider the open markets the fairer the opportunities for the ready exchange of the products, both natural and manufactured, of either land. What people the world over desire and need most is the privilege, without governmental let or hindrance, to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest markets. This is the incentive to all trade and commerce. Wants to be supplied is the sole condition of commercial activity.

In public or private affairs, we take it, economy does not mean so much the saving and hoarding of wealth as it does the wise and prudent expenditure of one's resources. To live within one's means, that thrift so highly extolled and exemplified in the life of the wise and many-sided Franklin, is always to be commended. And conditions that will allow a people to live securely and happily within their means should be the prime object of all government and legislation.

In industrial matters to-day "the tendency," it is said, "is steadily toward increasing governmental control. This control must be not only physical, but social, for the reason that oppression of

the individual, against which government is designed to protect its citizens, is no longer physical oppression, but a more subtle form of social and industrial oppression. People are feeling very widely the inconsistency existing to-day between political democracy and industrial absolutism, and are doubting the possibility of their continued co-existence side by side. They are beginning to doubt, also, whether there is really a justification for the great inequalities that prevail in the distribution of wealth."

The word economics is somewhat difficult of comprehension and lacking, perhaps, in clear definition, but the term industrial matters is readily grasped and understood by the average mind. In the future as in the past industrial matters must be the chief concern of men and women who are in any wise engaged in earning a livelihood.

HOW ONE BUSY WOMAN KEEPS HER FRIENDS

"YOU are such a busy lady with your house work, church work and sewing that I do not see how you manage to keep so many friends. Half the people in the town know you and are friendly with you; yet you never give a reception or a tea or—"

"No, indeed," broke in the Busy Woman.

"Or even go calling that I can see," finished the puzzled neighbor.

"And I am not young nor pretty nor rich nor even stylish," added the lady with a rare smile. Then she said soberly, half to herself, "It is rather queer that people stay friendly with me. I hadn't thought of it before."

"O I didn't mean it just that way," stammered the caller. "Of course those that know you love you because you are lovable; but I wondered how it is that people who know you only a little do not cut you dead for not returning their calls within a certain time or leave you

out of their parties, because you do not entertain. I asked for my own sake. I have such a time trying to keep the peace, apologize and go as much as I do."

The Busy Woman narrowed her eyes at the flame in the grate for a few moments before she spoke:

"Give my telephone a large share of the credit. When the evening paper comes in—that is my leisure time—I scan its social columns for the names of friends. If one is mentioned as just returning from a long trip or a summer's sojourn, I go straight to the phone, call her up, and give her a cordial greeting, asking about her travels. Indeed, any event of importance in my friends' lives means a phone message from me, for it is less formal and quicker than a note, and it voices my sincere interest in them.

"And you would be surprised to see how it pleases people, especially those who are not intimate friends. I do this usually in the early evening hours, when the call is not apt to be an interruption.

"Then I have found that a long-stemmed, beautiful flower and my card, carried by Dorothy, pleases a friend better than a call; so when I am working in my garden, getting fresh air and recreation for myself, I am also *growing a number of calls*, doing them with a hoe instead of a cardcase. We forget that well people love flowers as much as sick people do; besides,—note this—a lady doesn't have to be in afternoon dress to receive either the telephone or the flower greeting.

"Another thing I love to do is to send a new magazine or paper, with some specially good article marked, for a neighbor's perusal, an article that I know appeals to her taste or chief interest. It is easy to remember a friend's fads, and it is easy to get the habit of reading with half an eye for them and three-fourths for self. None of these things takes any time to speak of, either. But when folks are sick, I *do* try to give

them more time, doing something unusual if possible.

"Then I do *wholesale* calling in summer-time. I walk around this block or that one, and stop for little chats with families sitting on their porches. One trip serves to see a lot of friends informally. No, these aren't *calls*, but they keep us in touch with our neighbors and *save* calls. I just insist on staying friendly and informal, never apologizing for not coming otherwise.

"In fact, dear, I wonder if that isn't the root of the matter? Being cheery and unruffled one's self, and showing an interest in everyone and their affairs wherever and whenever we meet? It isn't *what* you say so much as the *way* you say it and the way you look at them *when* you say it. For whether high or low in the social scale, people crave sympathetic friendliness. They turn to a smile as our eyes turn to this grate fire, involuntarily, instinctively, hoping for *warmth of soul*.

"The telephone, the gift of a flower, choice seeds or cuttings, the loan of a magazine or book, the sidewalk call, the quick congratulations or words of sympathy—all these things *help* to keep friends; but after all, dear, nothing takes the place of the 'I like you' look and tone. If you don't forget people, they won't forget you; and if you show that you like them, they will think you the 'loveliest woman in town.'"

L. M. C.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN

OF the late David Graham Phillips, who is thought in his stories to have exposed relentlessly the foibles of women, Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer writes in the *New York Times*:

"He is not content, for instance, with painting his heroine as lazy, for the American woman is anything but lazy. He is penetrating enough to know that she is lazy only where she is indifferent. He does not paint her as hopelessly

stupid, for he knows that in her own little line of social activities she is a general—Napoleonic even if Lilliputian. How well he hits the nail on the head: 'It was impossible to interest her in anything worth while. But as to the things in which she was interested, none could have thought more clearly or keenly, or could have acted with more vigor and effect.'

"In nothing else does he show better his skilful handling of the queer contradictions of woman than in making his wife at the beginning utterly indifferent to the food she provides for the bread-winner of the family, reducing him to the tender mercies of the delicatessen dealer, tackling the intricate problems of cooking with the serene cocksureness of complete ignorance, and yet strangely capable of self-denial and a devoted, conscientious study of nutriment for herself and daughter, when she discovers that both complexion and figure depend on it. You see it is not easy to pigeonhole a woman. The instant you have her comfortably labeled you are apt to discover that she has unknown resources from which to draw when she wants to. If genius may be defined as 'an infinite capacity for taking pains,' woman may be defined as a creature with an infinite distaste for the things that are vital and an infinite capacity for carrying on affairs of no real moment."

Family Needs

What does the Man need?

Toil and wage
And the comfort of a book.

What does the Wife need?

Work and rest,
Flowers in a garden nook.

What does the Child need?

Field for play,
And the wonders of a brook.

All of these, God-made,

Somewhere wait,
Wait for the eyes that look.

C. A. M. D.



PLANKED SHAD, SUPREME

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

Halves of Eggs, Stuffed (hors-d'oeuvre)

HAVE ready hard-cooked eggs, one for each two persons to be served. Cut the eggs in halves, lengthwise, remove the yolks and set aside for some other purpose. Trim the openings left by the removal of the yolks to an oval shape. Have ready as many tablespoonfuls of cooked lobster in quarter-inch cubes as halves of eggs; mix the bits of lobster with enough aspic mayonnaise to hold them together and with this fill the spaces in the eggs, rounding the mixture in each to a dome shape. Set each half-egg on an oval-shaped crouton of bread, spread with aspic mayonnaise, mixed with the liver of the lobster; sift coral of the lobster or hard-cooked yolk of egg over, and set the egg

in place before the aspic is fully set. Let stand in a cool place till time of serving. Two tiny, crisp leaves of lettuce may be pushed partly beneath the eggs at the moment of serving. Salmon, crab flakes or shrimps may be used in place of the lobster.

Tomato Soup

Let one quart of broth, one quart of stewed tomatoes, one onion with four cloves pressed into it, three sprigs of parsley and a stalk of celery, if convenient, with half a cup of oatmeal, barley or rice simmer very gently about an hour and a half; strain, add about a teaspoonful and a half of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper, reheat and serve with croutons of bread. Water with beef extract may replace the broth.

Croutons of Bread

Butter bread cut in slices one-fourth an inch thick, trim off the crusts and cut

and bones being required, about one pound and a half of fish must be purchased. Cooked fish will not do for this dish. Scrape the flesh from the fibres



SALMON MOUSSELINE

in inch or half-inch squares. Let brown in the oven. Serve hot.

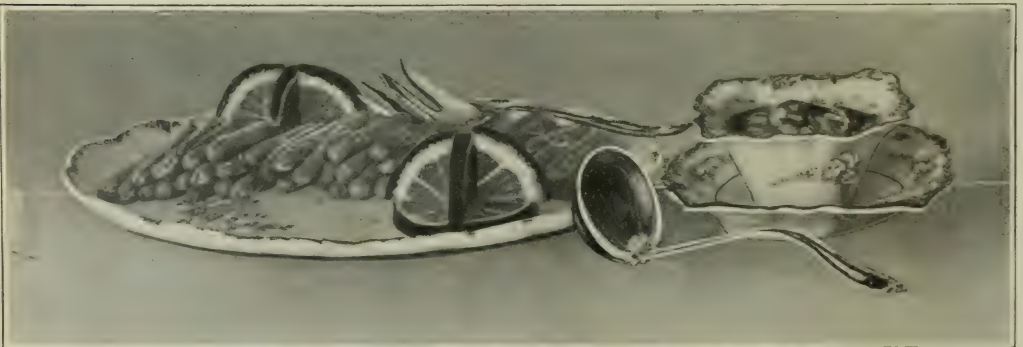
Poached Egg-Yolks for Soup

When using a recipe calling for whites of eggs only, have ready a saucepan of salted water just below the boiling point; turn off the whites into the bowl ready for them, then drop the yolks from the shell into the water; let stand to cook until firm throughout; drain on a cloth and trim off white threads if present. Serve one in each plate of soup.

Salmon Mousse

One pound of salmon freed from skin

and pound it well with a pestle (in a wooden bowl). Add one teaspoonful and a half of salt, half a teaspoonful of paprika and the raw white of an egg and pound again until perfectly smooth; add a second white of egg and again pound until smooth, then strain through a fine sieve (a gravy strainer set in part of a double boiler). Put the fish into a bowl, set into another bowl containing ice and water and very gradually work into it one pint of fresh, sweet, thick cream. The mixture must be kept smooth, and to this end the cream and fish must both be cold and the combination be made gradually. Add more salt



ASPARAGUS, MALTESE SAUCE

and pepper if desired. Turn the mixture into a mold lined with tough, white paper, thoroughly buttered; let bake in a pan of boiling water with many folds of paper beneath the mold. The water should not boil during the process of cooking. The dish is cooked when it feels firm to the touch. Let stand to contract a few minutes; run a thin knife between the mold and mousseline, *at the top*, turn and tip until the mixture separates from the tin, then unmold and pour over the sauce. Set four oysters, par-boiled until the edges curl, or four pieces of cooked lobster above the mousseline and about a cup of the same arti-

lobster meat, cut in cubes, or of poached oysters, cut in halves. Let stand over hot water two or three minutes.

Asparagus, Maltese Sauce

Cook the asparagus, tied in a bunch, in boiling salted water. Lift out to slices of toast (the toast may be omitted), pour over the hot sauce and serve at once. For the sauce blood oranges are usually selected. Put one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, the grated rind of half an orange, a tablespoonful of water and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice over the fire to reduce one half; add half a cup of butter, beaten to a



EASTER BREAKFAST ROLLS

cle cut in halves or (lobster) in cubes in the sauce.

Sauce for Mousseline of Salmon

Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook one-fourth a cup of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a teaspoonful of pepper; add two cups of water, stir and cook until boiling, then add, a small piece at a time, without boiling, one-fourth a cup of butter. Finish with the beaten yolks of two eggs, mixed with a tablespoonful of lemon juice and stir until the egg is set; add one cup of

cream; and, one after another, the yolks of from two to four eggs; beat each yolk into the butter thoroughly before adding another. Set the dish over hot water and stir constantly while the mixture thickens, then add the juice of half a blood orange and stir and cook a moment longer. With two yolks the sauce should be as thick as cream; with four yolks as thick as mayonnaise.

Easter Breakfast Rolls

Break one cake of compressed yeast into one-fourth a cup of scalded-and-

cooled milk; mix thoroughly, then add to a cup of scalded milk, cooled to a lukewarm temperature. Stir in nearly two cups of sifted flour, then beat till very smooth; cover and set aside until very light. Add one or two yolks of eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a tablespoonful of sugar, one-fourth a cup of melted butter and just enough flour to make a dough that may be kneaded. Knead until very smooth and elastic. Cover and set aside to become light (doubled in bulk). Shape in balls, cover close on a board to become light. Take a ball in the hand, press down into the

liquid evaporate towards the last of the cooking. Skim out the prunes and set aside to become cold. With a sharp-pointed knife cut the flesh from the stones to make six or more lengthwise slices. Cut pecan-nut meats into three lengthwise pieces. Over half a pound of prunes and one-fourth a pound of nut meats, prepared as above, sprinkle half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika. Beat three-fourths a cup of double cream, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and one tablespoonful of sherry wine, until firm throughout (a



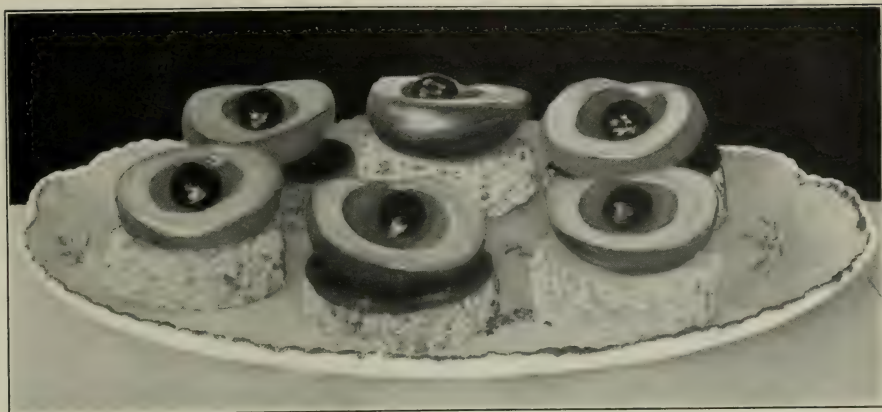
PRUNE-AND-PECAN NUT SALAD

under side to make an open space close to the smooth and rounding side of the roll. Into this set half a teaspoonful of rather firm fruit jelly—crab-apple or the like; work the dough over the opening to enclose the jelly securely and have it just under the top crust. Shape the roll under the hand on a board like an egg, one end round and the other pointed. Set these in a baking pan some distance apart. Let bake about twenty minutes. Brush over with the beaten white of an egg and return to the oven to set the glaze.

Prune-and-Pecan Nut Salad

Cook the prunes as usual but let the

third tablespoonful of lemon juice may replace the sherry). Reserve a few pieces of prunes and nuts for a garnish. Mix the seasonings through the rest of the prunes and nuts, then fold in about two-thirds of the cream mixture. Turn the mixture upon a bed of heart leaves of lettuce; pipe the rest of the dressing above and decorate it with the bits of prune and nut meats reserved for the purpose. This salad may be served individually. Great care should be taken to keep the pieces of prune in good shape; the prunes should be cooked only just enough to allow of the removal of the stones, not as much as when they are to be served whole.



PEACHES, MANHATTAN STYLE

Peaches, Manhattan Style

Cut rounds nearly an inch thick from slices of stale sponge or butter cake. Set these on a serving dish or on individual dishes. Put half a canned peach on each round of cake, hollow side up; put half a blanchd almond or a cherry in each peach. Reduce the syrup with a little sugar and the juice of half a lemon somewhat, then set aside until cold. When ready to serve pour the syrup over the peaches and cake.

Sponge Cake with Potato Flour

Beat the whites of five eggs dry and the yolks until thick and light colored. Beat one cup of granulated sugar into the yolks; add two teaspoonfuls of orange extract and the beaten whites, cut and fold together, then add half a cup of potato flour and half a level teaspoonful of baking powder; fold in the flour. Bake in a tube pan about fifty minutes. If the eggs are beaten properly and the ingredients folded together with care, the baking powder is superfluous.

Cocoanut Cake with Lilac Decoration

Cream half a cup of butter; gradually beat in one cup of granulated sugar, then

beat in, one after another without previous beating, three whole eggs. Add alternately half a cup of milk and one cup and three-fourths of sifted flour, sifted again with two slightly rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Lastly, beat in one cup of grated cocoanut. Bake in a tube pan about forty-five minutes. Cover with confectioner's frosting and decorate with candied lilacs, put on to represent lilac blossoms with strips of anjelica for stems; or cover with boiled frosting, sprinkle with candied lilac petals and finish with boiled frosting, put on with bag and tube.



SPONGE CAKE WITH POTATO FLOUR

Confectioner's Frosting

Boil one-third a cup of granulated sugar and one-third a cup of boiling water three or four minutes; add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and half a teaspoonful of orange or vanilla extract, then stir in sifted confectioner's sugar until thick enough to spread.

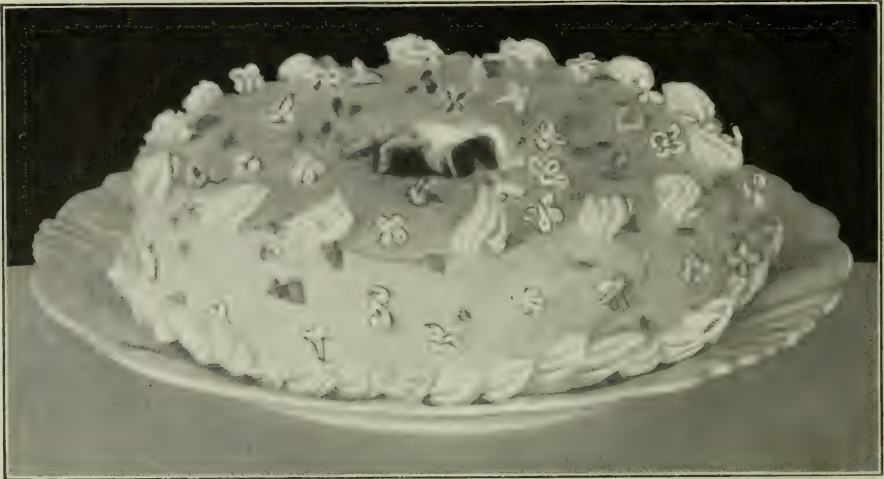
Boiled Frosting

Boil one cup of granulated sugar and one-fourth a cup of boiling water to 238°F. Pour in a fine stream on the

and a candied or a maraschino cherry. Before putting cream between the rounds of cake, a tablespoonful of liquid from the cherry bottle or the can of fruit may be poured over each round. For the cream use one cup of double cream, half a cup of cream from the top of the milk bottle, a teaspoonful of vanilla extract and a scant fourth a cup of sugar. This quantity of cream will serve eight.

Simple Charlotte Russe. II

Line paper cases or glass or china cups with very narrow strips of cake. Pieces



COCOANUT CAKE DECORATED WITH CANDIED LILAC FROSTING

beaten whites of two eggs, beating constantly meanwhile; spread part of this over the cake to cover completely. Return the rest to the saucepan in which the sugar was cooked and stir and cook over hot water until the frosting will hold its shape.

Simple Charlotte Russe. I

Cut sponge or other cake in slices and the slices in rounds; put the rounds together with sweetened-and-flavored cream, beaten firm. Pipe the cream on the top layer, decorate with slices of preserved or canned peaches or apricots,

half the length and half the width of a lady-finger will be about right. Fill with cream prepared as above. Use a pastry bag and tube to set the cream in place. Decorate with bits of fruit jelly or canned or preserved fruit.

Fig Parfait

Whip one cup of heavy cream and half a cup of cream from the top of a quart bottle of milk until firm throughout. Cut fine enough cooked figs to fill one cup; add one-fourth a cup of the fig juice and two-thirds a cup of sugar and let simmer until the sugar is dissolved and the

mixture reduced a little; add the juice of half a lemon and either one-fourth a cup of sherry wine, fruit juice (as orange, pineapple, etc.) or juice from the figs. Let stand until thoroughly chilled, then fold the cream into it and turn the mixture into a quart mold, lined with paper and chilled in salt and crushed ice. Fill the mold to overflow, spread over a paper and press the cover down over the paper. Pack in equal measures of salt and crushed ice. Let stand about three hours. Repack when the ice has partially melted. When repacking turn the mold as the lower side often freezes more quickly than the upper side. When unmolded garnish with half a cup of whipped cream and slices of cooked fig.

Baked Tomatoes, Luncheon Style

Have ready a quart of canned tomatoes, one cup of fine stale bread crumbs and one cup of chopped pecan-nut meats. Stir one-fourth a cup of melted butter through the bread crumbs. Put a layer of tomatoes in an au gratin dish, sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper, then with the buttered crumbs and the chopped nuts. Continue the layers until all are used, having the last layer of nuts and then crumbs. Let cook about twenty minutes.



COCOANUT CAKE, CANDIED LILAC DECORATION

Poached Eggs, Pimento-and-Tomato Sauce

Cook half a can of tomatoes, a slice or two of onion, a bit of ham if convenient, two sprigs of parsley and half a teaspoonful of salt about ten minutes, strain and use in making a cup and a half of tomato sauce. Reheat four canned pimentos in boiling water, then drain and cut each into julienne strips. Have eight carefully poached eggs and eight slices of toast. Sprinkle the strips of pimento over the toast; set a poached egg on each slice and pour the sauce over the whole; half a cup of canned mushrooms, cut in slices, may be added to the sauce, two or three minutes before serving.

Poached Eggs

None but fresh eggs can be poached successfully and with these tin or other



SIMPLE CHARLOTTE RUSSE I AND II

contrivances for preserving the shape of the egg are unnecessary. A fresh egg broken carefully into a frying pan of water just below the boiling point will not spread over much surface and will retain much of the oval shape that it had in the shell. Salt (a tablespoonful to a quart) should be added to the water before the eggs are broken into it. A frying pan (or other dish) used for this purpose should stand level upon the stove; on this account a heavy iron pan is recommended. After the eggs have become firm and set upon the bottom, run a spatula under each very carefully to separate it from the pan, then let cook undisturbed until the yolks are somewhat firm. The water should not boil during the cooking.

teaspoonful of pepper to a quart of meat.) Mix all together thoroughly, then shape into flat cakes as thick at the edge as in the center. Pan broil in a hot iron frying pan or broil directly over the coals. Do not overcook and the steak will be rich and juicy throughout.

Planked Shad, Supreme

Split a shad weighing about three pounds, from which the head and tail have been taken. Oil a plank and upon it fasten the fish, skin side down. Let cook in the oven of a gas range about twenty minutes, basting often with a little melted butter. Lacking a gas oven the fish may be broiled over coals. Cook principally on the flesh side. Remove some distance from the coals after the



FIG PARFAIT

Hamburg Steak (new recipe)

M. E. F.

Put through a food chopper the meat to be used. Have ready some pieces of fat from boiled or roasted beef. Return the chopped meat to the chopper with the fat meat and press through a second time. Add salt and pepper as needed, (about a teaspoonful of salt and half a

first three or four minutes of cooking. When the fish has been cooked twenty minutes pipe hot mashed potato around the edge of the plank, brush the edges of the potato with the beaten yolk of an egg, mixed with a tablespoonful of milk, and set the plank under the gas flame or in a hot oven to brown the edges of the potato and finish cooking the fish. Sprinkle the fish with salt and pepper, dot

with bits of butter. Set little bunches of cooked asparagus (one for each person to be served) on the fish close to the potato. Down the center of the fish dispose pimentos filled with creamed roe and set mushrooms, Algonquin style, above. Serve Hollandaise sauce in a bowl.

Creamed Roe in Pimentos

Cover the roe with water just below the boiling point; add a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of vinegar and two slices of onion and let simmer very gently for twenty minutes. Remove from liquid and cut in tiny cubes. Make a cream sauce, allowing a scant cup of sauce for a heaping cup of cubes, and using part cream as the liquid. Season as needed with salt and pepper; add a teaspoonful of lemon juice and the cubes. The mixture should be quite consistent. Use to fill the pimentos. Trim the edges of the pimentos if necessary.

Mushrooms, Algonquin Style

Take as many fresh mushrooms (cam-

pestris) as people to be served. Remove the stems and peel the caps; dry these trimmings and store for future use. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan and in it cook the mushroom caps two or three minutes. Set them, gill side up, in a little agate dish, put an oyster in each, sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper and dot each with a bit of butter. Set into a hot oven until the oysters look plump and the edges are curled, then set above the roe in the pimentos. The oysters should go into the oven when the fish is set in to brown the edges of the potato.

Hollandaise Sauce

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; add from two to four yolks of eggs, one after another, beating each thoroughly into the butter; add one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika and half a cup of boiling water and stir and cook over hot water until the sauce thickens; add the juice of half a lemon and stir vigorously. Too long cooking will cause the sauce to curdle.

Cucumber Boats

By Kimberly Strickland

Take small cucumbers for your fleet,
And treat each one the self-same way,
Cut lengthwise slice from lower side,
Forming a keel that straight will stay.

Then hollow out the upper side
To make a little oval boat,
And set each on a sep'rate plate,
As if it ready were to float.

Fill in as cargo shredded pine
(Fragrant, and sweet beyond all praise),
Diced cucumbers, and walnut meats,
All closely bound with mayonnaise.

Now launch your fleet, and rest assured
The venture will successful be.
How good it were could such a fate
Bless all the ships you send to sea!

Menus for a Week in April

"Proper care for pure water, pure milk, and pure air would increase the average span of life in the United States by eight years."

Irving Fisher.

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Easter Rolls
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Tomato Soup
Stuffed Capon, Roasted
Rhubarb Baked with Raisins
Scalloped Potatoes
Asparagus, Maltese Sauce
Cheese Balls, Fried
Lettuce. Toasted Crackers
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Fresh Mushrooms, Creamed or Newburgh
Plain Yeast Rolls (reheated)
Cocoanut Cake. Tea with Lime Drops

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Barley Crystals, Thin Cream
Dried Beef, Creamed
Small Potatoes, Baked
Corn Meal Muffins
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Tomato Soup
Fillets of Haddock, Fried
Stewed Tomatoes. Mashed Potatoes
Peaches, Manhattan Style
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Cold Boiled Ham, Sliced Thin
Potato Salad
Stewed Peaches Cookies. Cocoa

MONDAY

Breakfast
Oranges
Broiled Bacon
Baked Potato Cakes
Rice Griddle Cakes, Maple Syrup
Coffee

Dinner
Emergency Soup
Capon Soufflé, Tomato Sauce
Buttered Parsnips
Baked Tapioca Pudding, Vanilla Sauce
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Cheese Pudding
Stewed Prunes Bread and Butter
Gingerbread. Tea

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, Thin Cream
Hot Ham Sandwiches. Parsnip Fritters
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Veal Pot Pie, Baked Dumplings
Lettuce or Cabbage Salad
Stewed Figs, Wine or Fruit Jelly,
Whipped Cream
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Mexican Rabbit
Cream Toast for Children
Sliced Pineapple
Graham Wafers. Tea

TUESDAY

Breakfast
Broiled Honey Comb Tripe
Small Potatoes Baked
Fried Mush, Maple Syrup
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Broiled Hamburg Steak
Potatoes Hashed in Milk
Baked Tomatoes with Nuts
Rhubarb Pie
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Egg Timbales, Bread Sauce
Canned Fruit
Cookies. Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Hot Dates, Cereal, Thin Cream
Hashed Veal on Toast
Eggs Cooked in Shell Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Shad, Stuffed and Baked
Drawn Butter Sauce
Mashed Potatoes
Beets Stuffed with Cabbage Salad

Supper
Poached Eggs with Pimentos and
Tomato Sauce
Graham Muffins
Dried Peaches. Stewed. Tea
Rhubarb Jelly Sponge Cake Potato Flour
Half Cups of Coffee

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Grapefruit
Cereal, Thin Cream
Sausages. Baked Bananas
White Hashed Potatoes
Boston Brown Bread, Toasted
Coffee

Dinner
Cream of Spinach Soup
Scalloped Oysters
Cold Slaw
Baking Powder Biscuit
Pineapple Bavarirose
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Smoked Beef
Baked Potatoes, Butter
Waffles, Maple Syrup
Tea

Menus for Simple Luncheons and Dinners



I LUNCHEON I

Halves of Grapefruit
Lobster Cutlets, Sauce Tartare
Egg Timbales, Bread Sauce
Grilled Beef Tenderloin, Saratoga Potatoes
Asparagus, Maltese Sauce
Lemon Sherbet
Macaroons
Coffee

II

Strawberries
Chicken and Clam Broth with Cream
Brook Trout, Fried
Cucumber Salad
Broiled Squabs on Toast
Sweet Potatoes, Grilled
Coupe Venus
Coffee

III

Pineapple Cocktail
Oyster Soup
Chicken Croquettes, Peas
Cream Cheese-and-Pimento Salad
Sponge Cake
Cocoa with Whipped Cream

DINNER I

Caviare Medallions
Consommé Julienne
Lobster Newburgh
Glazed Sweet Breads, Touraine Style
Loin of Lamb, Roasted, Mint Sauce
Potato Croquettes
Asparagus, Maltese Sauce
Grape Juice Bombe Glacé
Angel Cake
Coffee

II

Fresh Mushroom Cocktail
Consommé with Noodles
Shad-Roe Croquettes, Sauce Tartare
Cucumbers with Chives, French Dressing
Braised Sweetbreads in Macaroni Nests
Larded Fillet of Beef, Roasted
Scalloped Potatoes
Asparagus, Hollandaise Sauce
Orange Sherbet
Lady Fingers
Coffee

III

Consommé with Asparagus Tips
Salmon Mousse, Egg Sauce
Cucumber Salad
Fresh Mushrooms, Algonquin Style
Squabs, Roasted
Cress-and-Orange Salad
Fig Parfait
Potato-Flour Sponge Cake
Coffee

IV (OF 3 COURSES)

Boiled Salmon, Egg Sauce
Boiled Potato Balls with Parsley
Cucumber Salad
Guinea Hen, Roasted
Rice Croquettes with Jelly
Cold Asparagus, French Dressing
Pineapple Sherbet
Macaroons
Coffee



Entrees: Their Character and Time of Service

By Janet M. Hill

IN a consideration of the subject of entrées, the first question to be asked is, what is an entrée? There are certain characteristics that pertain to an entrée, and these we will consider later on; but first of all we need to know something of the composition of a menu, or bill of fare, in which an entrée would be presented.

A proper menu is not a haphazard collection of articles of food. In selecting the various dishes that are to be combined in a dinner, especially in a dinner of ceremony, aesthetical as well as physiological conditions are to be kept in mind; also variety in the articles of food and in the shape, color, texture and flavor of the dishes is sought for; and at the same time the dishes as a whole advance in importance from the simple appetizers to the grand climax of the roast, and then they gradually decline to the clear black coffee, which is the fitting close of the meal.

Thudichum says, "the menus of our forefathers (English) consisted of three courses: soup and fish, the first; entrées and joints, the second; game and sweets, the third; cheese and dessert (fruit, nuts, etc.) were called by some a fourth course, and by some simply an appendix to the third." To-day this cannot be considered a logical grouping of these eight varieties of dishes. At the period of the renaissance each dish was served by itself and considered a course; and

there were from twelve to sixty dishes, or courses, in a dinner. Here we have the other extreme, and the term "courses" has no real meaning. A glance at the style of table service at the time of our forefathers gives us the key to their division into three courses. Food was served from the table. While the soup was being eaten there was a joint of meat or fish at the head of the table, another at the foot of the table, and usually one or more at each side. All these constituted the first "course." Thus the term "course," then, was in conformity to our idea of the term as used in the present day: that is, in the term "course," as applied to a dinner menu, are included all the dishes that appear upon the table together. But in the service of to-day nothing appears upon the table except such things as belong to the course being served. With soup—croutons, bread sticks, etc., excepted—nothing would appear on the table save such relishes as celery, radishes, olives and salted nuts, which may be eaten with any course up to the sweets.

While the number of dishes in a course has been much cut down, and other changes that tend to the simplification of menus are coming into vogue, the general make up of menus, to-day, is much the same as it was two hundred years ago. Soup follows the hors d'oeuvres, then comes the course called

remove in English, *relevé* in French, from the fact that it removes the soup from the table. Formerly, this course comprised fish of several kinds, usually whole or in a large section, boiled or baked or both; the "*bouilli*" or beef from which the soup (pot-au-feu) was made, a boiled chicken or turkey; lamb or mutton, ribs or fillet of beef, roasted; potatoes, etc. This course is followed by several dishes, usually in individual portions (but never such as call for much carving), made of choice materials and accompanied by fine sauces; each dish is served in a course by itself. These are *entrées*.

Formerly, in a fine dinner an *entrée* of fish, one of chicken, one of beef, one of vegetables, one including pastry and one including truffles, served in the order of their delicacy, were thought to be essential. Of course the truffles and the pastry were often combined with the fish or the chicken. After *entrées* comes the course called *rôts* in French, roast in English. This dish is of game or fowl or ham, and is usually accompanied by a salad. Pate-de-foie-gras in aspic or a choice vegetable (as asparagus or cauliflower) with a rich sauce follows the roast. With these or other *entrées* ends the first "service." The second service, "sweets," includes Charlotte Russe, wine jellies, light pastry, soufflés, ices, fruit nuts, bonbons (sometimes cheese and crackers) and coffee. These are usually served in two courses (three, coffee, being considered a course), if a hot dish be included in the list.

The menu then stands to-day as so long ago:

HORS D'OEUVRE

SOUP

REMOVE

ENTRÉES

ROAST

ENTRÉES

SWEETS

COFFEE

But the high cost of food products

and, also, of service have materially changed the dishes presented in the courses of a dinner, and have brought *entrées* into more prominence. Whereas formerly, *entrées* appeared only after, or in conjunction with, the two main courses of the dinner, they now often supplant one or the other of these courses and sometimes, even in formal luncheons, replace them both. In a dinner of considerable pretension an *entrée* of fish is not infrequently the sole representative of the course called "remove."

Now we are ready to notice something of the characteristics of an *entrée*, and in the modern menu these characteristics are somewhat changed. Up to within the last ten years—perhaps even a shorter time, an *entrée* or side dish was thought of principally as a dish served between or in conjunction with the main courses of the dinner, but now that an *entrée* may supplant these main courses this definition is less complete than formerly.

Escoffier considers that the classification of a dish as an *entrée* depends largely on the question of bulk, and that the mode of preparation, which is usually, in case of solid meat, grilling, poaching or sautéing, is entirely owing to this fact of lack of bulk; as, for instance, a whole fillet of beef, or a comparatively large piece from a fillet, could be roasted or braised without broth (basted with butter) and served as a remove or roast; while the same fillet, cut in slices for individual service, must be grilled or sautéed and served as an *entrée*. Be this as it may, with but few exceptions *entrées* are cooked by other modes than roasting.

Lack of bulk, then, is one of the principal characteristics of an *entrée*, and while the manner of cooking has a bearing on the subject it does not form a line of demarcation. A roasted capon would not be an *entrée*, while roasted birds might serve as either roast or

entrée, according to the place allotted them in the menu and the dishes served before and after.

Skilful cooking is expected in an entrée, not only in the sauce—for most entrées are accompanied by a sauce—but also in the body of the dish itself. Being served alone it challenges the attention and any lack of seasoning or flavoring, or any remissness in timing the cooking so that succulence is lost, is apparent at once and is a bid for disapproval.

The greater number of entrées are prepared from proteid substances, as eggs, fish of all kinds, fowl, lamb, veal,

game and choice portions of beef, but choice fresh vegetables as mushrooms, cauliflower, tomatoes and asparagus, and some fruits—notably in fritters—are also used.

When two entrées are served, one immediately after the other, the most delicate should be served first; if one consists of solid pieces of meat or fish, the basis of the other should be in the form of a purée or chopped ingredient. If one is grilled, the other should be fried or poached; nor should the same sauce appear twice; variety in all details should be sought.

Lessons in Elementary Cooking

By Mary Chandler Jones

Teacher of Cookery in the Public Schools of Brookline, Mass.

LESSON IX.

Fish

(Continued)

STUDY the structure of a whole fish, noticing the relative position of back-bone and ribs. In what position does the fish swim? How does the fish breathe? Where are the gills? What must be their color in a fresh fish?

In our last lesson we spoke of wishing to retain the juices in the fish and of baking as being a method by which this might be accomplished. What kind of heat must the fish have when it is first put into the oven? Why should the temperature be lowered after a little?

Baked Fish

Wipe carefully a whole fish or a portion from the middle of a large fish. Weigh, after cleaning thoroughly. Cut gashes across the back-bone, about two inches apart, and lay in these narrow strips of fat salt pork. Stuff the fish

and sew or tie the edges together. Place it on a rack in a dripping pan and dredge with flour. Bake fifteen minutes for each pound and ten minutes extra, to allow for heating through. Baste every ten minutes with some of the fat which has tried out of the pork. Serve with egg or tomato sauce.

Stuffing for the Fish

1 cup of bread or cracker crumbs, or part of each
1 teaspoonful of salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of pepper
3 tablespoonfuls of butter, melted
Milk or butter to moisten

Mix in the order given. Chopped onion or other seasoning may be added as desired.

What is meant by "basting"? Why is it necessary? Why is pork added in the case of the fish and not in the case of meat? What is the use of the flour with which the fish is dredged?

Another way in which the fish may be

cooked with retention of the juices is by broiling. Here the fire of coals must be bright and free from gas or smoke, as the heat comes directly in contact with the surface of the fish, conveyed by the air. Fish may also be sautéed (cooked in a pan with a little fat). In this case the heat is conveyed by the heated iron of the pan.

Broiled Fish

Wipe the fish as usual. Rub the wires of the broiler with a bit of pork that the fish may not stick to them. Cook over a bright, quick fire, turning the fish every ten counts. Cook first on the flesh side as the skin burns very easily. When the fish is brown outside and white and flaky within, serve very hot.

Sautéed Fish

Sprinkle the fish with salt and pepper, after wiping it. Cover with fine-rolled cracker crumbs or with alternate layers of egg and cracker crumbs. Cook in a saucepan, with a little fat salt pork, until the fish is golden brown and tender.

What is the difference between sautéing and real frying? What is the purpose of the coating of egg and crumbs? Which is better, raw flour and corn-meal or fine cracker crumbs? Why? Is this (sautéing) a very digestible way of preparing fish?

When all the juices of the fish are wanted in a broth or soup, we begin by placing the fish in cold water. Clams and oysters are most often used for broths. Great care must be taken in their choice and preparation. Oysters that may have been exposed to sewage contamination are, of course, unsafe without very thorough cooking. Compare an oyster before and after cooking. Notice the changes that take place when the oyster is *boiled*. Is an oyster cooked enough to be safe as *well* cooked as one prepared at a lower temperature? Compare the egg and the oyster. Heat the oyster juice and notice the color and consistency.

Oyster Stew

1 pint of oysters
1 pint of scalded milk
2 tablespoonfuls of butter
Salt and pepper to taste

Wash the oysters very carefully, to make sure that no pieces of shell are attached to the gills or mantle. (It is *necessary* to examine each oyster separately and with the fingers. Use only a small portion of water to wash the oysters, as less albumin is lost in that way.) Strain the oyster liquor through cheese-cloth and heat the oysters in it until the edges curl, then add to the scalded milk in the double boiler. Add the seasonings and butter, then serve hot with crackers.

Last, let us consider the method of cooking fish by which we both retain and extract the juices. This method is illustrated by fish stew, commonly known as chowder. In this dish we wish to have the broth, or liquid part of the chowder, savory and rich, while at the same time we do not discard the pieces of fish, but expect them also to be juicy and of good flavor. Let the pupils suggest means by which these ends may be attained.

Fish Chowder

1 small haddock
1 sliced onion
4 medium-sized potatoes
1 pint of milk
2 tablespoonfuls of butter
4 crackers, split in half
Salt and pepper

Have the fish prepared at the market for *chowder*; that is have it skinned, but sent with the head and tail. Place the head and tail in a saucepan and cover with cold water. Let stand fifteen minutes or more, then heat slowly to the boiling point. Cut the remainder of the fish into two-inch pieces and remove all bones. Put these bones with the head and tail for the "fish stock." Cut the prepared potatoes into dice and parboil them five minutes. Fry out the pork and cook the onion, cut into small pieces, in

the fat, until it is a golden brown. Remove from the fire, add the pieces of fish, cover with the fish stock and then let cook gently, just below the boiling point. Add the parboiled potatoes and, when the potatoes are tender and the fish white and flaky, season, add the milk and butter and the crackers. The crackers may be placed in the bottom of the serving dish and the chowder poured over them, if preferred.

What is the difference in composition between the fish and potato? What difference in cooking temperature? Why "parboil" the potato before adding it to the chowder?

Beside the various forms of fresh fish we may also use fish that has been preserved in some way. Let the pupils name the various methods by which fish may be "kept" or preserved. The use of such fish may be illustrated by the preparation of a "Finnan Haddie" and by picked fish. Potatoes may be baked with either dish, as a review.

"Finnan Haddie"

Wipe the haddie with a damp cloth and place on a greased wire broiler. Broil until brown on both sides, being careful not to burn the skin. Take it off the broiler and lay it in a dish and cover with boiling water. Let stand five or ten minutes, then drain off all the water and put the fish on a platter. Spread with a little butter and sprinkle with pepper. Salt may be added if necessary.

(Why may salt be required? Why is the butter needed?)

Picked Fish

1 cup of salt codfish.
1 cup of thin white sauce.

Pick the fish into small flakes and let soak, if necessary, in a little cold water until the fish is tender. Cook the fish until white and flaky in water just below the boiling point, then add to the white sauce and serve with baked potatoes or on toast.

Scalloped Fish

For this dish remnants of cold cooked fish may be used, with white sauce and a covering of buttered cracker crumbs over the top. Bake in the oven until the crumbs are a golden brown. Parsley may be used to garnish or flavor this dish. Be sure the parsley is *very* carefully washed and dried and, if used as a garnish, that the stems are hidden and that it be not used too freely.

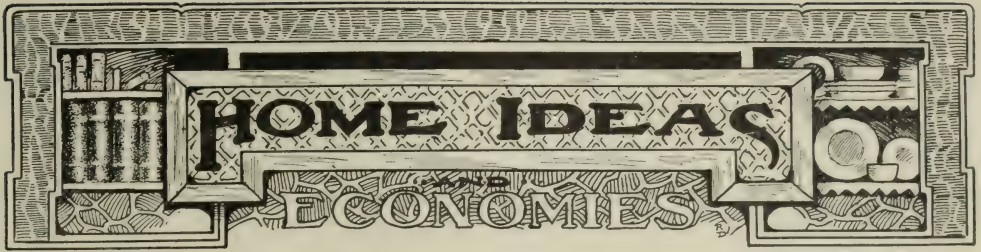
Fish is a valuable food, both on account of its digestibility and its comparative cheapness. It may take the place of meat in supplying muscle-building material and it is often very desirable as a substitute. It is most important that great care be taken to have the fish as fresh as possible and, certainly, in a perfectly good condition. Canned fish must be removed *immediately* from the can, after opening, as canned fish spoils with particular rapidity when exposed to the air. Fish should be "handled in a cleanly manner and stored and exposed for sale under hygienic conditions." It is both wise and necessary that the housewife keep her eyes open when she is buying her supplies.

April

By Lalia Mitchell

So lightly o'er the leas she trod,
We scarcely heard her passing feet,
For March was here, a warlike god
And then we saw her fair and sweet.

With blossoms in her dimpled hands,
And robins singing round her head,
The Queen of Spring to Northern Lands
Each year she leaves us comforted.



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

The Moving Mania

"We are no other than a moving row
Of social tramps that hither, thither go."

THE much quoted saying, that the strength of the nation rests in its homes, refers to homes of permanency and not to families who semi-annually take their folding beds and other multi-purpose furniture to new localities where they have no real interest or feel no responsibility. "Really, I don't know where I'm from," said a young married woman. "When I was a child we moved every year or two, changing from town to city, then on to another city, and since I was married we have boarded at hotels. I cannot truthfully speak of any place as my old home."

Americans sentimentalize much about home but are losing their devotion to it and rendering its name a word without meaning. This state of affairs is attributed sometimes to the love of change but most frequently to the difficulty of securing good household help. "If I could find good servants, I would keep house," is a familiar remark of the woman who makes an apology for a home in one room and dines with her husband at a public table.

In some respects women are prone to live in their grandmothers' day. Radical reorganizations of housekeeping methods must come inevitably, but so far, rather than compromise and overcome old

prejudices, women are going to the other extreme and are trying to get rid of all their burdens, let the result be what it will. Every spring and fall great moving vans carry more and more furniture to storage houses in the cities. A family loans its piano for the care given to it, sells carpets and rugs to the new tenant, who follows them, and stores bedroom furnishings in somebody's attic. Pets and plants are scattered or destroyed and the former mistress of a household is free.

Free for what? Unless she has a strong will she fills her days with whist, shopping, gossiping and meditation on her physical ills. Her husband misses his old run-down slippers that are not consistent now with their semi-public life; he can't go to the basement for a little amateur carpentering, he misses his dog, he longs for his favorite dessert, made after the traditional family recipe, and he misses privacy wherein to let his troubled nerves and shaky temper have their fling for a few minutes, to clear away the irritations of business hours. Possibly he just wants to be still and not even think or hear. He cannot do this in any boarding house or hotel where a family of moderate means can afford to live.

Next to those who board are those who have homes on wheels. They are as unstable as the home-seekers or the claim jumpers of the West. With each mov-

ing much is destroyed or given to the second-hand dealer, in order to reduce the work of packing and the moving bills. These people believe that they have homes, but they never have interesting homes. There are no quaint heirlooms in such houses or apartments nor anything expressing individuality. There is no story or sentiment connected with things; no chair that was grandfather's, no table at which great-aunt entertained a celebrity; ancestral china was broken long ago in moving. Perhaps the family leases the home furnished for a season to strangers and after that it never seems so much their own or so sacred.

The inability to clean house without moving, or to resist the contagion of other restless movers, is an indication that the family will sometime find shelter in a boarding house or that ties will be loosened early and members drift apart. Memories of a family hearthstone are the rightful heritage of all children and a comfort, even if tinged with sadness, in the days when "the road grows strange with faces new."

A. E. W.

Scissors in the Kitchen

I OFTEN wonder how many busy people keep a pair of scissors in their kitchen!

Those who do not, had better start now—the uses are manifold.

Hang an old pair in a conspicuous place, and remember they must be kept perfectly clean the same as any other piece of steel.

Not the least among the various uses ours are put to might be mentioned: cut the roots or stems from spinach with scissors, instead of a knife.

Cut the fins from fish with scissors, and avoid the risk of hurting your fingers.

Use scissors to separate bunches of grapes, and to cut flowers.

After grape fruit is cut in halves, use scissors to remove core and seeds.

Flour slightly raisins, figs, dates, then cut them up with the scissors; clams are much easier cut with scissors than with a knife.

Cut parsley with scissors for stews and so on.

I could go on citing, and citing; but—try these hints, and gradually you will keep finding more and more good ways to make use of your friend, the scissors.

L. N.

Preserving a Youthful Step

THAT is the step of a young person," said my aunt as we sat in the dusk of a moonless summer night, listening intently for the coming of a loved one.

The words haunted my brain, as words have a habit of doing. I began watching steps, listening to them at night, and experimenting a little with my own. I soon learned that youth, health, and correctness of carriage were all betokened in the step, and discernible by either eye or ear.

Watching the children of the neighborhood, I saw that the majority of them walked lightly (due to youth's elasticity and light-heartedness as well as bodily vigor), almost invariably putting down the front part of the foot first. But grown people—old people always—walk in a more determined way, flatly placing the whole foot down at once, sometimes even the heel first. The result in *sound* is a firm, heavy tread, businesslike perhaps, but usually graceless and always age-proclaiming.

More than that, I noticed that *graceful* men and women (for men can be graceful and yet manly. Watch soldiers walk if you do not think so), keep their elasticity largely by this correct placing of the foot, although we usually attribute their grace and lightness to the carriage of the body.

It means even more than this, as I found when experimenting: In walking flat-footed or heel first I felt a jar the full length of my spine in every step. One block of that kind of walking tired me more than three blocks when the foot was put down correctly. Try it yourself when next on the street and see if my imagination is to blame for the verdict.

However that may be, I know that a woman preserves her youthful appearance on the street by cultivating the easy, elastic step of a child. It does not mean an affected, mincing step, so much to be disliked in mature years, but less rigidity and jar. Nor is it difficult, unless one is fleshy or has been long in the habit of flat-footed walking.

Would you appear young and graceful on the street? Then watch your feet.

L. M. C.

* * *

WE made some javelle water to remove some mildew from a white dress and accidentally found that it took every vestige of color from the parts of an apron upon which it spattered. So we got out a number of dresses that had become so faded that we did not care to wear them any more and bleached them. Now they are our white afternoon dresses and will serve far into the winter as work dresses for house wear. A neighbor did the same thing, then dyed her dresses a solid color and, I must admit, they look like new.

For those who have never prepared javelle water I will say that it is made by dissolving chloride of lime in water, the proportions being two tablespoonfuls of lime to a gallon of water.

An alarm clock does good service in my grandmother's kitchen. When she leaves the room to do something in another part of the house she sets it so that it will call her attention to any baking or other thing that ought to be attended to at a certain time. It saves

lots of gas as well as food that would otherwise be spoiled because of growing forgetfulness.

Children's dresses and Russian suits are much easier to iron when they button all the way down, front or back. The putting on of extra hooks and eyes or the making of additional button-holes saves so much time and energy that, once tried, this method will always be used by a mother who does her own ironing.

C. F. S.

* * *

Night Work

AFTER spending a pleasant restful evening, I feel much more like working than I do during the heat of the day, especially after having donned my afternoon gown. From some lightweight gingham I make a couple of aprons cut square in the neck, large enough to cover me completely, and with sleeves to the elbow. After removing my good afternoon dress at night, I slip into one of the cool aprons, and go down stairs for a half hour or so of work. I prepare everything possible for breakfast, set the house in order, and wash the dishes that have been left so that I need not wash them in my fresh gowns at the very pleasantest part of the day. If there are clothes to be ironed next day, I sprinkle them, and when cookies are to be baked I stir them up at night as they are so much better for standing over night in a cool place. All this makes a great difference with the morning work, saves my afternoon dresses greatly, and is not nearly so unpleasant as it may seem before trying it.

Raising Nasturtiums

One corner of our lawn at the side of the house is a rough, rocky place, very unlovely, indeed. As we have not so far been able to fill it in, we hide its ugliness in this manner: After working up the soil as well as possible, and adding a lit-

tle more over the surface, we planted climbing nasturtiums with generous hand. Over the surface we then scattered rather coarse brush. When the plants came up, they climbed about the surrounding branches until there was a beautiful mass of foliage and bloom so raised above the ground that it was very attractive. This is much better than planting the low plants.

Inexpensive Cloths

At our local bakers we can get the large cloth sacks in which they buy flour, for two cents each; these are useful about the house in many ways. Cut in two and hemmed they make good wiping towels for the coarse dishes, saving the fine linen towels. They make soft dish-cloths, really superior to linen, as they are free from lint. We find them convenient for picnics and camping parties, as there is no fear felt for their care, and while white and clean, it makes little matter, if they are lost or stained.

A. M. A.

* * *

A New Method of Preserving

THE following method of preserving which calls for no fire, and is not the cold water method, nor cooking in the sun, nor the drying, smoking or salting process, is well commended by leading Delaware housekeepers, who learned of it from a lady who gave out the idea at a domestic science meeting in one of the large cities.

Although vinegar is used in the preliminary process, the result is in no wise a pickle, or sweet pickle. Vinegar is used first and then sugar.

For instance, to preserve cherries: Stone the cherries and cover with vinegar. Let this stand on the cherries over night in a cool place. Next day drain off the vinegar and cherry juice and keep for a beverage. It is cherry vinegar or cherry "shrub," when sugar is added to it. Delaware cherry vinegar is as much

esteemed as raspberry vinegar. This is, however, a by-product, the main thing being the fruit itself.

After draining off the vinegar put the cherries in a stone crock with alternate layers of white sugar, allowing three-quarters of a pound of sugar for every pint of cherries. Keep the crock covered and in a cool place. Stir it gently so as not to cut up the fruit every day for ten days. A wooden spatula, or spoon, is a good thing to use for this. The fruit may then be put into smaller receptacles, but need not be sealed airtight. The result is pronounced delicious.

Vinegar is often scorned by cooks who should know its value. A spoonful or two in blueberry pies is a great improvement, when the berries are tasteless; real, spicy fresh berries do not need it. Also in peach jam a little cider vinegar is an improvement, but this idea of first treating the fruit with vinegar is novel, yet sensible.

Planked Steak, Philadelphia Style

Planked fish has long been a favorite dish in this region, but the planked steaks are now high in favor,—a many-in-one dish. The steak is, of course, in the center, and a wall of mashed potato is put around the edge and scored with a knife and browned; or is piped on with a bag in more fanciful forms. Between these are placed a variety of the best vegetables, most of them from the South. almost seedlings so small and tender are they. These include green peas, string beans that are mere threads, tiny lima beans, little orange carrots, and parsnips. not more than an inch or two long. onions to match, and some julienne potatoes.

Fresh Fig Ice Cream, Norfolk, Virginia, Style

Fresh figs are used for flavoring ice cream in Virginia as we use bananas or peaches. The fresh ripe fruit is cut

rather fine and added to pure sweetened cream and frozen. With figs at winter prices in our Northern fruit stands,—twenty-five cents for three figs,—we shall not indulge freely, but when figs are at reasonable summer prices this may be tried for a novelty.

Dried figs are used in frozen pudding or tutti-frutti ice cream.

Virginia Hams (Jambon de Virginie)

The Smithfield hams of Virginia are famous; not only are they carefully cured and smoked, but the pigs are selected and carefully fed. Their diet is largely made up of the peas grown in the cornfields, between the rows of corn, and peanuts. Norfolk is one of the largest peanut-exporting cities of the world.

"Peach-fed" pork is rather a fantastic idea, still often the pigs are turned into orchards to eat up windfall fruit, when labor and distance from market prevent the disposal of the crop, also to destroy the poor fruit that would harbor insects injurious to the trees.

To Serve Iced Fruit Juices For a Beverage

MANY people order fruit juices instead of wine, and the serving must be just as choice and dainty. Of course large quantities of fruit punch, kept well iced, are served from punch bowls. But it is also well to know how to serve individual orders at a tea room, or a luncheon party, or to tempt the appetite of an invalid.

Take a nice china bowl and fill it well with crushed ice. Make a depression in the top and line it with a fresh vine leaf. In this set evenly and securely the glass cup holding the fruit juice. The green leaf gives a pretty color effect and keeps the cup from dripping ice water when lifted. In winter a hothouse grape leaf must be used, unless one substitute rose geranium leaves, or possibly galax, using three or more.

Almost any fruit juice is acceptable. Put up in cans it keeps perfectly if well scalded. Try currant, or currant and raspberry mixed, cherry, either white or red, gooseberry, rhubarb, green grape and the like. The foreign vegetarian cookery books give a great variety of these fruit beverages and suggest an infinite variety by combination.

J. D. C.

* * *

I NOTE in the December, 1910, number that a lady fears that the receipt for Date Loaf Cake is not correct. She need have no fear to try it, as I have made it twice and found it very nice. I, too, though the receipt peculiar in not calling for any fluid—molasses, water or milk, but as I have always had splendid success with every receipt in the *Boston Cooking-School Magazine*, I went to work to make it, following the receipt exactly. I added the beaten whites last and found they gave all the moisture needed. The cake was light and nice.

Some months ago a lady asked for receipt for Sponge Cake. The following is an old receipt said to be that by which the celebrated "Berwick Sponge Cake" was made. My grandmother used it, my mother always has used it, and I always use it, and we have never had a failure.

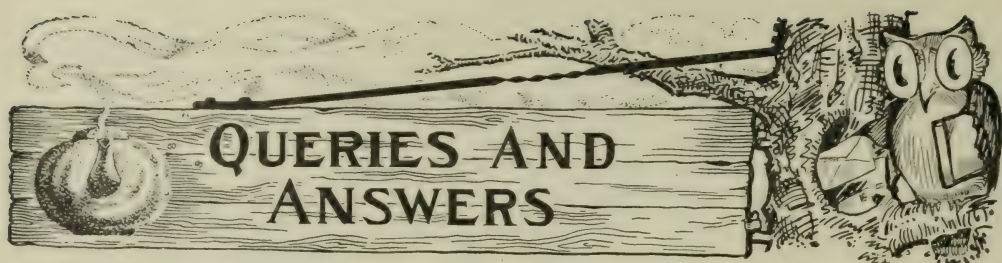
6 eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately.

3 cups of powdered sugar. (I always use granulated.

4 even cups of sifted flour with 2 rounded teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted in the flour.

1 cup of cold water.

Beat the whites and set them aside, beat the yolks two or three minutes, add the sugar and mix *thoroughly*, a few drops of the water can be added to make it mix well. Now add the water, and mix well. Beat in the flour and, lastly, fold in the whites, beating as little as possible. Have the pan hot and well greased. Oven must not be too hot. Set pan on an asbestos pad, if you have one.



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor, BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1705.—"Recipe for Oysters à la Poulette.

Oysters à la Poulette

1 quart of oysters	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of hot chicken broth	pepper
4 yolks of eggs	1 tablespoonful of
1 cup of cream	fine-chopped pars- ley
A grating of nutmeg	Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ a lemon
1 teaspoonful of salt	

Pour a cup of cold water over the oysters, pick up each oyster separately, rinse in the liquid and remove bits of shell if present. Heat the oysters to the boiling point in the chicken broth. The broth is better if flavored with onion, celery, carrot and parsley. Beat the yolks, add the cream and stir into the hot mixture. Cook and stir, over boiling water, until the sauce thickens; add the other ingredients and serve at once. A cup of canned button mushrooms, cut in halves, lengthwise, may be added just before the eggs. Fresh mushroom caps, peeled, broken in pieces and simmered ten minutes in the chicken broth before the oysters are added, give a very choice dish. Two tablespoonfuls of flour cooked in two tablespoonfuls of butter are sometimes stirred into the broth before the oysters are added.

QUERY 1706.—"Recipe for Halibut Steaks Baked with Oysters, Hollandaise Sauce; Egg Timbales, Bread Sauce; Tomato Rabbit; Prune-and-Pecan Nut Salad; Creamed Corned Beef Au Gratin and Baked Bananas, Sultana Sauce."

Halibut Steaks, Baked with Oysters

Have two halibut steaks cut about an inch and a half in thickness. Lay some slices of onion on these, sprinkle with lemon juice and let stand until ready to bake. Lay thin slices of salt pork on a fish sheet in a baking pan (without a fish sheet use the cover of a tin cracker box, with edges flattened). Set one slice of fish on the sheet and sprinkle with salt. Have a half-pint of oysters, freed from bits of shell; dip the oysters, one by one, in melted butter and then in cracker crumbs, and lay them on the slice of fish to cover it completely. Sprinkle the oysters with salt and pepper. Lay the second slice of fish over the oysters; season with salt and lay strips of salt pork over it. Let bake about forty minutes, basting with the fat in the pan or a little melted butter. A few minutes before the fish is to be taken from the oven, remove the bits of pork on the top and spread over the fish about two-thirds a cup of cracker crumbs mixed with one-fourth a cup of melted butter. Serve, when the crumbs are browned, with maître d'hôtel potatoes and drawn butter or Hollandaise sauce in a bowl. Serve also cucumber or lettuce salad.

Drawn Butter Sauce

Make a sauce with one-fourth a cup, each, of butter and flour, half a tea-

spoonful of salt and two cups of water, then remove to the back of the range and gradually beat in one-fourth a cup of butter, a little at a time. Two tablespoonfuls of capers and a tablespoonful of lemon juice may be added, or a cup of parboiled and drained oysters may be added. In using the oysters take the oyster liquid instead of water for the liquid of the sauce.

Potatoes à la Maître d'Hôtel

Have a pint of potato balls scooped from raw potatoes with a French cutter. Boil till tender in boiling, salted water and drain; add nearly a cup of milk and, when this is hot, stir in three or four tablespoonfuls of creamed butter, into which the yolks of two eggs, the juice of half a lemon and a tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley have been stirred.

Egg Timbales

Beat six eggs without separating the whites and yolks. Add a scant teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, twenty drops of onion juice, and one cup and a half of rich milk. Mix thoroughly, and pour into well-buttered timbale molds. Cook, set on folds of paper, surrounded by hot water, until the centres are firm. Turn from the molds upon a hot platter, and surround with bread sauce.

Bread Sauce

Put half a cup of fine bread crumbs from the centre of a stale loaf, a peeled onion into which six cloves have been pushed, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, and one pint of milk over the fire in a double boiler. Cover, and let cook about one hour. Remove the onion and cloves. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter, and beat thoroughly. Then pour over the timbales. Half a cup of coarse bread crumbs (centre of loaf), browned in three or four tablespoonfuls of butter made hot in a frying-pan, may be sprinkled over the whole.

Creamed Corned Beef au Gratin

2 cups of milk	2 cups of cold corned
$\frac{1}{2}$ a slice of onion	beef cut in small
2 stalks of celery	cubes
$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of butter	$\frac{3}{4}$ a cup of cracker
$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of flour	crumbs
$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of paprika	3 tablespoonfuls of
Salt as needed	melted butter

Scald the onion and celery in the milk (a teaspoonful of celery seeds tied in a cloth will do). Cream the butter, work in the flour, paprika and salt and dilute with a little of the hot milk, then stir into the rest of the milk. Continue stirring until the mixture thickens, then cover and let cook twenty minutes. Remove the celery and onion; stir in the cubes of corned beef and turn into a buttered shallow dish. Stir the crumbs into the melted butter and spread these above the meat. Set into a hot oven to brown the crumbs.

Baked Bananas, Sultana Sauce

$\frac{3}{4}$ a cup of Sultana raisins	1 teaspoonful of butter
1 cup or more of boiling water	1 teaspoonful of vanilla or
1 cup of sugar	3 teaspoonfuls of
2 teaspoonfuls or more of corn starch	sherry
	8 bananas

Pull down a section of a banana skin, then loosen the pulp from the rest of the skin; remove all coarse threads and replace the fruit in its original position in the skin. Set the bananas in an agate pan into the oven to cook until the skin is blackened and the pulp is soft. The length of time needed will depend on the heat of the oven, probably about twenty minutes in a moderate oven. At least an hour before serving set the cleaned raisins to cook in the boiling water, adding water as needed. Mix and sift together the sugar and cornstarch and stir these through the raisins and water; stir until boiling, then let simmer ten minutes and add the butter and flavoring. Remove the bananas from the skin to a hot plate (they may be coiled

in a half circle). Pour over the sauce and serve at once. These may be used as a sweet entrée with meats (roast lamb in particular) or as a dessert dish.

Tomato Rabbit

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a blazer or double boiler; add one pound of cheese, grated or cut fine, and stir until the cheese is melted, adding, meanwhile, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt, paprika and soda. Beat the yolks of four eggs (two whole eggs may be substituted); add a cup of tomato purée (cooked tomatoes pressed through a sieve to exclude skin and seeds) and stir into the cheese mixture. Stir constantly until the mixture thickens. The mixture should not boil from start to finish; when boiling seems imminent, set the hot water pan in place. Serve on the untoasted side of bread toasted upon but one side.

Prune-and-Pecan Nut Salad, Etc.

Prune-and-Pecan Nut Salad and Hollandaise Sauce, the other recipes called for, may be found among the "Seasonable Recipes" published in this number.

QUERY 1707. "Recipe for Caramel Icing and Filling."

Caramel Icing

1 cup of granulated sugar	½ a cup of boiling water
3 tablespoonfuls of caramel syrup	1 or 2 whites of eggs beaten dry

Stir the sugar, syrup and water over the fire until the sugar is melted; cover and let boil about three minutes, then cook to 238°F. Pour on the white of egg, beaten dry, beating constantly, meanwhile. Return the whole to the saucepan and stir while cooking over hot water, when the mixture thickens perceptibly and will very nearly hold its shape, it is ready to use. The frosting is more easily handled when the whites of two eggs are used. If one white of one egg be used, cook a shorter time in

the hot water and spread very quickly, as it stiffens quickly.

QUERY 1708.—"In recipes calling for pastry flour can other flour be used? Recipes for Whole Wheat Bread and Whole Wheat Biscuit, the latter made with baking powder."

Use of Pastry Flour

It is more economical to use pastry flour than bread flour for pastry, cake, etc. Less shortening is required. It is also more economical to use bread flour than pastry flour in yeast mixtures, because less flour is needed. If bread flour be put in place of pastry flour, use one cup and three-fourths of bread flour for each two cups of pastry flour indicated in the recipe.

Whole Wheat Bread

(Two loaves)

½ to 1 whole cake of compressed yeast	shortening
½ a cup of lukewarm water	2 tablespoonfuls of sugar
2 cups of lukewarm liquid (milk or water or part of each)	1 teaspoonful of salt
2 tablespoonfuls of	4 cups of whole wheat flour
	2 to 3 cups of white flour

If the bread be mixed at night, use the small quantity of yeast indicated, mixed in the morning, use the whole yeast cake. The milk should be scalded and the water boiled; add the shortening, salt and sugar and let cool to lukewarm, then add the yeast mixed with the half cup of water and the flour. Use an earthen mixing bowl and mix the ingredients with a "case" knife or a larger knife of same shape. Knead the dough until smooth and elastic; return to the bowl, cover close and let stand until doubled in bulk. The temperature for the first two hours should be about 70°, after fermentation is well established, if the temperature be reduced to 50° or even lower, no harm will result. Cut through and through the dough and turn it over with a knife; cover and let stand again until doubled in bulk, or shape at once into two loaves. When the loaves are again nearly doubled in bulk bake about one hour.

Menus for Church Luncheons in May

I

Cold Boiled Ham, Sliced Thin
Hot Creamed Potatoes
Lettuce-and-Egg Salad,
Garnish: Juliennes of Fresh Tomato
Hot Baking Powder Biscuit
Coffee. Hot Brown Bread
Frozen Apricots
Cake

II

Creamed Corned Beef au Gratin
Mashed Potatoes with Green Peas
Cold Boiled Spinach, Pressed
Garnish of Boiled Eggs
Mayonnaise or Boiled Dressing
Charlotte Russe in Paper Cases
Coffee

III

Hot Chicken Salad in Chafing Dishes
Yeast Rolls, Reheated
Pickles, Olives
Individual Strawberry Short Cakes
Coffee

IV

Tomato Rabbit in Chafing Dishes
Egg-and-Potato Salad
Boston Brown Bread Sandwiches
Coffee
Fruit Cup
(Blood Orange Sherbet
over Macedoine of Strawberries,
Pineapple and Banana)
Cake



THE WELL-CARED FOR COW

The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XV

MAY, 1911

No. 10

Do You Get Pure or Deadly Milk?

By Emmett Campbell Hall

TAKE the question personally: Do you know whether the milk you use, and give to your children, is clean and pure, or swarming with the germs of typhoid and tuberculosis? Have you ever enquired concerning the source of supply, or did you ever note, even the degree of cleanliness of the dairy at which you purchase it, or of the wagon, the horse, and the milkman who delivers it? Or did you just take it for granted, so long as no superficial grit or trash appeared in the milk, that it must be "all right"?

We wouldn't think of using a fork that happened to fall on a clean floor—cleanliness is always comparative, of course—but the majority of us use, without thought or question, anything white, and fairly "rich," that the milkman leaves at the door. And this, notwithstanding the fact that milk and milk products form the most ready means known to science for the communication of contagious diseases.

Next to bread, milk is more extensively used as an article of diet than

any other foodstuff. In greater or less quantity, and in one form or another, it forms a portion of the food of almost every person on practically every day of the year. Furthermore, unlike most foods, milk is generally consumed in a raw state, making it especially dangerous, should it chance to contain any harmful organisms. Not only is milk an excellent medium for all germ life that may gain access to it on its journey from the



TYPE OF COW BARN NOT UNCOMMON

cow to the final consumer, but it may be contaminated while still in the udder, through poisonous material present in the cow herself.

For several years local physicians, health officers, and the Department of Agriculture have waged a bitter war against impure milk, and in many of the large cities the regulations now in force insure a fair degree of purity in the milk served by licensed dairies, but, taking the country as a whole, for each gallon of nominally inspected milk consumed, there are used ten gallons produced, served, and used without the slightest official supervision. Carelessness, stupidity, and grasping instincts, as well as hatred for "newfangled ways" go far toward making these ten gallons a very dangerous food product. The consumer must see to it that this milk is clean and pure.

"As harmless as milk" is an old "saying," but let us see just how harmless milk sometimes is.

In May, 1901, Dr. George M. Kober, an eminent authority, reported a series of 330 outbreaks of infectious diseases that were spread through milk supply.

These outbreaks consisted of 195 epidemics of typhoid fever, 99 of scarlet fever, and 35 of diphtheria. The outbreaks occurred in America, England, Germany, Scandanavia, France and Austria. Two hundred and forty-three occurred in England, 52 in America, 14 in Germany, 11 in Scandanavia, and 5 each, in France and Austria. "This is probably due," said Dr. Kober, "to the fact that the English and Americans usually consume raw milk, while on the Continent the milk is rarely used without being boiled."

In 1908, in Stockholm, over 600 cases of streptococcus sore throat were traced to a single diseased dairy cow. In the same year, at Washington, D. C., 50 cases of typhoid fever were traced to a single dairy farm. In 1909, in Cassel, Germany, 300 cases developed in a milk-spread epidemic of typhoid. Practically all these cases were persons who used raw milk; no cases developed in a large home for babies, where the same milk was used, but where it was scalded.

This list could be lengthened almost indefinitely.

Tuberculosis is one of the most pre-



TYPE OF MILK HOUSE THAT BREEDS DISEASE



A MILK HOUSE THAT MAKES FOR CLEANLINESS AND HEALTH

valent of cattle diseases; an average herd of non-inspected dairy cows will contain anywhere from 15 to 35 per cent. of diseased animals. The danger of contracting tuberculosis from dairy products can be eliminated by simply making sure that the cows producing the milk are healthy.

Obtaining milk from dairies supplied by "registered" herds is the only practicable method by which the consumer can guard against tuberculosis germs. Registered cows are those which have been tested and found free from disease.

Obtaining milk from a perfectly healthy cow does not solve the entire problem, however, as there still remains the danger of contracting disease from contaminated milk. Dirt of any nature, whether it be found on the skin of the cow, about the milking shed, in the milk cans, or on the hands and clothing of the milkers and handlers, may contain countless thousands of deadly germs. As many as 2,800,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter have been found in milk which *looked* clean, after it had been kept 24 hours at a temperature of 60°F. Find out whether the milk you use comes

from healthy cows, and whether it is handled in a sanitary manner by clean persons. If you let stand a bottle of the milk you are using, over night, say, does any sediment form? If so, beware! It is filth of one kind or another.

Milk can be made safe by the proper application of heat. Two terms are applied to the results of heating milk—pasteurization and sterilization. Sterilization means the killing of all the germs that may be present in the milk. Pasteurization means the destruction of the germs of most common occurrence, such as tuberculosis, typhoid fever, and diphtheria. It has been conclusively established that the common or pathogenic bacteria are unable to retain life and virulence, when they are exposed to a temperature of 140°F for a period of twenty minutes, and the value of milk as a food is not perceptibly affected by the process of pasteurization. The temperature required for sterilization does, on the other hand, destroy the enzymes and impair the nutritive value of milk. Pasteurized milk may be purchased in all large cities, but if the "ten gallons" before referred to are to be rendered rea-

sonably safe to use, the pasteurization must be done by the consumer. The Department of Agriculture gives the following simple directions:

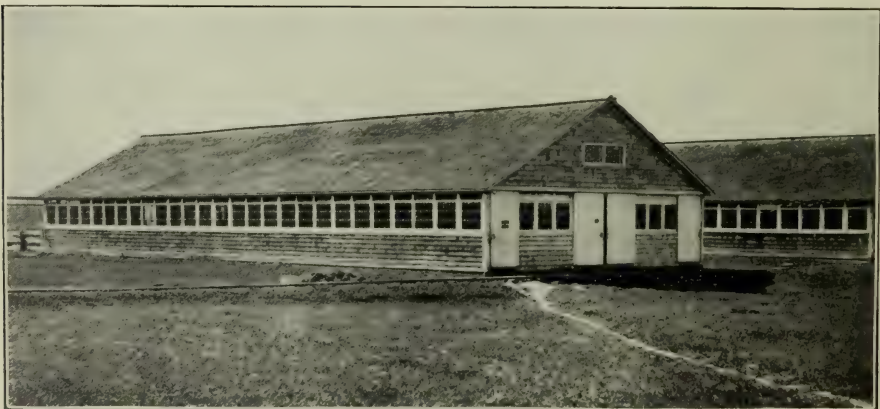
Milk is most conveniently pasteurized in the bottles in which it is delivered. To do this use a small pail with a perforated false bottom. An inverted pie-tin with a few holes punched in it will answer this purpose. This will raise the bottle from the bottom of the pail, thus allowing a free circulation of water, and preventing bumping of the bottles. Punch a hole through the cap of one of the bottles and insert a thermometer. The ordinary floating type of thermometer is likely to be inaccurate, and if possible a good thermometer with the scale etched on the glass should be used. Set the bottles of milk in the pail and fill the pail with water nearly to the level of the milk. Put the pail on the stove or over a gas flame and heat it until the thermometer in the milk shows not less than 150°, nor more than 155°F. The bottles should then be removed from the water and allowed to stand from twenty to thirty minutes. The temperature will fall slowly, but may be held more uniformly by covering the bottles with a towel. The punctured cap should be replaced with a new one, or the bottle covered with an inverted cup. After the milk has been held as directed

it should be cooled as quickly, and as much as possible by setting in water. To avoid danger of breaking bottles by a too sudden change of temperature, this water should be warm at first. Replace the warm water slowly with cold water. After cooling, milk should in all cases be held at the lowest available temperature. This method may be employed to retard the souring of milk or cream for ordinary uses. The pasteurized milk should be kept as cold and used as soon as possible."

It is not to be thought that pasteurization will excuse the use of old or unclean milk. The process is to be applied, not to correct known conditions of an objectionable character, but simply as a measure of safety against *unknown* dangers.

Reverting to the personal—don't you think it would be worth your while to take a careful look at the man who serves your milk, at his clothing, and hands? Or to drop in at the distributing station, and see how the milk is transferred from cans to bottles? Or even, perhaps, to make a visit to the dairy farm from whence the milk comes? If the farm will bear inspection, the owners will be glad to have you look it over; if it will not, surely you don't wish to continue your patronage.

Or perhaps you keep a cow yourself?



THE KIND OF BARN YOUR DAIRY SHOULD HAVE

How about it, and its stable? Do you brush her before milking, and thoroughly wash the udder; and do you know her to be free from disease? You could

contract disease from your own milk just as readily as from that bought from a neighbor, or from a dairy, you know.

Nursery Screens

By Frances Sheaffer Waxman

EVERY nursery needs a screen; at least one. It is as necessary an article of furniture as the little bed itself, and as the little beds multiply, so may also the screens, with just so much additional comfort to the mother. Unfortunately nursery decorators and designers have not yet given the screen for the child's room sufficient thought. The baby's toilet stand and crib have been treated with charming consideration, but the baby usually has to content himself with a nondescript screen, one that has no age nor sex.

The thoughtful mother, however, can supply this deficiency in the screen market and create a screen for the children's room, which will look as if it were really made to minister to the needs—and interests—of childhood. The construction of a screen is not necessarily a task requiring specialized training. Unstained screen frames made of "white wood" can be bought at most department stores. Such a frame, together with some tacks, a hammer, and whatever material is decided upon for covering, are the only special equipments—besides ingenuity and interest—essential to the operation of home screen-making. If the stock screen frames are not found sufficiently varied as to shape and size, a carpenter may be inveigled into building a frame of the required proportions. These every mother can decorate according to her individual want.

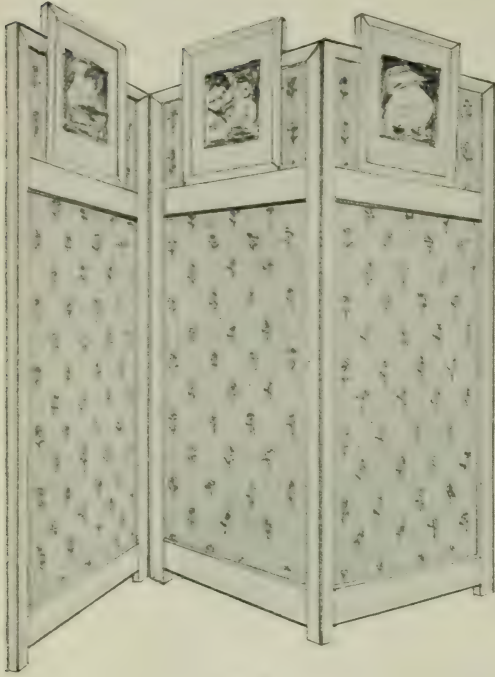
The stock screen frames vary from



No. 1

about four to six feet in height. Some of them are made with panels having square corners, and others have the two side frames designed with rolling, curved tops. It is sometimes possible to buy these two side panels without the central square one. The two-wing screen, thus made, may be useful in hiding a corner wash-stand, where a three-wing screen would be too bulky and cumbersome. Three wings, however, is the normal construction for screens.

Of the three-screen designs, reproduced with this writing, each represent a type that can be either elaborated upon or simplified. No. 1 has a wide outside



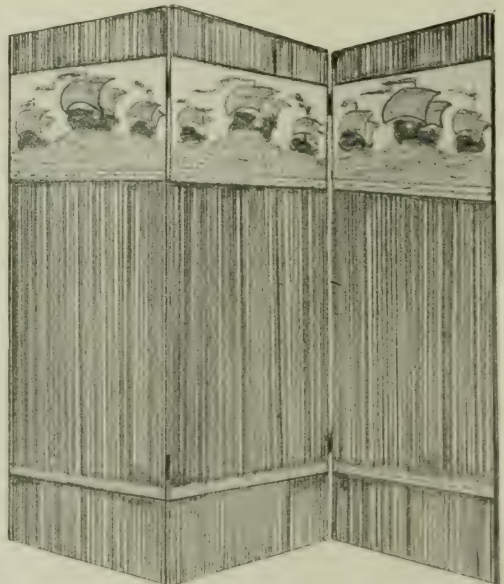
No. 2

frame with set-in panels. This screen is more effective, covered with either burlap or canvas, both materials being now manufactured for decorative purposes in excellent shades. The panels may be decorated with any desired design. The one suggested here is arranged primarily to demonstrate a twine appliqué, very much the vogue just at present in France. Ordinary undyed twine is used both for outlining and for filling in the leaf forms. The ground is usually burlap in its natural color, and this range of tans in the twines and the jutes is very effective.

For a child's room, the panels of such a screen may, of course, be filled in with decorative subjects fitting a child's fancy. Some of the larger animal and flower forms, in the prints and cretonnes made for nursery hangings, can be cut out and applied with twine outlines to a canvas or a burlap ground. The decorated panels are stretched on light frames such as artists use for stretching canvas. The outside frame is covered with material

of a darker or a contrasting tone; the panels are inserted, and the back of the screen is then covered neatly and smoothly over the whole surface, with one or the other of the two materials used on its face. Small upholsterer's tacks with flat heads can be used to fasten the coverings to the wooden frame.

The screen marked No. 2 is rather more elaborate in construction, and will require some special carpentering, in order to have the little pictures at the top fitted into the screen frame. The screen itself is a stock frame, and it can be covered either with an English chintz or an unglazed oilcloth. In the screen of the illustration, the frames both of the pictures and the screen proper are suggested in white, an enamel finish. The cover material has a white ground with a small floral repeat in colors. The prints used in the supplementary panels are leaves from one of the attractive children's calendars in color. They are mounted in flat mattes of unglazed oilcloth, and then varnished to make them dust proof. They could be covered with



No. 3

glass, but since glass adds to the screen's weight, the varnishing process is preferable. A carpenter can make the print frames of the same wood as the rest of the screen; or they may be had of a frame maker. The prints are best mounted and framed by a picture framer, for they are most effective, if they are mounted double, with a print on each side, so that the finished screen has no reverse. Such an arrangement calls for more technical skill than the average home worker possesses. There is a very wide range of subjects possible for screen pictures, but it is well, in selecting them, to make their colors harmonize with the colors used in the screen folds.

While the construction of this screen is somewhat complicated, it is, when done, a very handsome article of furniture, and it is quite possible to make it of materials that will be durable enough to last until the children have outgrown nursery days.

Screen No. 3 is the simplest of this series to make. The frame is the stock, square-cornered, five-foot, paneled "white wood" skeleton. The foundation is entirely a matter of discretion. It may be rep, chints, cretonne, burlap or brocade. The extra decoration is a good pictorial wall-paper frieze. For use in this fashion it is well first to mount the paper on a coarse cheesecloth, covering the back with a thin flour paste, exactly as if the paper were to be hung on a wall. This will prevent the paper from

warping and "buckling" with the changes of the weather. For further preservation, the paper may be given a thin coat of white shellac varnish, thereby rendering the surface dust proof. This proceeding does not effect the colors; it rather preserves their freshness, and prevents them from fading. The smaller bands, outlining the frieze and appearing again at the bottom of the screen, may be made of paper or of a heavier material like upholsterer's guimp.

Since there are very many excellent pictorial friezes made for children's rooms, the choice of a decoration for such a screen as this is wide. If service is the only requirement, this particular screen can be made, for a trifling cost, of turkey red calico, the bands being strips cut from the borders of Russian print aprons. Two aprons, which sell for fifteen cents apiece, will furnish this decoration, and the left-over centres may then be utilized to make cushion covers.

In general, it is well to keep the other decorations of the nursery in mind when designing and constructing a nursery screen. A room, in which the decorative motives give the impression of having been selected and applied with discrimination and good judgment, has necessarily a pleasant and soothing effect of harmony, a result not to be disregarded among the educational and formative influences surrounding a growing child.

It Pays

By Ruth Raymond

It pays to note the joyous bird
And list its merry strain,
Until the heart is gently stirred,
And thus forgets its pain.

It pays to breathe the fragrance sweet
Of dew-bespangled flower
That blooms in beauty at our feet—
Contentment is its dower.

It pays to sing a morning song
While nature is so fair,
Forgetting every fancied wrong,
Forgetting every care.

The country-side is full of peace,
God's smile is on the land,
That all our blessings may increase,
It pays to understand.

Madeira

By Captain John Cushman

SOUTH of the transatlantic path of Mediterranean-bound ocean-liners, there lies in all its quaint picturesqueness the most beautiful of islands—Madeira. This name is significant to the traveller; but there is exquisite magic in the mention of that world-renowned port, Funchal, the famous roadstead and town of this enchanting dot in the sea.

There is no more fascinating time to portray your arrival under the legend-haunted hills that enfold the town than at sunrise, when the growing light is dispelling the bluish, mist-like shadows from buildings and foliage. So great is the transition from the turbulent seas without into the placid waters of the harbor that the boat seems to glide rather than steam along. Immediately, Funchal, with its shipping, lies before you. Apparently, you sail within a stone's throw of the pebbly beach, then you hear the hoarse rattle of chain as the anchor is dropped, and know you are at Madeira. From off the mountain, green with verdure, behind the city, comes the delightful aroma of many blooms and the smell of grapes—this is the Garden Island of the Portuguese group, world-renowned for its export trade in wines. The city is situated at the base of a mountainous range of hills, six thousand feet in height, framing a magnificent harbor that has made Funchal famous as a port of entry for all classes of ships, great and small, from the tramp steamer to the palatial yacht.

From the deck of your steamer you gaze enraptured upon the city, in its glory of morning sunlight. Above you is a sky of wonderful blue, across which fleecy clouds drift, like cotton blossoms, before the gentle trade wind. On your left is Loo Rock, on which is built the

fortress that, standing defiant as the miniature Gibraltar of the port, once played an interesting role in our country's history; for it was here that the Alabama received her guns and munitions of war from British ships. Shoreward, on a commanding eminence, your attention is attracted to an old citadel, whose moss-grown walls bear silent witness in battered masonry to the assaults of Time. It is an object of much admiration and interest, and causes not a little speculation concerning its history, which is somewhat uncertain. On guard at the right, facing shoreward, is another old fortress, less pretentious, but not less interesting for deserted ramparts that rise almost from the water.

The city, with its snow white dwellings, and its population of 20,000, arises, seemingly, tier upon tier, to the very summit of the hills. The red tile roofs of prosperous merchants, in the freshness of the morning dew, scintillate in the sunshine not unlike the rare old vintage of the island. This, in fascinating contrast to the green of many flourishing vineyards and dense tropical foliage, gives to you your first and most lasting impression of Madeira.

Your attention is diverted for the time being from further meditation by the numerous boats that swarm around the ship's gangways, manoeuvred by strong-armed native oarsmen, each in frantic effort to secure the first consignment of passengers for the shore; while numerous other craft appear filled with men and women attired in gaudy raiment, shouting in native jargon, and urging you to buy of their variety of fruits and wares. When you stand at length on the old stone quay, you are greeted by an orderly and interesting group of Islanders, and not unlikely, also, by a

few Germans and English who have been lured from the neighboring coffee houses by the announcement of a passenger ship's arrival.

Cotermimus, with the quay a wide avenue, lined on either side by a prodigious growth of beautiful tropical trees, forms a shaded archway that sweeps in majestic contour to a little park. From this avenue radiates the town. At the head of the quay canopied sleds wait to transport you to whatever part of the town you wish; each is drawn by a pair of young bullocks driven by a barefoot native, with a pace-maker in front to goad them on. You soon find yourself gliding silently over the uneven yet neatly paved streets of finest cobblestones, worn smooth by this, their principal and unique form of transportation, which is really as much of a novel feature to the tourist as the latest American rig would be to the native of Madeira. Only when you ascend the mountain to your hotel or villa are you privileged to choose between two modes of conveyance—one being the Scenic Railway and the other a hammock slung on a pole supported on the shoulders of two lithe and stalwart natives. This latter is another of the novel and entertaining features of this island paradise. But the return is still more of a surprise. It is made on sleds with fleet-footed native runners on either side, who guide them in their terrific pace by stout leathern straps. The descent is most thrilling and interesting.

There are two excellent hotels. The Reids, located most ideally and conspicuously, has the less obstruction of view both of harbor and ocean, and is the one building on the island that in any way resembles our American architecture. Both hotels are popular in winter, being patronized by many distinguished tourists from the United Kingdom and Continent, who stimulate social life very materially, giving to the island a notable prestige in this particular.

While in Funchal you will be amply repaid for a visit to the vineclad vaults, down ragged stone steps chiselled deep on the mountain side, where lie buried, tier upon tier, wine pipes filled with the famous vintage of the island, the product of from one to forty years. The wine industry has continued in Madeira since the days of the original settlers and native wine merchants, the Portuguese. And the delightful flavor and sparkling effervescence of the Madeira vintage has given it world-wide precedence, since the time of the fame of the first buccaneers. Morgan and Kidd, who frequently sought the island to find solace in their cups from the more active diversion of pillaging and plundering richly laden merchantmen on the high seas.

There is something of consequential interest daily, whether pushing your way through the labyrinth of congested streets among the crowded little shops, stuffy with their native wares, or whiling away a happy hour either in the Plaza or the Consul's Garden. Both are havens of peacefulness in a bower of tropical plants. The temperature never fluctuates beyond seventy-four degrees the entire day.

It must be remembered also that Funchal is famous for its rare embroidery, and every woman visitor avails herself of the opportunity to purchase some of the exquisite and dainty pieces of handiwork at the Madeira House; one need not be surprised to learn that a great many of the most expensive English and French gowns are sent here to have worked upon them the design that place their market value in close estimate with South African gems.

After the day's pleasing events you sit upon the piazza of your hotel breathing the fragrant atmosphere, and gazing in rapturous fascination upon the beautiful panorama at your feet. Far out across the sea, to the north and the east, your vision becomes riveted upon what resembles a blue cloud on the distant

horizon—Porto Santos Island—and the sight recalls to you that great event of the fifteenth century, the discovery of America by Columbus. For it was on this lonely isle that he spent two years in dreaming and mapping out his plans of voyaging in quest of new lands, and a path around the globe.

As the sun slowly sinks, gloriously radiant, and the soft shades of twilight mount up the sky from the east, your eyes discover another islet across a wide expanse of sea, where the very water seems to be on fire, westward, the little, lonely, unfrequented island of St. Mary's, where history claims that Columbus stopped for worship on his

first long voyage.

You will linger on the veranda, until the last faint strains of music from the band playing in the Plaza come wafted to your ears in the stillness of the night. By this time the sky has become a dark canopy, faintly blue in the light of the myriads of brilliant stars under which Madeira sleeps. Perhaps, also, a pale crescent of the moon will have risen as out of the sea, to shed its beams over the rippling waters like so many dancing minarets; anyway the lights of the town will have disappeared, one by one, and Funchal lies in utter quiet and darkness for the few remaining hours of night.

A Plea for the Enthusiastic Home Woman

By Bertha Comins Ely

IN these days we hear a great deal about the force and enthusiasm of the club-woman, and we find the same spirit manifested by those women who study for the professions and other paths of public life, as well as those who lecture or read before large audiences or to an invited few. In fact, most women to whom a generous income is assured, either by their husbands or otherwise, are doing something outside the home that vastly interests them. Indeed, the woman who is mentally and financially able to devote herself to public matters, and still puts them largely aside for the study of home interests and those of her growing children, is something of a back number, and quite out of fashion. This has come about largely from the great and new opportunities open to women, and as they enter into one interest after another outside the Home, their time is more and more occupied to the exclusion of what should be their chief interest.

A bright and capable woman is wanted

everywhere. She is put at the head of one department and then another, on this committee and on that, until she really has more to do than she can do well. Her enthusiasm carries her forward, as plans enlarge and multiply, the success of one undertaking alluring her on to still greater. In the meanwhile, what share do the children have in all this work and endeavor? "They are all right," one may say: "They are cared for, or are old enough to care for themselves." Is this really true? Paid caretakers do not in all cases teach their charges the best things. Even when they do, the child really needs the mother, and the mother, the child, so that they may grow to see through each other's eyes; on the one hand, to accept the guidance unquestionably, and, on the other, to be a truly wise and helpful companion.

It certainly is delightful for a child returning from school to find mother, and to have her sufficiently at leisure to enter into his little plans. Then is the

time to do something together that has been waiting for just such co-operation. The planting of the winter bulbs, for instance, the blossoms to be watched for with great expectation and eagerness, followed by greater enjoyment, because both have shared in the potting and planting. Surely that mother has a greater hold on her children, and is a far more comfortable and companionable parent, than one who is always busy or rushed. But the home-coming from school is at the very hour when most mothers have a long list of engagements. That is the time for lectures, musicales, teas, as well as committee meetings; and is one to shut herself away from these things that stand for progress?

I would not plead for the children to monopolize over much of a mother's time; that would be going too far in the other direction, but for the enthusiasm to be first for and with them, and for fairs and clubs afterwards. Why not let the women who have no children, or whose children are grown, turn their attention especially to Civil Service Reform, Play-gardens, and kindred interests, relieving the mother of growing children of those tasks?

Where the heart is, there the thoughts may be found also. The enthusiastic home-woman is wide awake to all home interests, putting into the round of oversight the same vim that she would in planning a Japanese tea, or in entertaining a celebrity. She not only has competent assistance, but sees that they do their work well, suggesting here, improving there. She keeps in touch with the machinery, and if the must-be's press too heavily on some days, she herself takes time to relieve the pressure, thus getting vitally near the workings of the household and better understanding how to give the needed orders.

It seems to me that the much talked of servant question would in a large measure be solved, if the home-makers would bend all their enthusiasm towards doing

so. If, instead of issuing iron-clad orders from a distance, those in authority would go nearer to the heart of things with kindness, the servant's point of view might be understood. There is always much less friction when the master workman understands his men, and the men, in turn, make the master's interests theirs, and are in sympathy with him. One might be a little slower to have guests on the busiest days and then, after a strenuous week or two of entertaining, a welcome holiday could be planned for the servants, to equalize pleasures a bit, and restore the nerves.

The little things that make for comfort in the home come to the person at leisure, as they never do or can when the mind is filled with pressing and disturbing outside demands. If the mother is busy, when the children come in, over something she is able to put aside, she can make one more in a game or frolic, and she gets much nearer to her dear ones, and knows better how to suggest to them and guide them. I have heard of one mother who made it her practice to sew near a certain window under which her little boy played oftentimes with his companions. In that way she learned of their speech and actions. The children knew she was there and often consulted her or referred to her for advice.

The mother is indeed blessed who has health and strength sufficient to enter into golf, tennis and dancing with those growing up around her, for the companionship is of incalculable value on both sides.

In many homes the breakfast is early, the dinner late, and the head of the household is away at noon; when is he, then, to enjoy his children and get near to them, if, evening after evening, at the dinner hour there are guests and the children are excluded? Or, if the parents dine away from home, and in many households this is the rule? When the many absorbing engagements for profit,

culture, ambition or pleasure make the whole trend of life one for outside, then the home worries that should be trifles take on enormous size, and consequently the whole household is out of tune.

There are so few years, at best, in which to enjoy childhood, that it seems as though every mother should regard with a jealous eye any person or engagement that takes her precious responsibility from her.

Then there is another matter that eats away the leisure and fills the life with an undercurrent of dissatisfaction and restlessness, namely, the trying to keep up appearance beyond one's means. Why not think in thousands or hundreds, if that is one's income, instead of millions,

like our summer neighbors, perhaps?

Better the gown without the extra frills than the loss, for instance, of a tramp with one's boy. The extra touch often comes too high, as delightful as it may look to others.

Is it not time, then, to have the pendulum swing back a little?

Let the women who really have leisure for it fill the strenuous public places, whether it be for honor, position, or money. Those others, whose lives are full, without going far afield, not only may be contented, but may realize that they are doing even more than their public sisters, in filling the many positions that a home-making woman has an opportunity to fill with grace and charm, as well as with masterly ability.

Dumas and Neapolitan Macaroni

By Helen Campbell

THAT Dumas had lived for five years in Italy seemed to his old friends in Paris surely that he must know precisely the best methods of cooking macaroni, but though written to many times for recipes he preserved silence, answering every question but this fully and promptly. Years later, in a dozen or more discursive pages, he gave his reasons for this silence, and the final breaking of the vow he appears to have made after his first dish of macaroni served to him in Naples.

"How should I know the first word of any receipt?" he said both to inquirers and wrote over and over in his journal of daily events. "They torment me for receipts for cooking macaroni. As for me I detest it. It requires a sense which in me is totally lacking. My first mouthful was enough. Nothing could induce me to try a second. So as I did not like it why should I concern myself as to methods with it? But they tormented

me till at last I asked Rossini. He, it was said, offered to his friends the best macaroni in Naples. I confided to him that his receipt would make me happy, and he wrote me the most charming of letters, in which I was invited first to eat it at his table, then to receive the receipt. But unhappily his keen eyes saw that I did not eat the contents of my plate, and he supposed me angry at being compelled to be helped like the others. My plate was taken away, nor could I by any asking obtain another. Then I announced to him that his reputation was gone. It was not he who cooked it, or had the receipt, but his cook. As to this we were disputing, when the door opened and there entered the Marquis del Grillo, known to all as the husband of Madame Ristori. I saw in him a deliverer, and stretched out my arms. 'Do you know how to cook macaroni?' I said. 'Not at all,' he replied, 'but my wife has heard of your desire. Dine with us to-morrow

and you shall test our macaroni. You shall take it from the casserole in which she herself has prepared it, a far finer thing than Rossini knows.' This I did the next day. Madame was at work. She was just putting macaroni in the saucepan, and I watched every detail of the preparation. And now I state it, the true, the only receipt for Neapolitan macaroni.

"Suppose, then, that you wish dinner at six o'clock, for twelve people. Then, at eleven in the morning assemble four pounds of solid, lean beef, one pound of well-smoked raw ham, four pounds of tomatoes, four large white onions, with thyme, bay-leaves, parsley, and a little olive oil. Cook all together, stirring carefully at times, for three hours. At this point pour in boiling water, until of the highest part of the beef there shows no more than the size of a five franc piece. Now boil again and on for four hours, the cover off so that it reduces and enriches steadily. Then boil the macaroni, or I should prefer to say *macaroncello*, since that is smaller, and the best that Naples affords. Much water is necessary, well salted. From time to time try it. Macaroni that is cooked too much is worthless. If you fail to get it right twice, the third time you will know, and thus become an adept. As soon as you are sure, take it from the fire and pour into the boiling water some cold water

that it may not boil one second more. Then place it in a sieve, that every drop of water may be removed. Have your soup tureen at hand empty, your grated Parmesan cheese of the finest quality, and the broth or meat juice reduced and the essence of all that has gone into it. First, then, into the tureen goes a large spoonful of the grated Parmesan, spread over the floor of your tureen. On this bed of cheese you arrange a bed of macaroni. On the macaroni follows a bed of meat juice. On the bed of meat juice again arrange macaroni, and on that a bed of cheese. Thus it goes on till the tureen is filled. Cover it then hermetically for ten minutes, no more. Then uncover and serve. There is silence as the guests eat. They are content. Even I who had loathed macaroni know that in this way it is for the gods. Try each and judge if this be not so. Shall I say this is Neapolitan macaroni? I know not. It was prepared in Naples, eaten in Naples, adopted in Naples, and thus may easily be termed Neapolitan macaroni. But to me it is ever the divine Ristori's method, and thus I trouble not farther, but write it *Macaroni à la Ristori*. The glory of voice or of method in acting is one glory, but I count it as good that, also, she disdained not to prepare with her own hands this dish that converted me and holds me convert. There you have it."

Bargain Hunters

By Kate Gannett Wells

BARGAINS are proverbially irresistible from mid-year mark-downs to the getting the better of somebody else in a trade. But whether or not marked-down articles are really cheaper is a matter for individual experience to determine, though at least

the conviction that one has got a bargain is a sedative to the nervous system. Wise is the woman who does all her yearly shopping the day after Christmas, and does not haunt the stores again for another twelvemonth.

This love for bargains, a commendable

Yankee trait, has much to do with other desirable qualities, such as reticence in speech and careful provision for health. A person so gifted is too keen in self-interest to be either penurious or a "spendthrift of her vitality." Rather is she a conservator of all her resources, knowing how to get the maximum of power out of herself by the re-action of frequent rests from expenditure of energy, physical or mental. Such a person neither loses her self-respect by letting herself be imposed upon at shops, fairs or clubs, nor in getting what she wants does she ignore the arts of politeness, which she regards as "the gracious abatement of her absolute rights."

It is a futile fallacy to laugh at the bargainer or to scorn her as a despicable human being, for the genuine bargain-hunter never buys on the score of cheapness alone, but because possession of the article will accrue in some way, at some time, to her personal advantage. Of course she is conscious that the bargain is a compromise between the seller and herself, which she justifies on the ground that "no great alteration in human affairs is ever achieved without compromise," a saying as true of individuals and families as of nations and dynasties. She is sensible enough to realize that, just because she is astute as a purchaser, she must be amiable and charming, that the compromises in which she yields somewhat that she may not lose all, or that the bargains she has acquired do not bring upon her personal animosity.

From making bargains over counters it is easy to slide into making bargains with one's self, which is not being straightforward in doing what is right, but keeping on the edges of it. One lowers her ideals each time she enters on personal bargains; unpunctual to-day, because she will be punctual to-morrow (which she will not be); uttering innuendoes, because they are not veritable falsehoods; neglecting home duties, because of social service; giving hasty

breakfasts, because she will prepare an appetizing noon dinner, but putting that off against "something hot for supper," when the men and children, not having been fed right along properly, are too weary to eat. The self-bargainer is just a plain shirk, meaning well, but being inconstant, inconsistent and evasive.

It is cheering, however, to find that a well trained bargain-hunter considers it beneath her dignity to conduct a trade with her conscience, for which abstinence she finds compensation in having enough ability to make the best of a bad bargain, even if it results from her own inefficiency. Vast multitudes of women have this noble knack of not repining at the already accomplished and inevitable, whether it be of failure in marriage, in employment, or with one's self. They never lie down supinely to endure, but are, mind and body, on the alert. They train themselves to look on the bright side of the worst, and to alleviating that worst by not thinking of it as such.

Another valuable peculiarity of the bargain-hunter is her inclination to reticence. She does not allow herself to be carried away either by emotion or surprise, remembering Talleyrand's motto, "*Messieurs, point de zèle*," which she Americanizes as—go it slowly. Besides she knows from her successful silences that Tennyson was right when he said, "it matters very little what we say, it is how we say it, though the fools don't know it." So she pays much attention to gaining a knack of manner in speech that shall enable her to get a bargain without an embarrassing conflict of words and opinions.

Perhaps it is jealousy that leads to depreciation of the worthiness of a bargain-hunter. She gets what some one else might have had. Yet that is the way all through life, only some of us fail to recognize that not getting what we want is due to our ignorance or shortsightedness. After all, the accomplished is but recognition of the truth of the Shakes-

pearian quatrain anent seizing the flood tide, only for tide read—bargain. It is quick appraisal of values that makes the diplomat or the skilled purchaser.

All the same, the desire for bargains may degenerate into a craze, with wasted time and money as result. To many persons the temptations of an auction room are only less harmful than the bewitchments of gambling. But because a natural desire of the human heart can become an unnatural passion is little reason for classifying all bargain-hunters as sordid or treacherous. Household economists and interior decorators should come to their defence and testify to the reduced family expense and increased home beauty with which one skilled in purchasing can maintain her home and dress well on slight expenditure. Bargains are always relative to the purchaser. Getting what one can never use is expensive. Getting anything without relation to its intrinsic value and one's

need of it, merely because it is cheap, is financial folly, and has brought the art of bargaining into disrepute. Especially one must be an expert in all that relates to art, in order to prevent imposition. It is knowledge, special and varied, and tact, in its application, that lies back of every successful bargain.

But as in athletics one must take defeat well in order to be "good sport," so in getting bargains one must know how to lose with good grace and how to congratulate the successful bidder against one's self. Harder still is it to learn to be content to let all bargains go by, because one has not means to buy more than from hand to mouth. Only when honestly, bravely, skilfully one can get a bargain, in getting what one wants rather than buying it at a high price, it savors of "industrial efficiency" to do so. Also is it "social service," since one, then, has means to do for somebody else while yet having satisfied one's own cravings.

The Call of the South

By Olive Grace Bushnell

Between the branches of the giant oaks
Patches of deepest, darkest blue are seen,
And everywhere the mystic, twinkling stars
Play hide-and-seek behind the leafy screen.
Above them all the softly shining moon
Sheds o'er the sleeping world her misty beams,
Till every blade of grass and every flower
Seems lost in the sweet revery of silvery
dreams.

Among the bridges and the silent trees
The dark lagoon entwines, securely sleeping,
While over there in a long shadowy line
The long-leaved willows bend, forever weep-
ing;
And, rising straight and stately to the sky
The fronded palms stand firmly in the sod,
Like sentinels put there to carefully guard
The wonder beauties of Almighty God.

The rich majestic sweetness of it all,
The mingled fragrance of jasmine and roses,
Sinks deep into the heart and soul of man
And holds him to this golden clime enthralled;
Links him forever to this glorious land,
Till, no matter where he afterwards may
roam,
The paler beauties, fragile greens, seem paltry,
The deeper calmer voice of Nature calls him
home.

The Head of the House

By Gertrude Morrison

"MY dear," said Mr. Henry Forbes, as he rose from lunch, "I think you better telephone Mrs. Brant that you will not go to the *matinée* this afternoon. It's a raw day, and I don't like that cough of yours."

"Oh, I think I'll go," said Mrs. Forbes abstractedly, turning to the Women's Corner in the paper just discarded by him.

"But, Milly, I really prefer not to have you go out until your cold is better."

Mrs. Forbes aroused herself to some show of interest in her husband's remarks. "Why, Henry, this cold is nothing at all. I've had many a worse one. And I cannot disappoint Mrs. Brant. Of course I'll go."

"No you won't," he said, not unkindly, but in a tone that admitted of no further dispute. "I'm head of this house," he laughed, stooping to kiss her. "By the way, Milly," he called back from the library, "don't let me forget this blueprint, when I run over to see Henshaw to-night. It's here on the table." A few minutes later he passed the house with that walk of unctious suavity possible only to a much married man who habitually dines well and "manages" his wife.

Mrs. Forbes, watching him from behind the curtains of the library, found in his urbanity added fuel for her irritation at being thwarted her afternoon's pleasure. Nor was she better pleased, at sight of the blueprint, over the prospect of an evening alone. She turned away with a frown, and listlessly picked up the telephone book. "216-R. Yes. Hello? Is this you, Mrs. Brant? This is Mildred Forbes. I'm so sorry to disappoint you, Mrs. Brant, but I have such a cold that Mr. Forbes thinks I better

not go out this afternoon. Yes, he takes very good care of me. Yes, indeed, Mrs. Brant, husbands like ours are rare. No, of course, I should not care to go against his wish. It's just too bad. You enjoy the play for both of us, Mrs. Brant, and then run in soon and tell me about it. Yes. Good-bye."

Scarcely had she hung up the receiver when the bell rang. "Hello. No; Mr. Forbes left only a few minutes ago. This is Mrs. Forbes. Oh, yes. Not to forget that blueprint when he goes over to see you to-night? Yes, I'll—oh!—Mr. Henshaw, I'm afraid Mr. Forbes won't be able to go. No—ah—nothing serious, nothing at all serious, but the night air, you know. Is it very important? You would not mind if I kept him at home to-night? Thank you, Mr. Henshaw, then I don't think that he will be over. Good-bye."

Mrs. Forbes ran quickly to the mirror of the sideboard in the room beyond, and, stooping, smiled back at her own excited, flushed face, and nodded approval at the determined little lines to which the smile gave place. She hurried into the kitchen to enlist her maid's co-operation in the plan that had popped into her head as she stood at the telephone. "Annie," she began, "let's make a few changes about dinner. We won't have that tapioca that was left over. Mr. Forbes doesn't seem very keen about it, anyway. I tell you, I'll come out myself and make the dessert—one of those rich steamed puddings with raisins and spices in it, and plenty of wine sauce. That's Mr. Forbes' favorite dessert. And, Annie, couldn't you make some of those delicious biscuit of yours? They would be so nice with chicken gravy. Mr. Forbes is very fond of them, when you bake them. Yes, we'll have the

chicken I intended for to-morrow night. Yes, of course, it's rather upsetting, but never mind. And, Annie, that plaid silk waist of mine that I've been wearing all winter, if you think it would fit your younger sister—or, possibly, you could do something with it? Oh, not at all. It was too funny, Annie, once I gave to a queer bundle of a scrub woman some of my clothes that I had outgrown. Mr. Forbes met her down street all decked out in them. He was so mad. He came home and said, 'Milly, if you must give things away, for goodness sake find somebody who will look like a lady in them.' So you see, Annie, you are really doing me a favor. Now just start the chicken right away, won't you, Annie?"

By five Mrs. Forbes had her pudding in the steamer, and was taking satisfied peeps at the kettle where bubbled the chicken. Presently she slipped upstairs, but not into the familiar pongee, which, because of its "tubbing" qualities, usually did duty as her everyday dinner frock. Instead, out from its tissue folds came a filmy, long-lined, silver grey, rather new, and admired by Mr. Forbes because its chenille fringe danced when she moved.

Mr. Forbes, his face the picture of health, returned about six with a good, keen appetite, and sniffed appreciably at the odor that greeted him when he opened the front door. "Biscuit? That's good! Bless us, Milly, how fixed up you are. Anyone coming? I haven't missed a birthday, or an anniversary, have I? I tell my secretary to keep me jogged—pshaw!"

Mrs. Forbes apparently failed to notice her husband's slip, so absorbed was she in an anxious scan of his face. "Henry," she cried, holding him off at arm's length and surveying critically, "you are not well? Have you been ill?"

"Why, no," he said in surprise. "I'm as fit as can be." He studied his face in the mirror of the hall-rack as he hung

up his hat. "I'm a bit pale, perhaps. Work, my dear! You women that sit around at home all day have no idea how we fellows grub at the office, in order to buy those new gowns in which you so delight. And this dressing to-night is all for me? Well, it's pretty, my dear, especially those velvet strings, that plush fringe business. So you think I don't look well?"

Mrs. Forbes smiled to herself as she watched her husband mount the stairs rather more slowly than was his custom. At dinner she talked away cheerfully, and, save studying him anxiously whenever she was sure that he was looking, made no further reference to his health until she saw that he was about ready for a second biscuit. "Henry," she said, adroitly drawing the plate out of his reach, "do have another of these lovely biscuit—but there! what am I thinking of to offer you nothing but hot bread when you are not feeling well. Hot biscuits are so bad for a person. I'll have Annie bring in some bread at once. It's a little bit dry, but that will be all the better for you. It was dreadfully stupid of me not to think of it before. And, of course, you wouldn't mortify me by asking for something that was not on the table. You're always such a dear about those things, Henry. Maybe that one biscuit has already given you a headache. Does your head ache, Henry?"

"Why, it does feel rather queer, Milly, now you speak of it. But I'm sure it's not from the biscuit. I suppose that I have been doing too much figuring at night."

Behind her napkin Mrs. Forbes found relief in a smile, but recovered to say with the utmost gravity, "I'm sure you do, Henry. You must just stop pouring over those horrid, old, headache blue-prints. I don't see how you can make anything out of them, anyway."

The next arrow she let fly from her shaft, when she saw that her husband was about ready to help himself to a

second piece of chicken. "Why, Henry Forbes, you're not eating a thing. I'm afraid that you are going to be really ill. I insist on your having some more of this chicken. They always let invalids have that. I'm sure it wouldn't hurt you, dear. You won't? Well, then I'll ring for Annie," pushing the button, "and have her bring the dessert. Maybe that will tempt you."

Annie was in the room before Mr. Forbes quite understood what her coming meant. But he made no effort to detain the chicken, asking languidly instead, "What's for dessert, Milly?"

His wife's face beamed in anticipation. "Your favorite kind, Henry, and I made it myself, all thick with spices and raisins, and wine sauce—oh, Henry!" she wailed, "you won't want it at all. That's just too bad. I'm *so* disappointed. Well, never mind, dear, it can be warmed up again. Annie, bring a dish of that tapioca for Mr. Forbes. That won't hurt your head, Henry, and it slips down so easily. Does your throat feel queer, Henry?"

"Um—I—don't know, Milly. Perhaps I had better not eat anything more. I may feel better if I don't. No," decidedly, "you need not have Annie bring that tapioca, thank you."

They rose from the table and passed into the library. Mr. Forbes picked up the blueprint. "Henry," his wife cried, "you're not even thinking of going over to the Henshaw's to-night? You said yourself that it was poring over blueprints that made your head ache. And now, when it's aching anyway—" She passed her fingers caressingly across his brow.

Mr. Forbes lounged into a big leather rocker, whose springs admitted of a soothing, sidewise wobble in addition to its forward gait. "Oh, I think I'll go, Milly."

"Oh, *no*, Henry! And such a night as this, too! Your throat! Think of your throat, Henry."

"Well," he yawned, rubbing his fore-

head and half closing his eyes, "I'll lie down a little while first. But it won't do to disappoint Henshaw."

"I'm sure that he will not expect you in such weather. You must not stir a foot, Henry Forbes. When a man's head of a house he ought—he ought—to take care of himself."

The pathetic little catch in his wife's voice caused Mr. Forbes to sit erect and say, "That's right, Milly. A fellow's a brute to badger his wife and run risks for himself when he might avoid both by just staying at home. I won't go, Henshaw or no Henshaw."

"Thank you, dear." Mrs. Forbes slipped into the kitchen under pretext of giving Annie some further instructions. Returning, at sound of her husband's voice, she halted in the shadows of the dining-room. "That you, Henshaw? This is Forbes. Say, I won't be over to-night. Yes—not eating as well as usual. Oh, nothing much! Headache and sore throat! Beastly weather! My wife's a little bit nervous about me, and I thought I'd stay at home just to humor her. What's that? Oh! she did, did she? Mrs. Forbes said just after lunch that I wouldn't be over to-night? Oh—ah—certainly! Mrs. Forbes is always correct. Well, see you to-morrow. Yes. Good-night."

When Mrs. Forbes ventured to appear from behind the portières her husband was seemingly absorbed in swaying the rocker gently from side to side. Presently he looked up to survey her with a quizzical twinkle in his eyes, which she found it difficult either to meet or to evade. "My dear, he began," you certainly do look stunning in that gown. It was uncommonly nice of you to put it on just for me. And would you mind doing me a further favor by trailing the glory of it into the kitchen just long enough to ask Annie to put some more water in that steamer? I think you said that the pudding could be warmed over. I'll have some before I go to bed. And

tell her to fix up a plate with some cold chicken and—well, not stale bread—a biscuit or two. Nothing like feeding a cold, you know! And, Milly, if there's

a *matinée* on for to-morrow—of course, you know better how you feel than I do—only, as head of the house, you ought—you ought—to take care of yourself."

Our Fireless Cooker

By Madeleine Burrage

JIM named it. He's so clever! It really seems to me that he's the cleverest man I know, but perhaps I'm prejudiced, for he's my husband. It isn't really one, you know; the cooker, I mean; it's just our nickname for— But I must tell things in a logical order.

"You see it was this way. Before we were married and while we were furnishing the house, I made up my mind that I wanted a fireless cooker. I'd heard so much about popping roasts—(well, no, I guess it wasn't roasts, but things to boil; I can't think of the name, it certainly isn't boils!)—well, popping things in and then just going off and spending the afternoon, without any danger of the dinner's going up in smoke, or getting sad before you came home because the fire has gone out. So I thought it would be simply ideal.

But after we had bought the really necessary things we felt that we simply couldn't afford any luxuries; so Jim promised to make me a hay box after the honeymoon, and he did, and I held the nails and it was simply perfect. Really, though, I didn't mind them, for the stove was such a dear,—all black and shiny and altogether a perfect love. Jim says no stove can be a love, but this one really is. And as for the cook that went with it—well, words fail me! I went to interview her myself and she was so jolly and nice that I never dreamed of any trouble. I told her all about everything,—the shiny stove and the fascinating sauce-pans and the dear little blue

bowls and—and how I wanted a fireless cooker—and, oh, well, about everything. And I explained to her how we wanted her to be there on the day we came back (from the honeymoon, I mean) and have the house opened and a nice little dinner ready for us, and she said, "Yes, Madam." (It's *so* nice to be called Madam.) And I wondered why people had so much trouble with their cooks. If you only manage them properly—

That's why, after those arrangements, that we were so surprised when we drove up to the house, after the honeymoon, to find it still and dark, and looking as if no one had been in it for weeks. The only reason I could think of was that Maggie (she's the cook) had mistaken the date. Then, just as we stepped into the hall, there came the most awful crash from the kitchen.

I grabbed Jim's arm and begged him not to go to see what the trouble was, but he just told me to stay where I was and he would go to reconnoiter. Then he went over to the fireplace and picked up the poker, our new brass one.

"Jim," I fairly screamed— I was so afraid he'd go before I could say a word.

"What's the matter?" he said, turning round and looking dreadfully scared.

"Don't take that," I said, "it's the one the de Forests gave us!"

But he went right on and, of course, I went, too, for I just couldn't have my husband killed alone. We went out into the pantry, Jim took a firm grasp on the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE XVIII)

THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics

JANET MCKENZIE HILL, Editor

PUBLISHED TEN TIMES A YEAR

Publication Office :

372 BOYLSTON STREET BOSTON, MASS.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1 00 PER YEAR SINGLE COPIES, 10c

FOREIGN POSTAGE : TO CANADA, 20c PER YEAR

TO OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES 40c PER YEAR

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Entered at Boston Post-office as second-class matter.

A NEW VOLUME

YOU will find in this May number a Title Page and Complete Index of volume fifteen of the COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE. Many people are prizing complete sets of this magazine. Each volume is a cook book in itself, and the several volumes comprise a work of reference superior to anything of its kind in print. Under the same management and editorship the periodical has sustained a uniform standard of quality and excellence from its first issue in 1896. It has become an acknowledged authority in culinary matters second to none other. It caters strictly to the primary wants of the average housekeeper and the general welfare of the home. Its contents are original and largely the result of long experience and daily practice in housekeeping.

Notice, too, that the advertising pages are in perfect keeping with the reading matter, and the special motive of the magazine. The articles represented here are invariably of high grade, appropriate to the situation and suitable to your practical needs and demands as housekeepers. From time to time every item will be found of special interest and concern to the home maker.

Beginning with our June issue we propose that volume sixteen shall be made not only to maintain the standard of past volumes, but also to advance that standard to a still higher degree of excellence. You may learn to depend upon the self-dependent COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE as the one reliable authority in all matters culinary and domestic in character.

THE WAY OF REFORM

WE need all possible protection from the adulteration of food products. This much can not be denied or gain-said. At the same time much that is said and written in connection with the subject of impure food seems nonsensical and sensational. In most journalism some fad or fancy is made the ruling feature of the hour.

From time immemorial appetite and experience have been a chief reliance in the selection of food, while cleanliness, next to godliness, has ever been regarded as a virtue; and this doubtless will continue to be the case. We want wholesome, fresh food products and we want intelligence and scrupulous cleanliness in the preparation and service of the same. Whatever is more than this may savor of the over fastidious.

However, we can not by law alone secure either temperance or cleanliness or virtue. These are matters of individual cultivation and concern. When a sufficiently large number of men and women become abstemious in food and drink, intemperance will no longer ravage the land. It is not so much temptation as lack of wisdom that makes

drunkards. If only the individual would practice total abstinence, the saloon would soon go out of business.

Likewise, in city and town, hygienic and sanitary environments are to be attained through the practice of habitual cleanliness by individuals and families. In brief, progress is made in any direction through persistent, widespread educational campaigns. Most of all we need intelligence. "Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers." Does not the way of reform lie through the self-reformation of the individual?

ELLEN H. RICHARDS

MRS. ELLEN H. RICHARDS died in Boston on March 30, after a week's illness. Mrs. Richards was born in 1842. She was a graduate of Vassar College and the Institute of Technology. In the latter institution she has held the position of instructor in sanitary chemistry for the last quarter of a century. As writer, lecturer, teacher and educator she came to hold a very high place among women of note. Mrs. Richards was the author of several books on domestic science, as "Home Sanitation," "Sanitation in Daily Life," "Food Materials and their Adulterations," "The Cost of Food," etc. Some of these books have been widely circulated and used in schools, colleges and women's clubs. She must be regarded as one of the pioneers or originators of the modern era of scientific, sanitary living. This may be all summed up in the new word, coined by her, *euthenics*, the science of controllable environment, or the art of right living. The influence of her work will be far-reaching and enduring.

THE TYRANNY OF DOING

THE altruistic principle is still in the experimental stage. Men do not yet trust themselves or their neighbors, hence the haste, the scramble, and the rush. In the early history of our

country, for example, when a man must hew the logs for his own house, sink the well, clear the land, and keep off foes, human and otherwise, surely, if ever, he must be

"Up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and [not] to wait."

That is, he would find little leisure for waiting, if he were to do any living at all in a world that was all strenuous preparation. But now, after the soil, the forests, the winds, and the waters have been subdued to the needs of man, now in the twentieth century, why all this haste and rush, all this speeding up and down? "Is it necessary?" asks my soul. And I answer "No," by all that the good God has promised, "No." "Industry is good: idleness is bad," so says the proverb; and within certain limits who shall gainsay it? But clearly before my inward eye rises a picture of the modern hurrying man or woman, perhaps particularly of the woman, who is chained down to no specific hours or task. You will meet her at the club and in the church; she looks from her windows at your comfortable piazza (if you have one). If you drop in for a quiet afternoon chat, she is there; and she teeters 'twixt cup and door as she names the different engagements cancelled to be there. She is always just catching a train, some one has just telephoned, she must finish a letter, prepare an essay to read next day, or keep a theatre appointment. You wonder at her strenuousness and marvel at your own lack of engagements and appointments. Surely there is something wrong with you or her. At the club she tells gaspingly of her many social cares, her charities, and the like. But often, always, at last, as you confess your own inefficiency and general uselessness, there dawns upon you the grasping, dissatisfied attitude of such a soul. Then, if you close your eyes and think,

you will be liable to see the course in life which she pursues.

Perhaps the early morning finds her fairly normal, decently forgetful, because restfully indifferent to a few thousand things. But, breakfast over, she rushes to the telephone, and, ringing up one after another of her favorite cronies, she collects the gossip and doings of the day. Of course, invitations and appointments will come. She has no time to muse over a winsome story, sing a song, or dwell upon themes that the telephone cannot reach. Has the morning sun dropped behind some jagged cloud, with full promise to emerge again? Do its reddening rays steal through a favorite window, waking some old family portrait to new life, or calling to fresh growth the window garden that she loves? Possibly so, but she does not see it. Her gowns must all be freshened and furbished for the many appearances she must make when those differing appointments are kept. She is careful of appearance usually, and, though nothing can remove the wrinkles or that hunted look about the eyes, she fondly imagines that a monstrous hat and a spotted veil cover all. Repose, why the very name is a horror. At the club you start a quiet chat with some kindred spirit who has strayed from home to public joys; but that hurrying soul rushes up and begs frantically to introduce her dear friend so-and-so, and, while she still gasps the name and you strive to recall the lost thread of your conversation, she is off to another victim, busily discussing the feasibility of raising money for some unfortunate or making calls on certain new-comers equally so. I have wondered about, watched and weighed, this woman for a long time. I have moved into the far-away suburbs to escape her; and, while I still wondered, the truth dawned upon me. It is the same old selfishness cropping out again, the same old struggle, though carefully concealed, masked under the cloak of consideration

for the needs and wishes of others. In her restless heart is a great fear that she will miss something, if it is no more than an electric car or a Monday Sale. I have seen such a woman wild with concern because two rival social affairs happened to clash.

I have just finished reading Miss Field's "Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe," a record of one who was among the most gifted and spiritually beautiful of womankind. The fact of her abstraction, even in the best company, was noticed, also, it is said, that a conversation or consideration of any one thing would enlist all her attention. Yet therein lay the wonderful vision and strength. What is worse to a man or woman of soul, who takes any pride in the work of God, than a caller who watches the clock and makes pitiful attempts to show an interest unfelt, as she thinks of the places where at that moment she should be? Readers, take my word for it, the woman who is lying awake nights for fear of missing something, and who so unsparingly criticises her less energetic sister, is, in nine cases out of ten, an unscrupulously selfish person,—in short, a lost, because a hurrying, soul. Above all, she is perfectly right in her conjecture or fears that she is missing something.

Therefore, I beg of you, be not conformed to her ways. Satan in all his war paint were not so insidious a seducer, because she hides under the cloak of industry, philanthropy, and wide interests, a restless, untrustful spirit of selfishness that is quite fiendish in its effects on humanity, the home, and unborn generations. Beware of this woman, the spirit she shows, the man whom she inspires, and the young life that she robs of its dreams and its artless, simple ways. I would rather be a dweller on the shores of time, a meandering, pulseless nomad, than one of the modern, rushing, hurrying, losing souls. —KATE RESTIEUX in *Christian Register*.



VEAL CHOPS EN CASSEROLE

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

Deviled Sardines

USE choice sardines; remove skin and bones if necessary, retaining the shape; sprinkle them generously with paprika and mustard sifted together; roll them in sifted, soft, bread crumbs, then in egg diluted with milk and again in sifted crumbs, and fry in deep fat. Serve on croutons of bread, the length of the sardines and an inch wide. Serve as an appetizer. Garnish with parsley.

Veal Chops en Casserole

Wipe six veal chops very carefully, to remove bits of bone if present; roll in flour and sauté in hot fat until nicely browned on both sides. Remove to a casserole. Heat one cup of broth or water, half a cup, each, of tomato purée

and Kornlet to the boiling point and pour over the chops. Add also half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper. Have ready half a dozen onions cooked half an hour and rinsed in cold water; dry these on a cloth and let brown in a little butter melted in the frying pan; add these to the casserole, cover and let cook very gently about an hour.

Chicken Breast and Macaroni, Chafing Dish Style

Make a cream sauce of one-fourth a cup, each, of butter and flour, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika and two cups of thin cream or one cup, each, of cream and chicken broth. Add one cup (generous measure) of cubes of cooked chicken breast, one-fourth a cup of sliced truffles, one cup of cooked macaroni in inch lengths and one-fourth

a cup of grated Parmesan cheese, also additional salt and pepper if needed. Lift the mixture with a spoon and fork, to mix the ingredients thoroughly, and let stand over hot water to become very hot.

Julienne of Halibut, Figaro Sauce

Have halibut cut in slices three-fourths an inch thick; remove the skin and bones and cut each fillet in halves, lengthwise, also crosswise, if the fillets are too long. Sprinkle with salt and paprika, roll in flour, then dip in fritter batter and fry in deep fat. Drain on soft paper, then dispose on a hot plate covered with a hot napkin. Serve cold figaro sauce in a bowl apart.

slightly browned; add two tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until frothy, then add a cup of thick tomato purée, and stir until boiling; let simmer until reduced one half, skimming as needed. Strain and set aside to become cold. When ready to serve fold it into half a cup of mayonnaise dressing.

Eggs en Cocotte with Asparagus

Make the *cocottes*, or other small china or earthenware dish, hot in boiling water and put into each two or three tablespoonfuls of hot, well-seasoned asparagus purée or asparagus tips mixed with hot cream. Break a fresh egg into each, keeping the yolk whole and sprinkle the white lightly with salt. Set the dishes on



JULIENNE OF HALIBUT, GARNISH OF CRESS

Fritter Batter for Halibut

Sift together three-fourths a cup of sifted flour and half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat one egg; add half a cup of milk and stir into the dry ingredients. Let stand an hour or more before using.

Figaro Sauce

Cook two slices, each, of onion and carrot, half a slice of lean bacon or ham, half a stalk of celery, a branch of parsley, all cut fine, with a bit of bay leaf, in three tablespoonfuls of butter until

several folds of paper in a baking pan and pour boiling water around the *cocottes* to rather more than half their height. Set a cover over the whole, leaving space for escape of steam. Let cook nearly ten minutes or until the whites and yolks are set. Dry the dishes and serve at once on plates covered with lace paper. A little thread of cream or white sauce made with white broth may be turned around the edge of the egg, and two hot asparagus tips be set on the yolk; both improve the dish in flavor and appearance.

Lamb Cutlets, Laura

Sauté eight lamb chops on one side;

beans or peas, well seasoned with salt, black pepper and butter.



LAMB CUTLETS, LAURA
1 CUTLET PLAIN, 3 CUTLETS WITH MACARONI,
4 CUTLETS WITH CRUMBS

on the cooked side set a rounding table-spoonful of cooked macaroni, cheese, etc., in a sauce; make the mixture smooth, cover with buttered crumbs and let cook in the oven about eight minutes. About half a cup of macaroni, broken in half-inch lengths, will be needed. For the sauce use two tablespoonfuls of butter, two of flour, one-fourth, each, of salt and pepper, and half a cup, each, of broth or cream and thick tomato purée. To the hot sauce add about half a cup of grated cheese and the cooked macaroni. Let cool before using. As the mixture should be quite consistent, it were well to add the sauce with cheese to the macaroni, rather than the maca-

Chaufroid of Chicken

Cut fine half a carrot and one onion; add a branch or two of parsley and one-fourth a bay leaf, and if at hand a table-spoonful of lean ham or bacon cut in small bits. Let these cook in two or three tablespoonfuls of butter until yellowed a little, then turn into a casserole just large enough to take a chicken trussed for roasting; rinse the frying pan with two tablespoonfuls of madeira or sherry and pour over the chicken, set on the vegetables, cover the dish and set to cook in a moderate oven. Baste the fowl each twenty minutes with melted butter and let cook until the joints



CHAUFROID OF CHICKEN

roni to the sauce. Put frills on the bones and serve around a mound of hot string

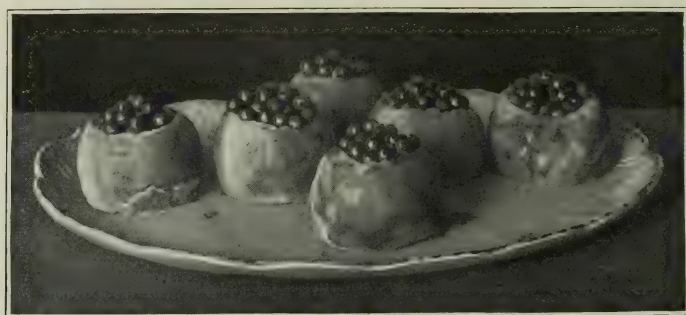
separate easily. When the chicken is cold, separate it into pieces at the joints,

remove and discard the skin, solid pieces of fat and such bones as can be removed without breaking up the flesh. Do not use the pieces containing the back bone, but retain the wing joints next the breast. Dip each joint into chaudfroid sauce that is on the point of "setting," and set on a cold earthen plate; the sauce on the first joint will be firm by the time the last one is dipped, unless the room be rather warm. Set a figure cut from a slice of truffle on the center of each piece, pour aspic jelly, just beginning to "set," over the joints and let stand in a cool place until ready to use. Put a paper frill on

chicken was cooked; let simmer six or eight minutes, then strain, let cool and remove the fat. Stir into the broth a scant half package of gelatine softened in half a cup of broth, salt and pepper as needed, and the slightly beaten white and crushed shell of one egg. Stir constantly over the fire until the boiling point is reached, let boil gently five minutes, then let settle and strain through a napkin wrung out of hot water.

Mashed Potatoes With Peas

Press pared potatoes, cooked in boiling, salted water and drained, through a



MASHED POTATOES WITH PEAS

the legs and wings and arrange around a mound of cold asparagus tips or string beans, seasoned with French dressing. Let a lettuce leaf protrude from below each joint of chicken and cubes of aspic jelly be disposed between them.

Chaudfroid Sauce

Make an ordinary sauce of two tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour, half a cup, each, of cream and chicken broth, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper. If a yellow sauce is desired, add the yolk of an egg. Also add to the hot sauce one tablespoonful of gelatine (one-fourth a package) softened in one-fourth a cup of cold chicken broth.

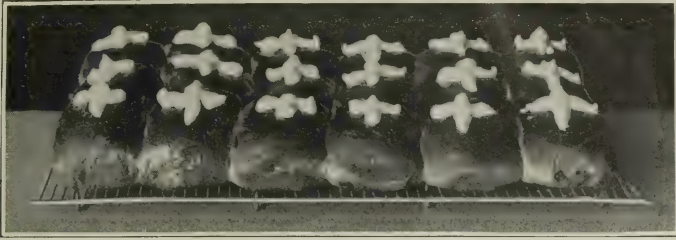
Aspic Jelly

Pour a pint of white broth (veal or chicken) into the dish in which the

potato ricer; add, for eight potatoes, about a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, one-fourth a cup of butter and a very little hot milk. The mixture can not be shaped well if it is too moist. Beat until light and fluffy, then shape into balls. Set these on a buttered baking pan, turned upside down, and with a spatula smooth them neatly; brush over with the beaten yolk of an egg, mixed with one or two tablespoonfuls of milk, score a circle on the top of each and set into hot oven to brown and reheat. Have ready green peas, cooked and seasoned with salt, black pepper and butter. When ready to serve, transfer the balls of potato to a serving dish, cut around the scoring and take out the piece, and remove some of the potato to form a case; fill the cases with the hot peas and serve at once with fish

or with beef, lamb, veal, etc. In serving a meal from the kitchen this dish may be simplified. Put a spoonful of hot, mashed potato on a plate, with one

side down on a board, roll into a sheet and cut into rounds. Set the rounds close together or some distance apart (according as to whether a soft or crusty



HOT CROSS BUNS

motion of the spoon make a hollow in the center, then fill this with the prepared peas.

Hot Cross Buns

Soften one cake of compressed yeast in half a cup of water, mix smooth and stir into two cups of scalded-and-cooled milk, then add three cups or more of sifted flour and beat until smooth. Cover and let stand to become very light; add about half a cup of sugar (according to taste) one teaspoonful of salt, three yolks of eggs, and one-third a cup of

exterior be desired). Bake about half an hour. When baked brush over the surface with white of egg or a teaspoonful of cornstarch, smoothed in cold water and cooked with boiling water to a paste, and return to the oven to dry the glaze. Remove to a wire cooler and pipe a cross upon the top of each bun. Prepare the ordinary boiled frosting, return to the fire (over boiling water) after the addition of the egg-white and beat until dry enough to hold its shape.

"Boiled" Custard with Snow Eggs



BOILED CUSTARD WITH SNOW EGGS

melted butter; mix thoroughly, then stir in flour to make a soft dough, but one that can be kneaded. Knead until smooth and elastic, cover and let stand until doubled in bulk; turn carefully up-

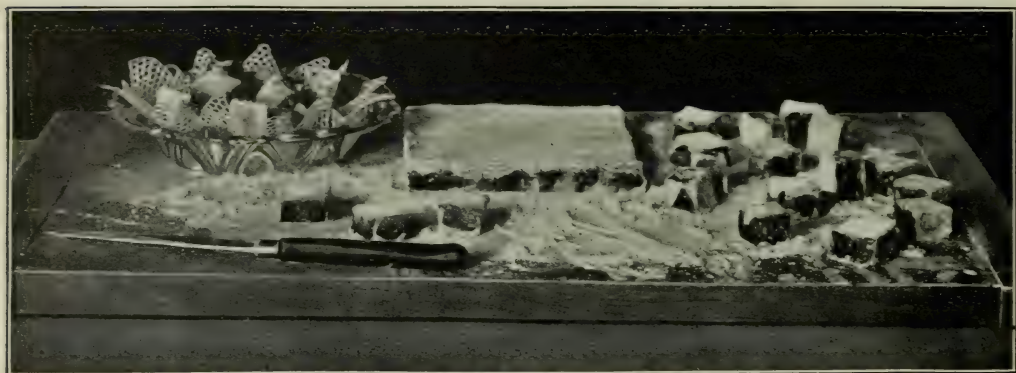
Scald one pint of milk in a double boiler; beat the yolks of four eggs; add one-third a cup of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt and beat again; mix the yolks smooth with a little of the

hot milk, then return to the rest of the milk and stir constantly until the mixture thickens enough to coat the spoon. When cooked enough, the foam on the top of the mixture in the boiler will largely disappear. The custard will thicken more on cooling. Set the dish of custard at once into cold water, continue the stirring for two or three minutes, then renew the water and stir for a few minutes longer. If the dish can stand in running water, so much the better. Flavor with three-fourths a teaspoonful of vanilla just before serving.

and continue in the same manner until the saucepan is filled and the material is used. Turn the "eggs" often and let cook about twenty minutes.

Turkish Blood Orange Paste

Let three tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatine (measured level) stand in two-thirds a cup of juice from blood oranges until the juice is absorbed. Stir two cups of granulated sugar and half a cup of juice over a slack fire until the sugar is dissolved, then add the softened gelatine and the grated rind (no white)



TURKISH BLOOD ORANGE PASTE

Serve the custard in glass cups with a "snow egg" on the top of the custard in each cup. Grate a little nutmeg on the eggs if desired.

Snow Eggs

Beat the whites of two eggs very dry, then very gradually beat into them a scant half cup of sugar. Continue the beating until the mixture is very dry. Have ready a saucepan of boiling water, on the range where the water will keep hot without bubbling. Dip two tablespoons into the water, then take up a spoonful of the meringue, and with the other spoon shape the top smooth, forming an oval shape like a rounding spoonful of any material. With the second spoon push the meringue into the water

of three oranges and beat to the boiling point; let boil twenty minutes after boiling begins; remove from the fire and add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and half a cup of candied cherries, cut fine. For a more pronounced flavor of orange add four tablespoonfuls of curacao. The cherries may be omitted. Turn the mixture into an un buttered bread pan. Let stand in a cool place overnight. To unmold sift confectioner's sugar over the top of the paste and with a sharp-pointed knife loosen the candy at the edge, then slowly pull the paste in a sheet from the pan to a board dredged with confectioner's sugar. Cut the paste into cubes, keeping sugar between the knife and paste during the cutting. Roll each piece in the sugar.

Stewed Figs with Charlotte Russe Cream

Pour boiling water over twelve pulled or bag figs, let stand a few moments,

into the white and into this fold the cream; pipe this cream mixture above the figs in the glasses. Serve thoroughly chilled. Dried peaches, cooked carefully, are particularly good served in this way.

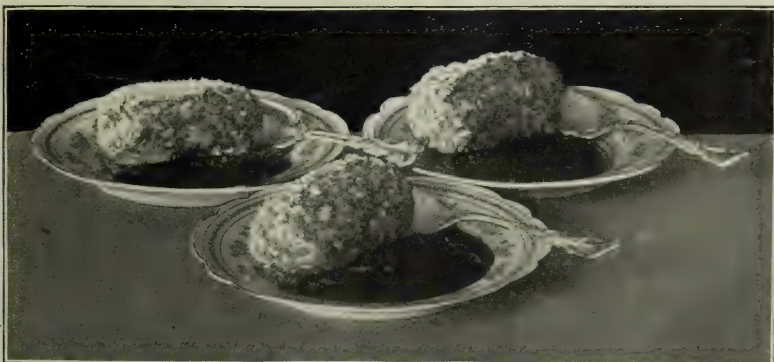


STEWED FIGS WITH CHARLOTTE RUSSE CREAM

then pour off the water and set to cook in a fresh supply. Let cook rapidly until the skins are tender, then add about one-third a cup of sugar and let cook until the liquid is well reduced. Cool the figs, cut each into slices and dispose them in six tall glasses; pour on the liquid and if desired a tablespoonful of sherry wine or lemon or orange juice. Beat three-fourths a cup of cream until fine and the white of a small egg until dry; beat a scant fourth a cup of sugar

Ice Cream Croquettes

Chop fine half a cup of blanched almonds, spread on a baking sheet and let brown in the oven. Stir occasionally that the nuts brown evenly, when cool they are ready to use. Dry macaroons, rolled smooth and sifted, may be used in place of the nuts, so also may sponge cake crumbs. The cake may be browned before or after being pulverized. Any variety of ice cream may be selected,



ICE CREAM CROQUETTES

but vanilla is usually chosen. Roll a large tablespoonful of the ice cream into a ball, then with a spatula turn it on a board (or plate) to a cylinder-shaped mass. Lift with the spatula to a brick mold lined with paper; put two or more croquettes into the mold, cover with a strip of waxed paper, and add other croquettes. Let stand, covered securely, half an hour or longer in a mixture of salt and crushed ice. Roll in the chopped nuts or fine crumbs, while giving the finishing touches to the shapes. Serve at once with a little caramel sauce on the plate beside the croquette, or return a second time to the mold for chilling. Croquettes of vanilla ice cream, rolled in sponge cake crumbs (browned in oven) are particularly good with strawberry or raspberry sauce. If a quantity are to be prepared, they may be chilled in the can of the freezer. The paper set between the layers should be quite firm. Have the mold chilled and packed before beginning to shape the croquettes.

the mold. The way in which these articles are used will depend upon the style of mold selected. After the decorations have been set in place, pour a few drops of melted butter upon each article or piece of an article, and set in a cool place to become chilled. Put the cake, fruit and one-fourth a cup of cleaned currants in the mold in alternate layers. Beat four eggs; add half a teaspoonful of salt, a scant half cup of sugar and beat again, then stir in two cups of rich milk, mix thoroughly and pour over the ingredients in the mold. Let stand a few moments that the cake may take up the mixture. Let cook in the oven until firm (about forty minutes) on many folds of paper in a dish, surrounded by boiling water. When cold unmold. Beat two yolks of eggs; gradually beat in one-fourth a cup of sugar, then stir over hot water about five minutes; set into ice water and beat till cold, then gradually stir in one cup of double cream and a teaspoonful of vanilla. When



COLD APRICOT PUDDING

Cold Apricot Pudding

Cut brioche, or cake into quarter-inch cubes, also cut fifteen halves of peeled apricots (canned) into small pieces. There should be one cup and three-fourths of the brioche or cake. Butter a quart mold, then dredge with sugar. Use whole seeded raisins, cleaned currants and slices of apricot, to decorate

smooth beat until firm throughout and use to decorate the pudding. Let the sugar melt in the yolks somewhat before setting them over the fire.

Dried Apricot Sherbet

Soak half a pound of dried apricots in cold water over night; pour off the water, strain it through a cheese cloth and return to the apricots with as much

boiling water as is needed to cook them. Let cook rapidly till tender, when done there should be one quart of apricots and liquid; press through a sieve, add one quart of water, two cups and a half of sugar and the juice of a lemon and freeze as any sherbet. For a smoother sherbet, cook the sugar in the pulp five or six minutes, then cool, add the cold water and freeze.

Roast Leg of Lamb, Mariné

Shorten the shank bone on a line with the flesh, also remove the bones at the other end of the leg and remove the skin and all superfluous fat. Draw lardoons of salt pork or bacon into the whole of the upper surface or top of the leg, then pour over it a marinade, cover and let stand for two days. When about ready to roast withdraw from the marinade, dry thoroughly, set on a rack in a small baking pan and set to roast in an extremely hot oven. Retain the heat until the meat is seared on all sides, then reduce and finish the cooking at a lower temperature, basting every ten minutes. Cook about one hour and a half. The time of cooking depends on the weight and the condition desired. Serve with mint sauce.

Marinade for Lamb, Game, Etc.

Heat one-fourth a cup of oil or butter in a frying pan; in it cook two ounces, each, of carrots and onions, chopped fine, half a clove of garlic, crushed, two parsley branches, one-fourth a bay leaf and half a teaspoonful, each, of dried basil and thyme. When the vegetables begin to brown, add one cup of vinegar, half a bottle of white wine, and one quart of water, and cook twenty minutes; add a tablespoonful of salt, a dozen peppercorns and one-fourth a cup of brown sugar, let simmer ten minutes, strain and cool and it is ready for use. If the marinade does not cover the meat, the meat must be turned or basted several times during the day. This marinade

must be scalded after use, or the meat juice drawn into it will cause it to spoil. This sort of marinade is most useful in the country, where meat is provided in quantity and the roasting piece is kept several days. By the use of the marinade the cooking can be delayed two days later than without it. When a marinade is desired for flavoring rather than for the preservation of the article, the meat, joint, cutlet, etc., may be laid on a bed of uncooked vegetables and herbs, and vinegar and oil be poured over the meat, and then more of the same vegetables and herbs spread over the top. Cook the meat after it has stood for one or two hours.

Mint Sauce

Pick the leaves from a bunch of mint and chop them very fine; add one-fourth a cup of boiling water and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Cover and let stand in a cool place half an hour, then add four tablespoonfuls of vinegar and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika. If preferred the juice of a large lemon may replace the vinegar; one half the sugar will then be enough.

Breakfast Potatoes

Put one or two tablespoonfuls of butter in an agate frying pan, and set it over the fire; turn in one pint of cold, cooked potatoes cut in thin slices, sprinkle with half a teaspoonful of salt and turn the potato over and over, that the butter as it melts may be evenly distributed through the potato. Add about half a cup of boiling water or broth (corned beef broth is good, but with this less salt is needed), cover and let stand to get very hot and boiling throughout. Turn at once into a hot dish. More liquid may be needed. The potato should be moist, but not sloppy in the least.

NOTE: In the recipe for Pineapple Pie, page XII of the March issue, one cup of flour should read one-fourth a cup of flour—Ed.

Menus for a Week in May

"When the doctor calls, he should enter by way of the back door, and thank the cook for that neglect which calls for his costly visits."—German.

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Strawberries
Yeast Rolls Reheated
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner

Deviled Sardines or Brook Trout
Veal Cutlets en Casserole
Asparagus on Toast, Drawn Butter Sauce
Cress, French Dressing
Cold Apricot Pudding
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Mexican Rabbit
Dried Peaches, Stewed, Cream
Blood Orange Turkish Paste

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Cold Boiled Ham, Sliced Thin
Creamed Potatoes
Boston Brown Bread, Reheated
White Bread. Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon

Egg Timbales, Bread Sauce
Prune-and-Pecan Nut Salad
Whole Wheat Bread and Butter
Tea

Dinner

Young Pigeons Roasted en Casserole
(without Liquid) Mashed Potatoes
Cress, French Dressing
Dried Peach Pie, Cream Cheese
Half Cups of Coffee

MONDAY

Breakfast

Corned Beef Hash
Eggs Cooked in Shell
White Corn Meal Muffins
Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon

Cheese Pudding
Boiled Spinach
Prune-and-Nut Mold
Boiled Custard Sauce, Tea

Dinner

Bluefish, Stuffed and Baked,
Pickle Sauce
Mashed Potatoes String Beans
Lemon Sherbet
Half Cups of Coffee

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Creamed Salt Fish on Toast,
Poached Eggs above
Hot Cross Buns, Reheated
Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon

Canned Tomatoes Baked with Nuts
Graham Muffins
Boiled Custard, Snow Eggs
Potato Sponge Cake Tea

Dinner

Ham Soufflé
Mashed Potatoes with Peas
Lettuce, French Dressing
Stewed Figs, Charlotte Russe Cream
Cookies. Half Cups of Coffee

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Asparagus Omelet
Buttered Toast
Doughnuts
Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon

Creamed Bermuda Onions on Toast
Bluefish Salad
Yeast Biscuit
Coffee

Dinner

Broiled Sirloin Steak
French Fried Potatoes
Canned Tomatoes, Stewed
Canned Peaches, Manhattan Style
Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Broiled Bacon, Scrambled Eggs
Breakfast Potatoes. Coffee. Cocoa
Corn Meal Mush, Maple Syrup

Luncheon (Guests)

Julienne of Fresh Fish, Fried,
Figaro Sauce
Hot House Cucumbers, French Dressing
Balls of Mashed Potatoes with Peas
Baking Powder Biscuit
Pineapple Sherbet. Coffee

Dinner (Guests)

Chicken Broth with Poached Yolks
Roast Leg of Lamb, Mariné, Mint Sauce
Franconia Potatoes
Asparagus, Maltese Sauce
Canned Peaches and Maraschino Cherries,
Charlotte Russe Cream
Half Cups of Coffee

SATURDAY

Breakfast (Guests)

Barley Crystals, Thin Cream
Eggs en Cocotte with Asparagus
Pop Overs
Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon

Dried Lima Beans, Stewed
Yeast Biscuit (Rye Meal)
Chocolate Eclairs

Dinner

Lamb Reschaufée Creole
(Macaroni, Tomatoes, etc.)
Cold Asparagus, French Dressing
Caramel Coffee Jelly
Boiled Custard

Menus for a Week, Old Ladies Home

"Temperance in eating is quite as necessary as in anything else."—Mrs. Richards.

MONDAY

Breakfast

Hot Boiled Rice, Hot Dates, Milk
Poached Eggs on Toast
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner

Fore Quarter of Lamb, Boiled,
Pickle Sauce
Boiled Potatoes
Spinach
Bread Pudding with Dried Currants
Hard Sauce
Tea

Supper

Buttered Toast
Marmalade
Tea

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Corn Meal Mush, Milk
Lamb-and-Potato Hash,
Horseradish
Bread and Butter
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner

Fresh Haddock, Fried
Mashed Potatoes
Canned String Beans
Rhubarb Pie
Tea

Supper

Milk Toast
Dried Peaches, Stewed
Cookies
Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Corn Meal Mush, Fried,
Caramel Syrup
Bacon, Mashed Potato Cakes, Baked
(left over potato)
Coffee

Dinner

Lamb-and-Tomato Soup
(with rice)
One Lamb Chop (each)
French Fried Potatoes
Baked Tapioca Custard Pudding,
Vanilla Sauce
Tea

Supper

Dried Lima Beans, Stewed
Bread and Butter
Tea

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Oatmeal or Wheat, Milk
Hot Cross Buns
Coffee

Dinner

Roast Leg of Lamb,
Franconia Potatoes, Parsnips
Baked Bananas
Junket Ice Cream
Tea

Supper

Succotash
Bread and Butter
Stewed Peaches
Neufchatel Cheese
Tea

Breakfast

Broiled Honeycomb Tripe
Stewed Potatoes
Dry Toast. Coffee

Dinner

Hot Baked Ham
Baked Potatoes, Spinach
Poor Man's Rice Pudding
Cocoa

Supper

Crackers or Hot Boiled Rice and Milk
Gingerbread
Tea

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Salt Codfish, Creamed
Baked Potatoes
Baking Powder Biscuit
Coffee

Dinner

Fresh Fish Chowder
Cold Spinach with Slices of
Boiled Egg,
French Dressing
Coffee Jelly, Boiled Custard
Tea

Supper

Cold Baked Ham
Bread and Butter
Stewed Prunes
Drop Cookies. Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Boiled Rice, Milk
Eggs Scrambled with Chopped Ham
Rye Meal Muffins
Coffee

Dinner

Lamb Stew, Baked Dumplings
Canned Peas
Corn Starch Blanc Mange, Sugar
and Milk
Tea

Supper

Milk Toast
Dried Apricots, Stewed
Drop Cookies
Tea

SATURDAY



Food and Health

By Janet M. Hill

AT middle life, if not before, one becomes much interested in the relation of food to health. When rheumatic twinges invite attention to muscles, joints or nerves, then it is that one begins to question the propriety of eating this or that article of food.

Food is burned, or oxidized, in the body; the starches and sugars are completely burned, what is left being eliminated as waste. But the proteids, particularly meats, are not so completely oxidized. The proteid ash is represented by complicated substances, some of which are solid,—one of these is known as uric acid,—and accumulations of these solids in the system encourages rheumatism, billiousness and kindred disorders. In considering these things some may conclude it were wise to become vegetarians, but bread, potatoes and other starchy foods, especially if eaten generously or without proteid, also are apt to set up fermentation in the stomach, which results in the formation of acids that reduce the alkalinity of the blood and derange all nutritive processes.

Probably no one article of food can be named that will agree with every one at all times. Some can not eat strawberries, others can not partake of fish, but, passing by these and similar idiosyncracies of constitution, it is doubtless wise for each to choose as varied a diet as circumstances will permit. By this we do not mean great variety at a single meal.

When a large number of dishes are presented at a meal, erroneous combinations are likely to occur, and it is in these ill combinations of really wholesome dishes that the foundation of many a digestive disturbance is laid. For instance, grapefruit and oranges are often put under the ban of forbidden fruits, when in reality they have a beneficent role to play in dietaries; but either fruit at a meal with milk is unhygienic.

Fruit is most wholesome when eaten alone and between meals, the large quantity of water in composition being the purest supply of this necessary compound that is known. In robust health, the free acid in a small quantity of fruit, eaten at meals, may be neutralized by other items, particularly fat, as is the acid of tomatoes eaten with oil. This is why strawberries are considered more wholesome with cream than with milk. But the ideal time for eating fruit, including strawberries, is between meals and unaccompanied by other articles. The acid in cooked cranberries and apples, eaten with roasts of fowl and pork, are held to be correctives of the generous quantity of fat in the respective dishes and as such the combination is physiological.

At the same time see to it that the variety of food in a meal is limited, but vary the articles themselves from day to day. As far as is practicable choose such articles of food as are in the con-

dition found in nature. Only such should be the food of young children and those of impaired digestion. For instance, cream, butter and cheese are comparatively wholesome, but, if we take these articles in the form of milk, we secure them without risk of digestive disturbance. So, also, sugar in the cane and in sweet fruits, diluted by the other compounds in composition, is more wholesome than the concentrated sugar purchased at the grocers.

Milk and meat at the same meal embarrass the stomach,—so also do meat and eggs, unless in either case the quantity of each be small. In middle life we have an appetite for more food, often more proteid food, than we need. Less food is required, and we are inclined to eat more, and it is this surplus food, rather than any one particular article of food, that is calling our attention to the problem of health. Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, who has recently passed away, wrote in 1900, "I well remember with what astonishment I made the discovery that a fancied heart-disease, which made climbing stairs distressful, disappeared before a more abstemious diet, and was, therefore, not a sign of breaking up at fifty—a corresponding relief." Continuing, Mrs. Richards says, "It is probable that about half the calories, half the starch and two-thirds the proteid that he could well utilize at twenty-five or thirty, may fully serve a person at sixty."

Once the command was, "If any would not work, neither should he eat." This command is not to be overlooked to-day

—exercise wastes tissue, and food is needed to supply this waste. A woman of 80 who walked as spry as a girl, upon being asked how she had been able to keep herself so young, replied, "by kicking." When the weather did not permit of her usual out of door exercise, she was accustomed to sit upon the floor for a specified time and kick out with her feet. The exercise not only kept up her appetite but helped digest the food she ate. It is said that "appetite comes with eating," and to be well one must enjoy food, but the enjoyment must not lead us to overlook the fact that in middle and later life food must not be partaken of as generously as when growth and constant activity had to be met by a corresponding intake of food. As a means to health, let us study dietetics between meals and never at the table; then avoid eating anything that is known to disagree. Cut out rich food, eat sparingly of a few articles that are in a natural condition, and vary these articles from day to day. Retain the appetite but regulate it. "Do not tempt me with your attractive, savory dishes," was the plaint of the Prince Regent of England, when served by the great Carême; "you will make me die of indigestion." The characteristic reply of Carême was satisfactory to the Prince, whom he continued to serve. "My principal office," he said, "is to challenge your appetite by the variety of my service; but it is not my affair to regulate it." The latter is strictly a personal matter, and depends on one's habit of self control.

THERE are women the country over who are turning their old-fashioned feminine accomplishments into the needed dollars. A glass of guava jelly sent to a sick friend was the beginning of a Florida woman's business. "Why don't you make it for sale?" the friend suggested, and the guava jelly maker now has an income of \$1,000 a year.

The famous pickles of a Virginia woman are on tables everywhere, and they have demanded a factory instead of a kitchen for their headquarters. In New York's smartest shopping district snuggles a dainty little shop where nothing but cakes—one woman's home-made cakes—are sold in an environment of mahogany and old-blue tapestry.

Lessons in Elementary Cooking

By Mary Chandler Jones

Teacher of Cookery in the Public Schools of Brookline, Mass.

LESSON X

Meat

MEAT may be defined as "the flesh of animals used for food." This, of course, varies much in different parts of the world, since in some countries flesh is sold and eaten, which we should by no means consider proper for food. Even in lands of a civilization similar to our own horse-flesh is sold and used by the poorer people. It is, however, labeled as such and cannot masquerade as beef. In our own country we may divide meat into two great classes—

1. Domestic animals and fowls used for food.

2. Wild animals and birds, called in general, "game."

Let the pupils make lists of the domestic animals and kinds of poultry that they know, and also name the game birds and animals. Sometimes in the fall and winter even bear-meat may be seen in the markets, and less rare game may often be found. The cookery of game is not necessary for consideration in a school lesson. It follows in general the same principles as the cookery of other meat.

Meat, at sight, may be divided into two parts, the lean, which is the muscle, and the fat. Beside the fat, which is found in large quantity, here and there, in the body structure of the animal, there is much fat stored in tiny particles between the fibres of the muscle. It is because of these tiny bits of fat that a piece of apparently lean meat will cause water in which it is cooked to look greasy. Meat contains a very large percentage of water, which varies in different meats and at different times. Very

lean meat contains a larger percentage of water than meat that has a good proportion of fat. Why, then, is it an economy to choose meat in which a generous amount of fat is intermingled with the muscular tissue? Has water in the composition of meat any greater food value than any other form of water?

Meat contains no starch, and so small a quantity of sugar that it may practically be disregarded. Why do we enjoy potato and rice and macaroni with our meat? Why is a meat sandwich a wholesome and palatable part of the school or picnic luncheon?

The flavor of meat is caused by substances called "extractives," which contain in themselves almost no nourishment, but which serve to make the meat or broth more appetizing and so more digestible and nutritious. Clear soups, containing only these flavoring materials, are of no more food value than tea and coffee served without milk. They are stimulants only, and as such have their place, but they must not be allowed to supplant other kinds of food.

The "muscle-building," or *proteid* part of the meat is, perhaps, the most important for us to consider, not only from the point of view of its cookery, but also from that of its food value. This food value is greatly lessened by careless cookery.

Some experiments may be tried with bits of meat, as with pieces of fish. Recall the behavior of the fish under similar conditions and also the appearance of the egg and the change noticeable in scalded milk.

Experiment I.—Place a piece of meat, cut into small pieces, in enough cold water to cover it. Observe the changes

that take place in the water and in the bits of meat as it stands. After about half an hour strain off the water and heat it. What change takes place? How does this show the presence of albumin? If albumin is dissolved out of the fibre of the meat by cold water, how shall we wash meat?

Experiment II.—Plunge a bit of meat into boiling water and let it boil five minutes. Notice the instantaneous searing of the surface juices. Examine the interior of the meat to see how far the heat has penetrated, and observe also the appearance of the water in which it was cooked. Why is this not the best way to cook meat, when quick cooking is desired?

Experiment III.—Follow the same directions as in Experiment II., but lower the heat after the meat has boiled one minute, then cook below the boiling point for five or six minutes. Compare the results with those in Experiment II.

Experiment IV.—Place a small piece of meat over the strong heat of the fire or in a *very* hot iron pan. Notice the immediate whitening and hardening of the surface, which we call "searing." What will this treatment of the surface accomplish for the inner juices?

In meat cookery, as in that of fish, we may have in view any one of three objects:

1. To extract the juices.
2. To retain the juices.
3. To extract, in part, and, in part, to retain the juices.

Let the pupils compare with the fish and suggest dishes which would require the employment of either of these. Let them also suggest ways in which these objects may be attained.

General Rules for the Preparation of Meat

I. Meat should be carefully chosen, both for the suitability of the cut to the desired purpose and also for its quality. Good meat should be firm in texture and

bright red in color, with clear, yellowish white fat, and bits of fat scattered through the fibre.

II. Wash the meat very carefully with a cloth dipped in cold water in which there is a little salt. (Let the pupils give reasons for washing meat at all. How should meat be protected when exposed for sale?)

III. Remove any superfluous fat and pink skin. Do not throw away these trimmings, unless you are sure they cannot be profitably used. (Let the pupils suggest ways in which such trimmings and waste fat may be utilized, in a household.)

IV. In the case of meat to be roasted or cooked in water, weigh it before cooking in order to ascertain how long cooking it will require. In general we may allow about fifteen minutes for every pound and fifteen minutes extra, to give the heat a chance to penetrate to the centre of the meat, since meat is a slow conductor of heat.

Meat Cooked in Water

Prepare the meat by the general rule and plunge it into boiling, salted water. Let it boil one or two minutes and then lower the heat and cook just below the boiling point for the remaining time. When removed from the water and cut the meat should be juicy and somewhat rare in the centre, as in roast meat. A gravy may be made from a portion of the meat stock, with butter and flour, browned together.

(Why is it best to use this stock in some way? In what other ways may this stock be made useful?)

Sauce for Meat Cooked in Water

- 2 tablespoonfuls of butter
- 2 tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 tablespoonful of chopped onion
- 1 cup of meat stock
- Salt and pepper

Melt the butter and brown it to a rich color. Add the flour and brown again. (The onion may be cooked in the butter

or in the stock, as preferred.) Add the stock and seasonings and proceed as in making "white sauce."

(Why is it impossible to give any absolute amount of salt for this sauce? Why is it wrong to brown the butter in making white sauce, yet desirable in this recipe? Do you observe any change in

the thickening power of the starchy substance when it is browned?)

Other ways of cooking meat so that the juices may be retained will be considered in the next lesson, and also ways by which we may extract the juices from the meat.

Window Washing

By G. M.

DO clean windows better the health of a family? Yes. It is an interesting theory, possible, but not probable, that flies, so frequently seen hovering around windows, are attracted because of inorganic matter there condensed. Certainly on the inside we may expect moisture from expiration, also moisture from gases, and particles thrown off by coughing, sneezing, etc., which *may* carry disease germs.

"Yes," again. The dirt on the outside of the window interferes with the amount of light needed for a healthful house. In most homes windows are cleaned rather more frequently than health alone would demand, shining windows having come to be to a house that "hall-mark of respectability" that well cared for finger nails are to those who dwell in the house. The best "rule" for window cleaning is, not this soap nor that powder, but, whatever your method, *do a little often*. It saves strength and money.

Methods of prevention: An "ounce of prevention" having been established as our "cure," it were well to look to the ventilation of the house. If your kitchen is so badly ventilated that the smoke from your frying-pan goes all through the house, do not expect your window-washing to be either easy or cheap. A second prevention would be to form the habit of dusting the panes as well as the sashes. From the inside there should be frequent, perhaps daily dusting of

sashes and frames. The outside of the window is, to some extent, cared for by Nature when she "sends showers upon them." But the outside soil, being largely mineral matter, will scratch, and should therefore be brushed off as frequently as possible.

Dangers: That same fear of danger to the window itself would lead us to avoid as frictional agent any sharp, coarse material. A scratch is the beginning of a break. Sudden changes in temperature, too, may bring about breaks. There may be danger to the person in getting at the window. The best way is to begin on the outside, but from the inside. Then, when the inside is done, you can tell whether or not your window is clean and transparent. (In building a house, remember that double thick glass is far clearer. It is not necessary for all the windows.) Begin by—

(1) Partially lowering the outer sash, reaching over as far as the arm can go. Then complete the lowering of the outer sash, raise the inner sash to the same position, and repeat as before.

(2) Raise both sashes and from the under side reach up and finish the outside of the outer sash.

(3) Raise the outer sash, repeat as before, and finish the outside of the lower sash.

(4) Clean the inner sash, raise, pull down the outer sash, and clean it. It were well to note that sitting on a ledge,

feet in, is not dangerous, if the heavy, part of the body is kept inside the room. There is, however, some danger of straining.

Processes of Window Cleaning: Such being the method of handling a window, it remains to consider the processes involved in its cleaning. Remove, or push away all draperies. Take down or roll the shade to the top; and brush the blinds as far as possible. The field being so cleared for action, dust first, better with a cloth than with a brush. Then wash. The necessity of rinsing will depend on the method employed in cleaning. Drying and polishing follow. If the drying of the panes is done with much force, they may not require further polishing. For the sashes, polishing will probably include oiling. You may have to go back to wipe dry the sashes, if they need to be left to soak in oil.

Cloths: For dusting use a cloth soft and rough in the sense of wooly, not rough to feel. This does not mean wool; for flannel is expensive, hard to wash, and gets hard itself. Cheesecloth, medium grade, and unbleached, is about the best.

For washing, wool holds the most moisture, but takes it slowly. Linen takes quickly, and holds fairly well. Old linen is good, old table linen, for example. But linen is rather too valuable for medical purposes to use this way. Old cotton, old sheets are good, if not so old as to be linty. Old underwear (gauze undervests) make very good cleaning cloths. (Say "cloths," not "rags" to a maid. It engenders more respect for the article, and is likely to secure for it greater care.)

Absorption is the point to be considered in a drying cloth. If it had not a higher value, linen would be the fabric par excellence for this. Cheesecloth is very good. For polishing chamois is fine, but expensive, and one must know how to wash it. Newspapers do excellent polishing.

Methods: Consider the kind of glass, the weather, and the temperature, then choose that method which best satisfies these conditions at the time.

Use of Water: Make it a rule to use as little as possible; never enough to run. That piles up rubbing for you. A damp chamois does excellent work for cleaning. Many people use three chamois.

Ammonia: On fine plate glass windows clear water, preferably tepid, may be used with advantage. Hot water evaporates too soon, and cold water does not attack grease. A little bit of ammonia is safe and acts much quicker on the windows. Being an alkali, it will cut grease. Being a volatile alkali, it would evaporate in hot water.

Cider Vinegar: Two tablespoons of cider vinegar to a quart of tepid water does very well for windows. Rain water contains many acids, which film the outside of the window. Vinegar (cider) acts on this.

Hydrochloric Acid: A twenty per cent. solution of hydrochloric acid is all right. In bad cases, use straight acid.

Soapsuds: Soap combines alkali, which we must have for grease. But soapsuds take more water for rinsing, and therefore take a little more time and a great deal more rubbing.

Kerosene in Water: A little kerosene in water, one or two tablespoons to the quart, is excellent for window cleaning. It removes grease, and adds a fine polish.

Kerosene Alone: Kerosene alone? If freezing weather, water will not do. Kerosene or alcohol will not freeze at ordinary freezing point.

Alcohol: Alcohol is expensive, and evaporates almost too quickly. Wood alcohol is not so good. The same is true of denatured alcohol.

Fly Specks: Fly specks are organic matter hardened on the window. For scraping, use something that is dull, smooth, and hard, as a silver knife, or the back of a steel one. A coin, pro-

vided it has smooth edges, is excellent. Milled edges, as on a silver coin, tend to scratch. Strong ammonia, or alcohol aids in dissolving fly specks.

Paint Spots: Try turpentine, or strong washing soda, and scrape.

Putty: Try scraping.

Whitewash: If rubbed while fresh, a dry flannel is often all that is needed. If old, try vinegar.

Cautions: 1. Do not wash windows when the sun is shining on them. They will dry unevenly, streaking. The glare on the windows is a dangerous eye-strain.

2. Do not let ammonia, alcohol, or strong alkalis drip or rest on the wood or varnish. Kerosene will do them good.

3. Either leave a window open, or *shut and locked*.

4. When cleaning, look at the window from different angles.

5. Be sure that the corners are clean and dry. A skewer is good for getting into the corners. A blunt pencil will do.

6. Hitting the screens with the hand every morning throws the dust out. The outside may be washed.

7. A good window brush should have a mount bored with two holes. See that the bristles are not glued in. The glue will dissolve.

8. A sponge may be used, but it is hard to keep sweet and clean. A hose is fairly good.

9. A squilgee is a piece of wood with a little edge of hard rubber, and a long handle. It is useful for scraping down moisture, especially where a hose has been used.

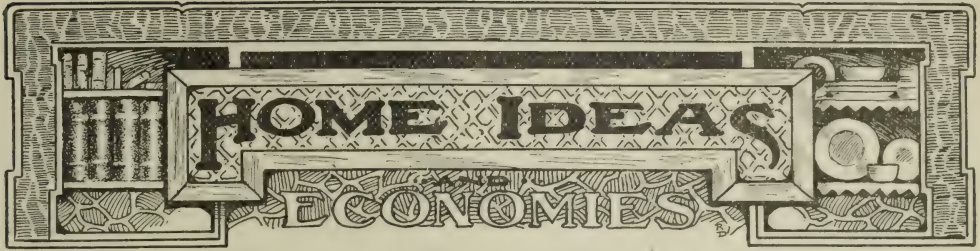
In the Swing

By Helen Coale Crew

Under the apple tree's blossoming boughs,
Swing high, swing low, swing high!
Come leave behind the green of the grass,
Come soar to the blue of the sky!
And oh, but the world is beautiful,
Swinging so high, so high!

The blossoms float down from overhead;
Swing over, swing under, swing over!
And oh, the swift rush through the fresh,
free air.
And oh, the sweet smell of the clover!
And all the shadows are left behind,
Swinging so airily over!

The sturdy branches creak and bend;
Swing away, swing away, swing away!
Come drink of the sunlight that pours from
the sky,
And bathe in the blossoms of May!
Then dip again to the glad, green earth,
Swinging away, away!



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

Croquette Making Again

THE observations of "one who has had long practice in croquette making" impels me to offer some suggestions also learned in a long experience in making them for sale (every moment counts when one has an order "right away"). The point about diluting egg for dipping is quite right—it should be done even if eggs were only ten cents a dozen, in order to ensure a delicate crust; it is a saving, too, both of time and of drips and daubs, to dip all the croquettes first and lay them to drain on a pan that has been slightly tilted, then the hands can be cleaned and dried for the following steps:—Have plenty of crumbs; the more there are on the table—no boards—the less will be used; take at least a quart of crumbs for even a half dozen. Roll each croquette lightly across the mat of crumbs, one can roll sixty in a minute; pick them up one in each hand and pat each end in the crumbs, the jar will throw off superfluous crumbs; lay them in tidy rows on the tray or board which takes them to the frying pan. Except for the more delicate kinds one crumbing will be found sufficient; or at most two crumbings, but only one egging—the crust should be as thin as will hold its contents.

When the fat is hot enough to light a match on its surface, slide in a croquette, in five seconds another, and so on until there are four in the frying pan—take out the first and add another immediately at the other end of the row—

dry the hot croquette on a folded paper, or if there are many to be dried, let it drain first in a wire basket set on a tin plate so, that the fat may be returned after all are done. Then remove the frying pan at once from the heat and put in a tablespoonful or more, according to the quantity, of cold fat, so that it will not go on browning unnecessarily.

When the fat has cooled so that it can be handled comfortably, tie a piece of cheese cloth over the top of a gallon tin can, pour over the fat, slip a large paper bag over the whole and set it away where it will be safe from mice or other meddlers. When it is cool the cake of crumbs will peel off the cloth and can be burned or given to the chickens; the cloth can be used several times before it is clogged with crumbs, and then cleaned by scalding in soda water or burned, just as time or cheese cloth is more valuable.

M. L. C.

* * *

Tiny Tomatoes for Decoration

SOME very small varieties of tomatoes are now grown; they are called the grape, the cherry, or the currant tomatoes. Seeds may be obtained of leading seedsmen, and they are not difficult to grow.

While their chief use is as a garnish for many dishes and salads, they can be used for pickles, just as pickled red barberries set off green gherkin pickles. Wash them well and put them into cold spiced vinegar, because hot vinegar would cause the skins to crack and turn

back. Allow a little more time for the vinegar to penetrate.

New Variations of Yellow Tomato Preserve

Although this preserve is an old-time and well known favorite, still variations occurring to the minds of bright housekeepers are worth considering.

Some recently enjoyed in a Pennsylvania home was attractive to both eye and palate. It was kept in delicate slices, not cooked down to a jam. The flavoring was lemon, but the addition of apple juice gave it originality, heightening the flavor. For a jam for home use a good sized admixture of apple is admissible.

Another method pursued by this bright young woman, who thus made use of a large supply of this pretty fruit that would otherwise have been wasted, was to combine it with green grapes, making another kind of delicious preserve. As grapes in this section were not very abundant, the tomatoes provided bulk, and the green grapes gave a fine flavor.

The writer gave her the suggestion of using pineapple with these same yellow tomatoes. This makes a high flavored preserve, yet the tomatoes make it tenderer and less expensive than if made entirely of pineapples.

This pineapple idea was obtained from the English and Boer housekeepers of South Africa, where they use the little husk tomatoes, which grow like weeds when once started. There they are called the "Cape gooseberry." Either these or the larger, yellow pear-shaped tomatoes may be used for these preserves. At a London exposition of the fruit from the African colonies these tomato preserves were shown.

Vanilla beans may be cooked with the preserve and this flavor is liked by many, while ginger is admissible, alone, or with lemon for some families, although these combinations are not so universally liked as those first mentioned.

The little husk tomatoes are handy fruits, since they may be gathered before they are perfectly ripe and left in a cool storeroom until yellow, and easily husked out of their strawberry-shaped hulls.

The variety known as the "Cape gooseberry" is like ours, except it is somewhat tart, and the plant itself varies as to erect habit, etc. J. D. C.

* * *

I SHOULD like to contribute what I call the best receipt for old-fashioned brown bread.

Take a quart of meal and a quart of fluid. (The quart of meal is composed of two-thirds rye meal and one-third corn meal. The quart of fluid is one cup of good molasses and the remainder of milk.) One egg, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in this quart of fluid. Mix well together the quart of dry with quart of fluid, with or without raisins, and let boil four hours. This is the kind of brown bread our grandmothers used to make. B. B.

* * *

TO clean brass pour strong ammonia on it, then scrub well with a brush, rinse in cold water, and polish with a soft dry cloth. Lacquered brass should be washed occasionally with warm, soapy water, and then dried with a soft cloth, and polished with a chamois skin.

If your cooking utensils have a habit of burning, or the articles stick easily, try boiling a little vinegar in same. It acts like magic, especially with heavy skillets or kettles.

Pour scalding water over oranges that you wish to peel, and let them stand five minutes. You will save time in peeling them. The thick white skin that is usually so hard to remove will readily come off with the outside peeling, and the fruit will be ready to slice.

Never take time to grate chocolate. Put the desired quantity in a granite or porcelain sauce pan and set it in the top of the teakettle until melted.

After opening a bottle of glue or cement, rub mutton tallow on a sound cork before inserting it in the bottle, which will prevent the cork from sticking fast to the neck of the bottle, and breaking, when an attempt is made to remove it.

Use a stiff vegetable brush to clean celery, scraping off the rusty spots with a silver knife.

The worst soiled or dingy towels will become sweet and white with this treatment. Cover with cold water and set them on the back of the range. Add a little shaved, pure, white soap, and the juice of a lemon. Let the water come to a boil gradually. If very much soiled repeat the process. Rinse in tepid water and then in cold water.

To keep a cabbage fresh and crisp when only half a head is used, wrap loose leaves over cut part and wrap in wet paper and put in a cool place. It will keep fresh for weeks.

Never keep bread and cake in the same box, as the cake loses its flavor and tastes like bread.

Many a dainty handkerchief comes from the laundry all out of shape and folded crooked. To iron handkerchiefs, napkins, or any small squares so they will fold perfectly even, iron all around the outside first. Hold each side toward you on a straight line, stretching it firmly as you iron; iron the center last and you will find the edges fold together exactly even.

A convenient cleaner, for use on clothes, may be made of cheesecloth

fashioned into a bag three inches square. Fill the bag with five cents worth of soap bark and sew up the end. When wanted for use place the bag in a basin of warm water, and use as a sponge on the article to be cleaned, wiping with a dry cloth. After using let the bag dry thoroughly and it will be ready for another time.

To open fruit cans that are obstinate hold them for a few moments under the hot water faucet, letting the hot water run over the top.

You can polish your nickle kitchen utensils by rubbing them while hot with a soft cloth dipped in flour. If any flour remains around the handles, it can easily be removed with a small brush. A. T.

* * *

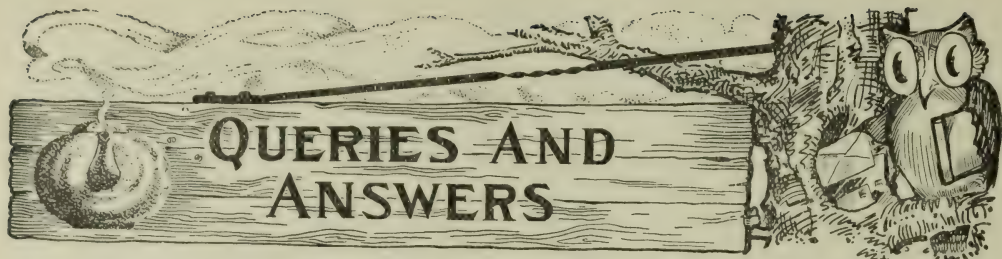
"THE GLORY OF A HOUSE."

WITHOUT hospitality there can be no real home. But true hospitality does not mean teas and receptions and dinners. It means, rather, the housewife's achievement in saving from the daily food and room and home joy a portion for the guest, casual or invited.

The home that itself consumes its whole store of these is in danger of impoverishment through some unexpected emergency. The home that tries to supply them too lavishly is in danger of bankruptcy in the very things that, both materially and spiritually, are most essential.

No home can express hospitality by opening merely its doors to visitors; it must open its heart as well, and it must open its heart first. Moreover, the habit of entertaining on a grand scale very soon stifles the spirit of hospitality. Hospitality is so fine a thing that it cannot coexist with strained and expensive entertaining—entertaining that is cheap, for all that it is expensive, because it can be bought for money.

Youth's Companion.



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor, BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1716.—“Should tomatoes and creamed potatoes be served at the same meal? The best grade of rice sometimes turns green when it is cooked; what is the cause of this? Is the scum that rises on the top of jelly composed of impurities?”

Tomatoes and Creamed Potatoes at Same Meal

The question of food combinations and of food substances that one may eat without digestive disturbance is largely individual rather than general. The inquirer probably has in mind the advisability of combining the acid in the tomato with milk and a starchy vegetable like potatoes. In reality the quantity of acid present in tomatoes is very slight. Stewed tomatoes alone, or as an ingredient in macaroni or similar dishes are considered entirely unobjectionable. Fresh, ripe tomatoes, eaten raw, *without vinegar*, are considered beneficial rather than otherwise. Tomatoes with mayonnaise or a dressing of cream, in which the measure of acid is kept low, are considered wholesome. The slight acid in the tomato and in the dressing is modified by the fat of the dressing. Taking these things into consideration, we see no reason why, in general, tomatoes and creamed potatoes might not be eaten at the same meal. There would seem to be no special call for the two being eaten together, raw tomatoes being naturally served near the close of a meal, but there would seem to be no grave reason why they should not be eaten

together by anyone in normal health. Canned tomatoes, acid enough to call for soda, have undergone a chemical change that unfits them for food.

Green Color in Cooked Rice

Possibly the greenish tint seen in some cooked rice may be due to the variety of the rice. This appearance in cooked rice has been brought to our attention several times of late. It has been suggested that the color might be due to some mineral matter present in the water in which the cooking was done, but we are inclined to think that the greenish hue depends upon the variety of rice.

Composition of Scum on Jelly

There are always some impurities in the scum removed from the mixture of sugar and fruit juice boiling for jelly; this is particularly the case with the first “scum” that is removed. Almost always some impurities may be removed from the side of the saucepan when simply sugar and water are boiled for syrup. In jelly making there might be other impurities from the fruit, also some other bodies present in the fruit juice are found in the scum, these are removed because they interfere with the transparency of the finished product. Such bodies seem to have more solidity than the rest of the juice.

QUERY 1717.—“Recipe for ‘Cream Fig Pie.’”

Cream Fig Pie

We are in doubt as to just the sort of recipe desired. In the December, 1910, issue of this magazine two recipes for "Fig Cake" were given. The first of these we have often seen served as "Washington Pie." By finishing this cake with a covering of whipped cream, instead of the powdered sugar given in the recipe, a "Cream Fig Pie" might be evoked. If a pastry crust is desired, the following recipe might be used:

Cream Fig Pie

$\frac{3}{4}$ a lb. of figs	$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of
Juice of 1 lemon	salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar	

Cook the figs and chop fine; add the other ingredients with half a cup of the water in which the figs were cooked and let simmer till of a good consistency. Bake pastry over an inverted pie plate (tin), first pricking it well, to avoid blistering, then remove from plate to a serving plate, fill with the cold fig mixture and pipe whipped cream above. The filling may also be baked in the plate lined with pastry, then when cold pipe cream above the fig mixture.

QUERY 1718.—"How many sandwiches and how much ice-cream, salad, lemonade, cake and black coffee are required for thirty people? Also how many lemons are needed for a gallon of lemonade, and how much mayonnaise to a gallon of salad?"

Quantity of Food for 30 People

The quantity of food to provide for thirty people depends upon the time of day at which the food is to be served and upon the manner of serving. More food needs to be provided for guests sitting at tables, who help themselves from supplies on the table or supplies passed by waiters, than for guests, who are passed food on individual plates in two courses, as salad and sandwiches, then cake and ice-cream. Not more than two sandwiches of small size would be passed on a plate, and a gallon of salad would serve forty. A gallon of ice-cream and

two or three cakes might be served to forty, but a gallon is none too much to allow for thirty people. A gallon of lemonade or of coffee is a fair allowance for thirty. Sixteen lemons are sufficient for a generous gallon of lemonade. The quality of mayonnaise required will depend somewhat on the kind of salad, also whether French dressing is used in connection with the mayonnaise. A quart of mayonnaise dressing will dress four quarts of plain lobster served on lettuce hearts. Probably nearly twice as much dressing would be needed with chicken and celery. The dressing would be mixed with the celery and chicken (the latter marinated with French dressing and drained) but lobster is made stringy by handling, thus a spoonful of plain lobster would be set on the lettuce and a small teaspoonful of the dressing above.

QUERY 1719.—"How are 'mushrooms for broiling and serving on toast prepared?' Kindly repeat the recipe given in this magazine about four years ago for 'Beef a la Mode'; also give recipe for 'After Dinner Coffee.'"

Preparation of Mushrooms for Broiling

Remove the stems and peel the caps. To peel begin at the edge and draw off the thin skin from the edge to the center, use a thin sharp-pointed knife. Brush over the caps on both sides with olive oil or melted butter, set them, gill-side up, in a double broiler and let cook, first on one side and then on the other, until thoroughly hot and softened throughout. Set them, gill-side up, on rounds of buttered toast, sprinkle with salt and pepper and put a bit of butter in the center of each cap. Hot, scalded cream may be poured over the mushrooms and toast, if desired.

Braised Rump of Beef

Have the bones removed from the cut of beef known as the "back of the rump." Roll the meat lengthwise, and

tie securely in several places. Have hot in a pan fat from salt pork or bacon. In this sauté and turn the rolled meat, to brown it on all sides. In a large earthen casserole (or any dish that may be covered closely) spread a layer of vegetables, cut fine (use one or two onions, one carrot, half, if large, two or three stalks of celery, a bay leaf, and sprig of parsley). Put the meat on the vegetables. Pour in two cups of broth or hot water, and let cook on the top of the range until the liquid is well reduced, then sprinkle with salt, and add hot water to half cover the meat. Put the cover on the dish, and set the dish in the oven. Let cook in a slow oven five or six hours. Take up the meat, and remove the strings. Strain the liquid, and put the meat back in the pan. Add to the broth a cup of Madeira wine. Pour the broth and wine over the meat, and return the dish to the oven. Let cook half an hour, uncovered, basting six or seven times with the liquid, to glaze the meat. Have ready, cooked tender, six or more potatoes, trimmed to the shape and size of pigeons' eggs, a dozen chestnuts, a dozen very small onions, a dozen and a half of balls cut from carrots, and green string beans. Glaze all the prepared vegetables but the string beans in some of the broth. When all are ready, cut the meat in transverse slices of equal thickness, and dispose these in the middle of a large platter. Put the vegetables in groups around the meat, with string beans between the several groups. Serve the liquid in a bowl. The fat should be removed from the liquid after it is strained and before it is used to glaze the meat. The wine may be omitted. This dish is prepared for serving "at the side." If carved at the table, the garnishings should be served in separate dishes.

This recipe appeared in the magazine under the heading as given above rather than as "Beef a la Mode"; the two dishes are practically the same, though

"Beef a la Mode" is more often cooked in an iron kettle on the top of the range than in a casserole. If this be not the recipe desired, we will look again.

After Dinner Coffee

Allow one rounding tablespoonful of coffee and half a cup of water for each person to be served, but plan for two extra persons, as the last cup of coffee will not pour out as clear as the others. Mix the coffee with the crushed shells of several eggs (or use white of egg slightly beaten—in the proportion of one white to a cup of ground coffee) and enough cold water to mix thoroughly; pour on the required quantity of boiling water and let boil five minutes; pour one-fourth a cup of cold water through the nozzle and let stand where the coffee will keep hot without boiling five or six minutes. Filtered coffee should be made according to the directions sent with the special pot used.

QUERY 1720. — "Recipe for 'Chocolate Brownies.'"

Chocolate Brownies

1 cup of sugar	} 2 a teaspoonful of	
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of melted butter		vanilla
1 egg, unbeaten		$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of flour
2 ounces of chocolate, melted		$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of pecan nut meats broken in pieces

Stir the sugar into the butter; add the egg, melted chocolate, vanilla, flour and nuts, in the order given. Line a square, seven-inch pan with waxed paper. Spread the brownie mixture evenly in the pan and bake in a slow oven. When baked turn at once upon a wire cooler, remove the paper and with a sharp knife cut the cake in strips an inch wide.

QUERY 1721.—"Kindly tell how to bake Angel Food and Puff-Paste."

Directions for Baking Angel Food

An Angel Cake made of about a cup of egg whites, in an ordinary tube pan,



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usually requires fifty minutes of baking. Divide the time into quarters; in the first fifteen minutes, the oven should be of such a temperature that the cake changes its appearance in no way except by rising. If the cake colors in the least, the oven is too hot, and the heat must be lowered. Open the oven door as many times as you wish, but be sure and close it gently. Move the cake during this first quarter if necessary, though it is better to protect it with a tin sheet or piece of paper. During the second quarter, the cake should rise to its full height and begin to color in spots; in the third quarter, it should become colored uniformly, and in the last quarter, settle a little. If the cake rebounds upon gentle pressure, it is baked.

Directions for Baking Puff Paste

Puff-paste should be thoroughly chilled—preferably on ice—before it is set into the oven. The oven should be rather hot. If the paper on which the paste (patties, vol-au-vent, etc.) is set in the baking pan begins to color, push an asbestos mat under the pan. Lower the heat as soon as the pastry has risen to its full height.

QUERY 1722.—“Recipe for White Caramel Cake.”

White Caramel Cake

$\frac{3}{4}$ a cup of butter	6 whites of eggs
2 cups of sugar	1 teaspoonful of
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of milk	vanilla extract
3 cups of flour	
2 teaspoonfuls of	
baking powder	

White Caramel Cake No. 2

$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of sugar	cream of tartar
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of milk	(measured level)
$2\frac{1}{4}$ cups of flour	5 whites of egg
$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of	1 teaspoonful of
soda	vanilla extract

Caramel Frosting

$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of sugar	2 whites of egg,
caramelized	beaten dry
$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of water	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of pecan
1 cup of sugar	meats broken in
$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of water	pieces

Pour the first one-fourth cup of water on the caramel and let cook till smooth; add the sugar and second one-fourth cup of water and let cook to 240°F. Pour in a fine stream on the whites of the eggs, beating constantly; return to the fire, over hot water, and stir constantly until the mixture stiffens a little; add the nuts and spread on the cake. Score with a spoon in waves. The frosting should be cooked until it will hold its shape when set upon the cake.

QUERY 1723.—“Recipes for Cold Fruit Soup.”

Cold Fruit Soups

The serving of cold fruit soups is a custom borrowed from the Germans, and is a good way to make use of fruits of second quality that could not be presented in a natural condition. These soups are served as a first course at luncheon or teas in little cups of china or glass. Macaroons or any plain sweet cracker may accompany the soup. Sippets of toast are also served. These soups, being sweetened, are, obviously, more appropriate for teas and banquets than for luncheons.

Cherry-and-Pineapple Soup

Stone a cup of sour cherries, and set aside to serve in the soup. Cut one or two slices of pineapple into cubes, and set aside with the cherries. Grate the rest of a pineapple, crack the cherry stones, and add the kernels, with a pint of cherries and a quart of water, to the grated pineapple, let cook twenty minutes. Mix half a cup of sugar with two teaspoonfuls of arrowroot, and stir into the hot soup. Let cook ten minutes. Then strain, and set aside to cool.

Cold Currant Soup

To the currants, stripped from the stems, add sugar to taste. Crush thoroughly, cover and let stand an hour, then strain. Mix the juice with white wine and water, half and half, the juice of a

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lemon, and a little ground cinnamon.

Strawberry-and-Raspberry Cold Soup

Wash the berries if necessary, put them into a soup tureen, add sugar according to taste, cover and let stand for one hour. Mix white wine and water, half and half, with sugar to taste; add the juice of a lemon and ground cinnamon and pour over the berries.

QUERY 1724.—"Recipe for 'Nut Cake baked in a Loaf,' Butter Cookies which will keep soft. Where may pastry and potato flour be purchased at wholesale?"

Nut Cake

$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of butter	4 whites of eggs
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of milk	vanilla extract
2 cups of flour	1 cup of nut meats
2 teaspoonfuls of	chopped
baking powder	

Mix in the usual manner, reserving part of the nuts to sprinkle on the top of the cake mixture after it is turned into the baking pan. Bake about one hour.

Soft Butter Cookies

$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of butter	$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour
1 cup of sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of
1 beaten egg	soda
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sour cream	

Mix in the order given; drop from a spoon on a buttered baking pan. Bake in a moderate oven.

Pastry and Potato Flour at Wholesale

The S. S. Pierce Co., Tremont Street, Boston, sell both pastry and potato flour at wholesale as well as retail.

QUERY 1725.—"Recipe for Dessert made of Irish Moss."

Irish Moss Jelly

$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of Irish Moss	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of currant
1 pint of boiling	jelly
water	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar

Let the moss stand in cold water until soft, pick over and wash thoroughly.

Add the boiling water and let simmer until dissolved somewhat. Add the jelly and sugar and strain into a mold. Serve with cream and sugar. The juice of one large lemon may replace the currant jelly.

Irish Moss Blanc-Mange

$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of Irish Moss	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of
1 quart of milk	salt
	1 teaspoonful of vanilla

Soak the moss in cold water fifteen minutes, pick over and wash thoroughly; put the moss in a cheesecloth bag and let cook in the milk, over hot water, until a little dropped upon a cold plate thickens slightly. Add the salt and vanilla and turn into molds. One or two ounces of chocolate, melted and cooked smooth with two tablespoonfuls, each, of sugar and water may be added if desired. Serve with sugar and cream or with sliced fresh or canned peaches.

QUERY 1726.—"How may meringue on pie or pudding be kept from falling, and shrinking after the dish is taken from the oven?"

Cooking of Meringue

To secure tenderness in eggs, rather than toughness, which is shown by "shrinking," whatever the form in which they are presented, the cooking must be carried on at a temperature considerably below the boiling point of water. Elasticity and toughness are just as pronounced in whites of eggs made into meringue as in eggs cooked in the shell when the cooking has been done at too high a temperature. The proper cooking of eggs in the shell is a very simple matter and the first thing to learn in cooking, for in it is found the key to the proper cooking of all articles in which eggs are used, and also to the cooking of all proteid substances. Meringue, spread over a cool—not necessarily cold—surface and set into a very moderate oven for about ten minutes, may then be subjected to a slightly higher temperature for a final coloring and stiffening

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of the egg. Thus cooked the meringue will not shrink perceptibly from the edge of the dish; it will not fall nor will the bead-like drops of liquid, which are a sure sign of over cooking, be found upon it.

QUERY 1727.—“In a class recently orange sherbet was made by the recipe in ‘Practical Cooking and Serving,’ but we were not able to freeze it. The sherbet was to be used as a filling for a bombe glacé, and we finally used it as it was, thinking it would finish freezing when again packed, but it did not, what was the trouble?”

Trouble with Orange Sherbet

As recipes for making sherbets, with and without a syrup gauge, are given in “Practical Cooking and Serving,” we are in doubt as to the recipe used for the orange sherbet in question. Fruit juice and syrup at a density of 20° will freeze without trouble. Without a gauge to measure the density a quart of water and pint of sugar boiled twenty minutes will usually produce a syrup that with the proper measure of fruit juice (as given in the recipe referred to) will be at the right density, but this may not always be the case. The ingredients must actually boil twenty minutes, and no longer. If the saucepan stands on the stove half an hour before boiling begins, evaporation has been going on long enough to affect the density of the finished syrup. The size of the dish in which the cooking is done also affects the density; and on some days water evaporates much more quickly than on others. If one is not to use a gauge, she should measure the syrup. A quart of water and a pint of sugar boiled twenty minutes should yield two cups and a half of syrup at 20° by the gauge.

QUERY 1728.—“Recipes for ‘Genuine French Rolls,’ ‘Nut-and-Raisin Soufflé’ and ‘Sponge Drops with Jelly.’”

Regarding French Rolls

As bread and rolls in France are not baked in private houses, not much attention is given to the subject in French

books on cookery. In American cook books various recipes are given under the name of French Rolls. Often a Vienna roll mixture is given for French rolls. French bread contains no ingredients save flour, yeast, water and salt and we are inclined to think that the recipe for French Rolls differs from that of bread simply in the addition of a little shortening.

Recipe for French Rolls

Mix one cake of compressed yeast and half a cup of lukewarm water to a smooth consistency, then stir in flour to make a dough. Knead the dough until smooth and elastic, shaping it into a ball. Make two cuts with a knife across the top, at right angles to each other, and about one-fourth an inch deep. Set the ball of dough, cut-side up, in a bowl containing two cups of lukewarm water. In a few moments the dough will swell and float on the water. In another bowl sift five cups of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt; with the tips of the fingers work two or three tablespoonfuls of butter into the flour; add the ball of sponge and the water on which it is floating and mix to a soft dough, adding flour as is needed. Mix the dough with a knife and cut and work it until the dough cleans the bowl. Knead the



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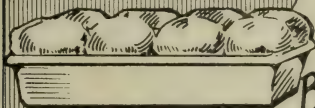
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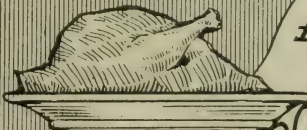
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dough until it is perfectly smooth and elastic. Let stand, close covered, until light; cut down and turn over; repeat two or three times, it will rise quickly each time. Then shape into rolls the length of a finger and rather narrow; set these some little distance apart. When again light bake about twenty-five minutes.

Nut-and-Raisin Soufflé

5 whites of eggs	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of chopped nuts
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of seeded raisins	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar

Cut fine the raisins and chop the nuts; if the raisins are chopped they can not be mixed evenly through the soufflé unless they are cooked with water. Beat the whites dry; fold in the sugar and prepared nuts and raisins. Turn the mixture into a buttered baking dish and let cook as a custard (on many folds of paper and surrounded with boiling water) until the center is firm and the mixture well puffed. Serve hot, from

the baking dish, with cream and sugar or with boiled custard.

Sponge Drops with Jelly

3 whites of eggs	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of pastry flour
4 yolks of eggs	2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar	
Grated rind of 1 lemon	

Beat the whites dry and the yolks till thick; beat the sugar into the yolks, add the grated rind, fold in half the whites, the flour, the rest of the whites and last of all the butter. Bake in small round tins, or drop in rounds in a buttered pan. The oven must be of a moderate heat. About ten minutes' baking is needed. The butter may be omitted. Put together in pairs, rounding side outwards with jelly, as currant, between. A fourth recipe requested by this subscriber can not be supplied; the combination of fruit purée and hard sauce is improbable.

EXPERIENCE

AT seventy-nine Goethe found his life more valuable and satisfying than in his so-called prime. He was superior in many respects, he said, at forty, but time had more than paid for the advantages of which it had deprived him. We lose with age unless we are able to make a good use of experience—to feed, as Meredith puts it, upon the advancing hour. If action is all we appreciate, old age must mean loss, but if contemplation is among our pleasures the cool of the evening may surpass in charm the midday sun. The wise man prepares for a happy decline, by sobriety, by thought, by unselfish interests, by keeping alive his imagination. Bolingbroke, writing in old age to Swift, rejoiced that the gales of passion were subdued; that for surfeit and anxiety had come serenity, refreshment, calm. Indolence means decay. If we do not make gains, our inevitable losses overwhelm us. Sweetness must never be allowed to depart, or enthusiasm, or belief in man.—*Collier's Weekly*.



To be healthy and vigorous, children need the freedom of movement promoted by the

Velvet Grip

[RUBBER BUTTON]

HOSE SUPPORTER

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

It is desirable because it is *right* in every way.
Keeps the stockings neat and unwrinkled.
Easily managed by small fingers.

Sample Pair, Children's size (state age) 16c. postpaid.

Look for the *Moulded Rubber Button* and "Velvet Grip" stamped on the loop.

Sold by Dealers Everywhere.

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, Boston, U. S. A.

Combination Coal and Gas

Crawford *Ranges*

A combination coal and gas range is the ideal range and an economic necessity in a well ordered kitchen. Gas is convenient in summer and for light work in winter as an auxiliary to a coal range—but where continuous fire is needed, as in winter for constant hot water supply and for keeping the kitchen warm, a coal range is necessary and also more healthful as it does not vitiate the air of a closed room as a gas range does.

The Crawford combination ranges have gas ovens that are safe against explosions. The burners are lighted in a new way; there is no dangerous pilot light. This improvement is patented.

The **Gas Oven Damper** is automatically opened by the opening of the oven door.

There is an extra set of burners at the top of the Gas End Oven for broiling; a great advantage.

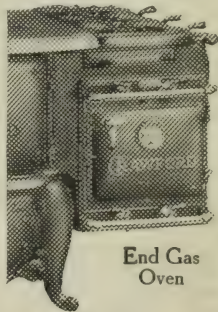
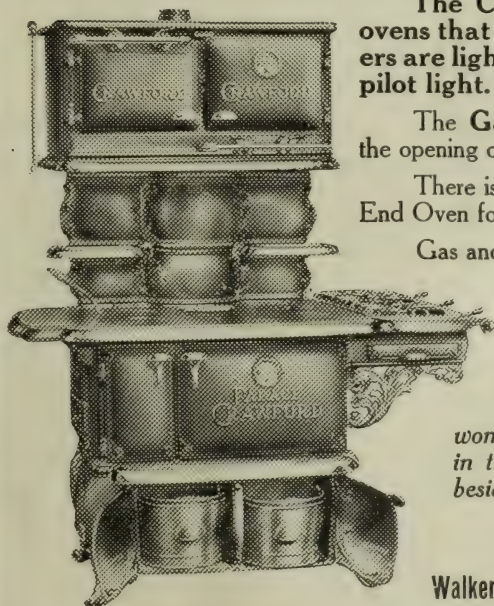
Gas and Coal Range can be used at same time.

Double Oven above or
Single Oven at the end.

The Crawford Coal range with its Single Damper (patented), its wonderful Oven, its Ash Hod in the base with Coal Hod beside it, is a joy to cooks.

Circulars Free.

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End Gas
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SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Practically every grocer from
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Burnett's Vanilla

as the best. Does not this indicate that its absolute purity and delicious flavor appeals to every careful, intelligent housewife?

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Boston, Mass.

COOK WITHOUT FIRE



A servant that serves whether you are away or at home—that's the **HYGIENIC FIRELESS COOKER AND BAKER**.

When you go away in the morning, place your dinner in the cooker—on your return you will find the most savory meal cooked in the most satisfactory manner.

Magic! Not a bit of it. Simply the application of the principle of utilizing stored heat energy. The **HYGIENIC** is built to retain the heat placed in it, just as was the brick oven of our grandmothers. You simply heat the plates and place them in the cooker with the food—then forget all about your cooking until meal time. It does not scorch or burn.

Send the name of your Hardware Dealer and we will mail you free a copy of our catalogue and "Fireless Cooking." Write now.

Stephens Manufacturing Company
344 Franklin Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

OUR FIRELESS COOKER

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 469)

poker, I swung open the door, and he yelled, "Hey, you!"

Well, what do you think? There was nobody there but Maggie on her knees before the stove, with a black smudge on her nose and one on each cheek.

Jim looked silly and dropped the poker. He scarred it awfully, too. Then he went forward and said, "What's the matter, Maggie?"

"Matter enough," said she, and never looked up at all.

So he got down on his knees beside her and they both worked, and worked, and worked, while I flew around and turned and pushed the knobs and handles and things that they told me to.

It seemed that poor Maggie had been there ever since noon and she was so thoroughly provoked that she just wouldn't give in, but kept trying to make the old stove burn. Jim struggled with the thing, with all his might, and he never opened his mouth but once, and then he only looked over his shoulder and said, "Well, Dolly, I guess this is as fireless a cooker as one could find." He's so clever! It really seems to me that he's the cleverest man I know, but perhaps I'm prejudiced, for he's my husband.

Then, after they had toiled and moiled a while longer, we really thought it had begun to burn. Little spirals of smoke began to rise and we congratulated ourselves that we had conquered. But the smoke began to get worse and worse till we had to put up the windows and open the door; and still the fire kept on smoking.

Someone must have turned on the fire alarm for pretty soon the firemen came tearing up. They were so provoked, when they found out it was all a mistake, that I went out and apologized, and told them the state of affairs.

And they were so nice; one of them came in and looked at the stove, and,

Every article bearing
this name is uniformly
of highest quality.

Manning-Bowman

Made "for tables of
taste," convenience
beauty and durability.



(TRANSPARENT VIEW)

TEA BALL TEA POT

Tea Ball Tea Pots Coffee Percolators Chafing Dishes



(SECTIONAL VIEW)

COFFEE PERCOLATOR

The Manning-Bowman Tea Ball Tea Pot is a tea pot with a self-contained tea-ball—it has none of the mussiness of the cup tea-ball. The tea-ball is lowered and raised by the knob. The ball and the chain are always inside the cover. Tea made in this pot is more delicious and, no matter how long it stands, after the ball is raised it will not become any stronger.

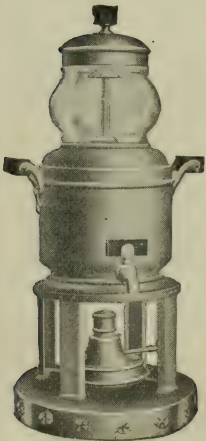
The Manning-Bowman Coffee Percolator is a long advance over ordinary percolators. This percolator will make coffee as quickly starting with cold water as ordinary percolators starting with hot water, and the coffee will be far superior in flavor, bouquet and healthfulness. This percolator has no valves to clog, is simple in operation and easy to clean.

MANNING-BOWMAN ALCOHOL GAS STOVES

which are furnished with Manning-Bowman Chafing Dishes, or which may be bought separately, have the cooking power of a kitchen range burner, will take any cooking utensil, and cook a complete meal. Fine for picnics, camping, parties, etc.

These articles are made in a large number of styles and sizes, the popular mission designs and many other handsome patterns, in solid copper, nickel or silver plate.

The Manning-Bowman Quality products are sold by leading dealers—jewelers, department and house-furnishing stores. Write for free Recipe Book and Catalogue No. E 19



No. 3893

URN PERCOLATOR



No. 89

"ALCOLITE" BURNER STOVE



No. 345-84

CHAFING DISH

Alcohol Gas Stoves
Urn Coffee Percolators
Tea Ball Tea Urns
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Meriden, Connecticut.



Will you try the most delicious of TEAS?

Our special blend of choice and rare teas (the finest imported into New York) has been pronounced by connoisseurs the most fragrant, the most refreshing, and the most satisfying of teas. Certainly no other has the flavor of

Vantine's Orange Pekoe

To induce you to try this most popular of our famous \$1.00 a Pound Teas *at once*, we will send you a special 3 oz. package for 10c. Only one to an address. 1-2 lb. package, 50c, postpaid.

We will also send dainty booklet describing our Oriental Table Delicacies, comprising rare foods, nuts, and confections—delicacies which lend the charm of novelty to afternoon tea, card party, or any home function.

The name "Vantine" has stood for *exclusive* quality for over half a century. Vantine's goods are sold by high-grade dealers. Mention your dealer's name.

VANTINE'S

Dept. C.S., 12 East 18th St., NEW YORK CITY



If you like gelatine desserts, here's one that will delight you. If you don't like gelatine, you will **have** to when you try this.

Sample Free Enough to make one pint.

No guesswork in preparing it. No failure in results. It comes all **ready measured** for you. Four envelopes in each regular or full-size package. Each envelope contains **exactly and always** the quantity to make **one pint**. Whole package makes $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon. Dissolve in boiling water or milk, add sugar, fruit or flavor, cool and serve. Simple, isn't it? Minuteman on every package.

Send us to-day your grocer's name and ask for sample to make one pint and Minute-man Cook Book—both free.

MINUTE TAPIOCA CO.,
15 W. Main St., Orange, Mass.



then, what do you suppose he did? Why, he just walked right over and turned a little thing that I hadn't noticed at all and before we knew it the fire was burning merrily.

Jim thanked the man and gave him something, and after they had gone, while we were enjoying ourselves, I suddenly remembered Maggie.

She had disappeared, but just as I went to call her, she came in with her things on.

"I'll not be stayin' where there's such goin's on as to fires," she said, and out of the back door she walked, before I could say a word.

I didn't know what to do, but Jim just put his arm around me and said, "Our fireless cooker seems to have become a cookless fire."

He's so clever! It seems to me that he's the cleverest man I know, but perhaps I'm prejudiced, for he's my husband.

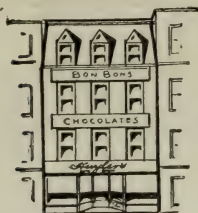
Sure To Be Missed

The most successful book that was published by William Harrison Ainsworth during his first year of business, says Mr. S. M. Ellis in his biography of the English author and publisher, was a cook-book. It was "The French Cook," by Louis Eustache Ude, "the Gil Blas of the kitchen."

This unique study of the culinary art brought in a handsome sum to the astute young publisher who had purchased the copyright, and the book was in the hands of every *gourmet* in London.

Ude had been chef of Louis XVI; of Madame Letizia Bonaparte, and then of the Earl of Sefton, at a salary of three hundred guineas a year. At another time he presided over the culinary department of the Crockfords; but his favorite master was Frederick, Duke of York. When the royal gormand died, his bereaved chef pathetically ejaculated:

"Ah, mon pauvre duc, how much you will miss me, wherever you are gone to!"



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The reputation built up by three generations is HUYLER'S most valuable asset. We cannot afford to jeopardize it by using any but the highest grades of raw material, which when combined with careful workmanship, expert blending and perfect cleanliness produce Huyler's Quality

You do not have to guess. Absolute Purity and Perfection are assured when you purchase

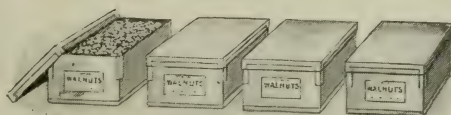
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World Renowned

Candies, Cocoa and Chocolates



Main New York Works to-day, besides which HUYLER'S operate 14 Branch Factories, where their Candies of Rare Quality are made.
56 Retail stores in Principal Cities.

You can buy
SHELLED NUTS
(Peanuts, Walnuts, Almonds, etc.)



of the wholesale dealers, if you will buy in quantities of not less than five pounds of a kind. Send for price list.

We are also manufacturers of the better quality of

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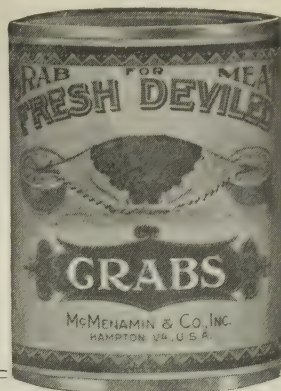


	Per Pt.
Vanilla.....	\$1.25
Lemon75
Orange	1.00
Rose65
Almond50
Pistachio90

Per 1/2 Pt.

The Three Millers Company

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**Easy to Prepare
Sure to Please**

For your own convenience and the delight of your guests keep a supply of

**McMenamin's
Crabs**

always on hand. They mean "deviled crabs without bother" because we've done all the work of picking and cooking the crab meat for you. You can have delicious "devils" in a few moments, serving them in the natural shells which we supply **FREE** through your dealer, or you can tempt the palate with any of the crab dainties shown in our

30 Recipe Booklet

Write us and we'll send you this booklet which is the authority on crab dishes. You will find **McMenamin's Crabs** ready for deviling, economical as well as delicious. They are made from the sweet white meat of selected crabs and are guaranteed absolutely pure. Highly nutritious. Make them a regular part of your menu.

NATURAL SHELLS FREE

We supply dealers with the natural shells in neat boxes, ready for use. Ask for them when purchasing McMenamin's Crabs: they are free and increase the attractiveness of the dish.

McMenamin & Company, Inc.

40 River Road

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Always Ready To Use.

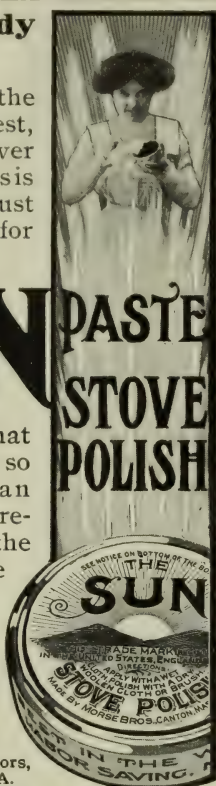
A box full of the brightest, blackest, quickest luster ever provided for stoves is yours if you will just ask your grocer for

SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH

You will find that the real best is so much better than what you have heretofore thought the best, that you are sure to be really delighted. It is dustless.

**Makes the
Stove An
Ornament.**

MORSE BROS., Proprietors,
Canton, Mass., U. S. A.



These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package

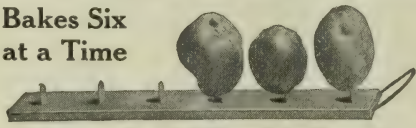
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Flour for cases of
KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES
REQUIRING RATHER STRICT DIET

Unlike other foods. Ask grocers. For book
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**Bakes Six
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THE HANDI-KUICK POTATO BAKER

Saves burning your arms and hands. Potatoes need no turning, bake evenly and quickly without thick crust burning on bottom.

At 5c and 10c, stores and all tinware departments. If you can't get it, we'll supply it. Send dealer's name.

SPRINGFIELD SPECIALTY CO. 10
Springfield, Mass. CENTS

Her Frugal Lunch

In one of the biggest of Cleveland's public schools some of the smaller children, children of the primary grade, bring their lunches when they come in the morning.

A large proportion of the pupils in the building are children of foreign parentage, quite a number are of foreign birth, and many of them are from humble homes, where the food is the simplest and the mouths are many.

Among these little lunch bearers the teacher in a certain room had her attention drawn to a girl whose noontime feast seemed invariably the same—a thick slice of black bread and a boiled egg. They were neatly wrapped in a clean square of paper, and, while the other lunches might vary in material, this modest spread included just the two articles mentioned.

There is pride in little hearts even over so small a matter as the simplest of simple luncheons, and, while the child with only a sandwich envies the child with the cakes and the orange, this child with the black bread and the boiled egg seemed to be fully satisfied with her portion, for an egg, look you, can be both necessity and luxury.

And so during the noon hour the child would contentedly seek a dusky corner of the school basement and there, quite alone, dispose of the frugal meal.

But one day a dreadful thing happened.

As the child opened the package the egg slipped from her fingers and fell to the floor!

And, lo, it wasn't a real egg at all, but just an imitation, an earthenware egg, a make believe egg that is sometimes called a nest egg!

SAMPLE

KITCHEN

Used by Leading Chefs and

GIVES
A DELICIOUS
FLAVOR AND
RICH COLOR
TO SOUPS,
SAUCES,
GRAVIES,
ETC.

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Eminent Teachers of Cookery.

THE PALISADE MFG. CO. 353 CLINTON AVE. WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

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LABOR SAVING COOKING UTENSILS

Are an absolute necessity in the Cooking School, the Home, and the Culinary Department of Club, Hotel, Restaurant or Institution. We carry a most complete line of Cooking Utensils and specialize in the latest and most modern articles that lighten the labor of Culinary Work.

"UNIVERSAL" BREAD MAKER

The "Universal" mixes and kneads the dough with scientific accuracy, thoroughly and evenly mixing all the ingredients, so that each particle of flour is covered with a film of moisture, and expanding is thus more easily permeated by the heat in baking.

Bread made in the "Universal" is perfectly kneaded, free from unbroken starch, and therefore entirely digestible.

The dough is not touched by the hands at all.

"UNIVERSAL" CAKE MAKER

The bowl of the "Universal" Cake Maker holds four quarts of batter and any less quantity can be mixed in it.

All parts are heavily tinned, including the bowl, which is made from one piece of wrought steel.

For every revolution of the crank, the beaters revolve five times, insuring rapid, uniform and thorough mixing of materials.

Being entirely open, the mixing process is easily watched, and flavoring, sugar, etc., can be added as required.

Prices and Estimates Furnished on Application

Write for Catalogue

HOPKINSON & HOLDEN 15 AND 16 FANEUIL HALL SQUARE
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Miss Farmer's School of Cookery

30 HUNTINGTON AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

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FROM JULY 11 TO AUGUST 15, 1911, INCLUSIVE

To meet the needs of teachers of cookery, dietitians, matrons of institutions and housekeepers.

Lessons in marketing, advanced cookery, sick-room cookery and waitress' work.

Lectures on practical dietetics, infant and child feeding and feeding in institutions.

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FANNIE MERRITT FARMER

Trade Mark Registered

Farwell & Rhines' FLOURS

Made in Watertown N.Y.

"PANSY"

For Cake and Pastry

NOWHERE EXCELLED

Also Invaluable Cereal Specialties for Invalids. Ask for them

At Leading Grocers, etc.

ELECTRIC LUSTRE

STARCH

WORKS WONDERS



Makes Shirt Waists, Skirts, Laces, Linens, Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, and all starched things look like NEW.

Blue Package
10 CENTS

Most Economical and Best for all starching, because it goes farther and does better work than any other starch.

Requires no Boiling, but may be boiled if desired. Perfect results in hot or cold water.

Saves Time, Labor, Trouble. Will not stick to the iron, get lumpy or injure the finest fabric.

Sold by all Grocers

Write us for FREE SAMPLE

ELECTRIC LUSTRE STARCH CO.
DepB Central St. Boston, Mass.

When it fell it struck the floor with a sharp crack that drew general attention. And the unhappy child burst into tears.

Here was an end to the little deception that had ministered to her childish pride and placed her on a level with her more fortunate schoolmates. Here was the humiliating wreck of the simple subterfuge that had helped conceal the grinding poverty of the child's home.

Small wonder then that the tears ran down her cheeks and that the proud little heart long refused to be comforted.—
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The word "tariff" comes to us from Tarriffa, a town on the north coast of Africa. Here a band of pirates had their headquarters. Just one word they called to their clients and that was the dreaded word, "Tarriffa!" This meant, "Stop your ship and turn over to us one-half of your cargo, otherwise we will sink you."

A tariff at the best is a species of hold-up. It is an attempt to stop the natural flow of trade from where things are plentiful to where they are needed. It is a scheme to prevent the consumer buying the things he wants at the price they are worth. A tariff boosts the price of a commodity by a man with a gun stepping between the seller and the buyer and crying "Tarriffa!"

The money you pay to the man with a gun is added to the selling price. The consumer pays more than the thing is worth; because not only does he have to pay the legitimate expenses of government, but he has to support the whole hungry horde of piratical officeholders who come from Tarriffa, and range the seas. They eat, they destroy, they consume—they do not produce.

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Home-Study Courses

Food, health, housekeeping, clothing, children. For home-makers, teachers and for well-paid positions.

"The Profession of Home-Making," 100-page handbook, FREE. Bulletins: "Free Hand Cooking on Scientific Principles," 48 pages, 10 cents. "Food Values: Practical Methods in Dietetics," 32 pp., ill., 10 cents.

American School of Home Economics, 503 W. 69th St., Chicago, Ill.

BEST
BY
TEST

USE
Saunders
FLAVORING
EXTRACTS
10¢ AND 25¢

Buy Advertised Goods—do not accept substitutes

May 1st, 1911,

Dear Madam:--

Our offer of one mixed case of 24- 8 oz. jars of Porto Rican Brand Preserves, containing Guava Jelly, Grape Fruit Marmalade, Pineapple Marmalade, Mango Marmalade, Mango Jelly and Mango Chutney, the most luscious dainties obtainable, for \$7.50 per case, transportation paid is still in force.

Our full page advertisement in the April issue of this magazine explains fully. Send us your name at once

Yours truly,

Trenton, N.J.

Fenimore & Co.



Rae's Lucca Oil

"THE PERFECTION OF OLIVE OIL"

THE VERY FINEST QUALITY
OF
PURE OLIVE OIL

SOLD IN BOTTLES AND TINS
OF VARIOUS SIZES

S. RAE & CO.
LEGHORN, TUSCANY, ITALY



Kornlet Soup Is Fine

This hungry husband is smacking his lips over Kornlet soup, and this spoonful tastes better than the one before. He'll want another helping, because his palate is tickled with the dewy-fresh corn flavor of plump ears gathered before sun-up. Kornlet is *not* canned corn—nor like it. **Just the tender hearts of the kernels of greencorn**—with the outer covering removed by unerring machines, and the sunshine and rain left in. Nourishing, temptingly delicious, and a real treat to corn lovers. Proof will come out of the first package, so try Kornlet and enjoy it.

Booklet of Kornlet prize recipes by housewives, for your grocer's name. Send it now.
THE HASEROT CANNERS CO.
Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.



The whole idea of a tariff on the necessities of life is unjust and unethical. No one knows where or when a protective tariff ceases to be one and becomes a tariff for revenue. The fact is the "protective" feature is only an excuse, an afterthought. An industry that needs protection should not exist. The price paid for protection comes out of the people anyway, and why the many should be robbed to protect the few, no one has ever explained.

Reciprocity with Canada is a great and beneficent move. We need the foodstuffs and lumber that Canada produces, and she needs our manufactured products.

Under the old scheme, our big manufacturers evade the duty by going over to Canada and starting factories. Hence a tariff really drives our manufacturers across the border.

Reciprocity with Canada will place a willow plume in the cap of President Taft, and for generations to come history will call him blessed.—*The Philistine*.

Pure Hawaiian Pineapple Juice Drink Dole's

A wonderful, new, healthful all-the-year round drink. Physicians prescribe pure pineapple juice in many throat, stomach and intestinal difficulties. Dole's is pure. A refreshing drink in fever convalescence, delightful at any time

At Druggists, Grocers and Soda Fountains.
Trade supplied through regular channels.
Write for Booklet.

James Dole
BY WHOLESALE IN
1914 IN THE U.S.A.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PRODUCTS CO., Ltd., 112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.



Housewives should have this great Stepsaver

in serving meals. One trip with Wheel Tray sets table. Another completely clears it. This table on wheels moves easily anywhere you want it. Height 31 in. Removable oval trays, 23 in. by 28 in. and 21 in. by 26 in., extra heavy steel. 8 in. rubber tire wheels. Gloss black japan finish. Price \$10, express prepaid. \$12 to Pacific Coast. Write for circular and learn its convenience.

Wheel-Tray Co., 435 G West 61st Place, Chicago

A certain sceptic was contending before a minister that the work of the Creator was manifestly imperfect. "Have you not yourself," he asked, "noted defects in the human organism, for instance, and thought of better contrivances?" To his delight there was the frank reply, "Why, yes, I really think I have." "In what respect?" "Why," drawled the parson, "you see, when I want to shut out anything disagreeable from my sight, I can draw down my eyelids, and it's all done; but, unfortunately, I haven't any flaps to my ears." Free conversation ceased at about that point.



TANGLEFOOT, the Original Fly Paper

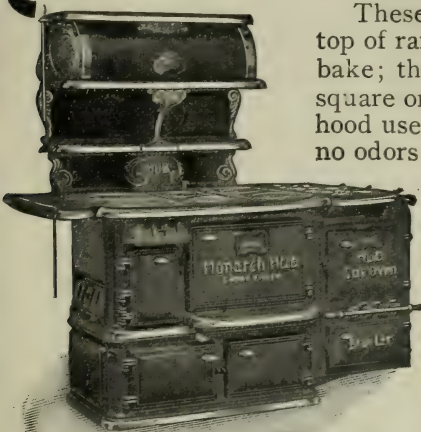
FOR 25 YEARS THE STANDARD IN QUALITY.

ALL OTHERS ARE IMITATIONS.

Buy Advertised Goods—do not accept substitutes

HUB RANGES

Have everything necessary to convenience
and A No. 1 service.



These include the **HUB SINGLE DAMPER** on the top of range plainly marked "open" to kindle, "shut" to bake; the **FRENCH TOP** for placing a round, oval, square or oblong opening over the fire; **HUB BROILER** hood used with French Top improves the broiling — allows no odors to escape into rooms.

The **HUB IMPROVED FLUE** heats oven on five sides, heats it evenly and quickly, makes it bake perfectly.

There's a style and size **HUB** for every taste, purse and requirement. There are Wood and Coal Grates, Gas Attachments, High Closets — everything to

Make Cooking a Pleasure.

— Send for Range Talk No. 3 —

SMITH & ANTHONY CO., 52-54 Union Street, Boston, Mass.
Makers **HUB** Ranges, Parlor Stoves, Furnaces, Steam and Water Heaters.

Make Your Own Ice-cream WITH JUNKET TABLETS

REQUIRES no eggs, corn-starch, or gelatine, and only one part cream and three parts pure milk. The Junket process makes an exquisitely delicious, smooth, velvety ice-cream at half the usual cost.

A charming little booklet containing many recipes, among them one for Junket Ice-cream with strawberries, by Janet McKenzie Hill, the famous lecturer and editor of *The Boston Cooking-School Magazine*, comes free with every package. Sold by all grocers or mailed postpaid for ten cents.

CHR. HANSEN'S LABORATORY
Box 2507 Little Falls, N.Y.

*Junket
Ice
Cream
with
strawberries*





For Permanent

Satisfaction, Economy and Convenience:

Moth Proof Red Cedar Chifforobe

This magnificent Chifforobe combines the best features of a Chiffonier and a Wardrobe. It is built of delightfully fragrant Southern mountain grown Red Cedar which affords absolute **Protection Against Moths** without the use of camphor, thus

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PIEDMONT CHIFFOROBES are dust and damp proof, having air-tight doors. The construction and finish are the very best, and there is no other piece of furniture that will give more genuine and permanent satisfaction than a Piedmont Chifforobe.

We have them in different styles and sizes.

Piedmont Red Cedar Chests combine beauty and usefulness. Write for catalog. Prices range from \$12 up.

We will send you a Red Cedar Chifforobe or Chest on 15 days' approval. If you are not entirely satisfied return it to us. We will pay freight both ways.

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Fleischmann's Yeast

Send for our new Cook Book and try some of the forty odd recipes that tell how to make baked goodies

The Fleischmann Company

701 Washington Street

New York City

Dinner Rolls

1 cake Fleischmann's Yeast	2 tablespoonfuls lard or butter, white of one egg
1 cup milk, scalded and cooled	3 cups sifted flour
1 tablespoonful sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt

Dissolve yeast and sugar in lukewarm milk. Add white of egg, beaten until stiff, the flour gradually, the lard or butter, and lastly the salt, keeping dough soft. Knead lightly, using as little flour in kneading as possible. Place in well-greased bowl. Cover and set to rise in a warm place, free from draft, until double in bulk—about two hours. Mould into rolls the size of walnuts. Place in well-greased pans, protect from draft, and let rise one-half hour, or until light. Glaze with white of egg, diluted with water. Bake ten minutes in a hot oven.

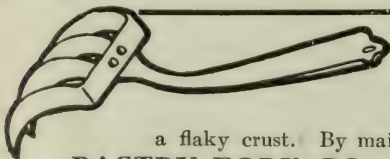
Out of His Hands

Uncle Mose, needing money, sold his pig to the wealthy Northern lawyer who had just bought the neighboring plantation. After a time, needing more money, he stole the pig and resold it, this time to Judge Pickens, who lived "down the road a piece." Soon afterward the two gentlemen met, and upon comparing notes suspected what had happened. They confronted Uncle Mose. The old darky cheerfully admitted his guilt.

"Well," demanded Judge Pickens, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Blessed if I know, Jedge," replied Uncle Mose with a broad grin. "I'se no lawyer. I reckon I'll have to let yo' two gen'men settle it between yo'selves."

"He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man."—*Lavater*.



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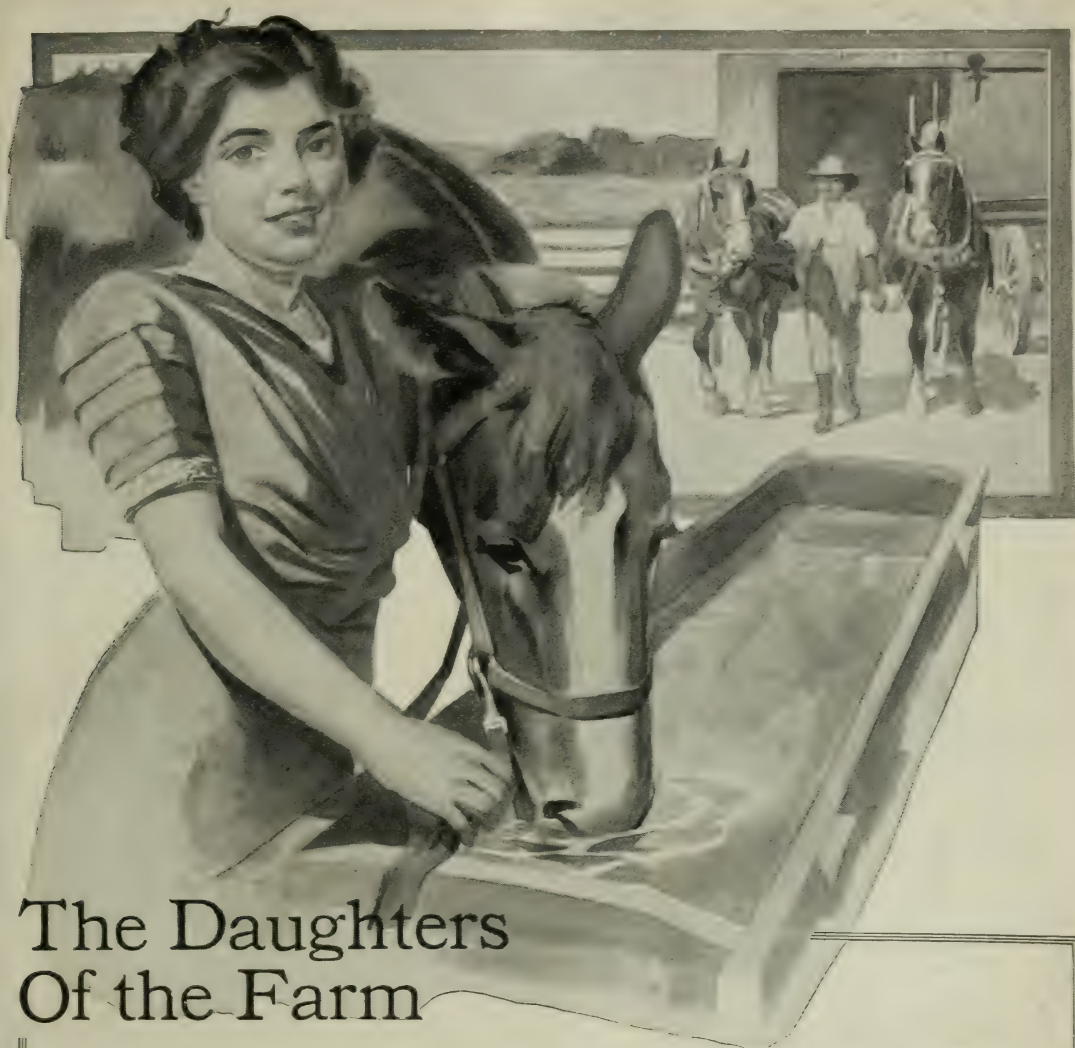
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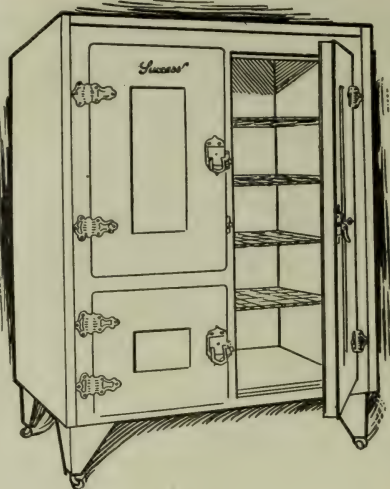
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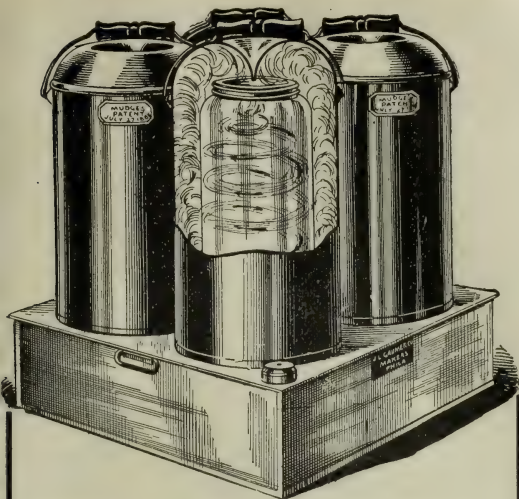
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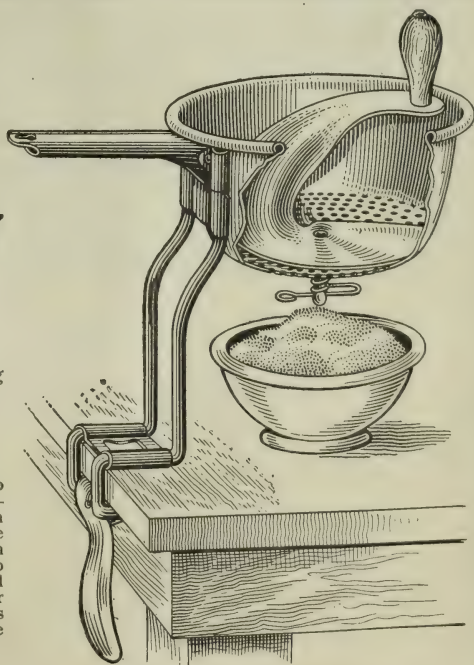
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How One Woman Cleaned Her White Parasol

"I made a strong suds of Ivory Soap and, with a soft hand brush, I scrubbed the upraised parasol with the Ivory Soap suds. I scrubbed hard, rubbing the streaks through the center of the sections lengthwise, until all the stains were removed. Then I rinsed thoroughly by pouring water over the parasol and ended by sprinkling blueing water from a water sprinkler. The parasol, upraised, was placed in the sun to dry. The result was delightful. Snowy white and just a little stiff, it looked like new."

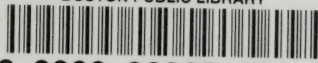
Ivory Soap is primarily a bath, toilet and *fine* laundry Soap; but, because of its purity, it can be used for scores of

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